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Burt Franklin: Bibliography and Reference Series # 55

DEDICATIONS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE FORMS USED
FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS OF
BOOK-MAKING TO THE
PRESENT TIME



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TO THE MOST
ROYAL AND RENOVMED
MAJESTIE of the High-borne Princeſſe
ANNA of DENMARKE, *by the*
Grace of God QUEENE of England,
Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

Imperiall and Incomparable Maieſtie,



Eeing with me, all of me, is in your
Royall poſſeſſion, and whatſoeuer
pieces of mine haue heeretofore,
vnder other ſtarres paſſed the pub-
like view, come now of right to
be vnder the predominacion of a
Power, that both contains all their
perfections, and hath influences of a more ſublime na-
ture, I could not but alſo take in this part (wherof time
had worn-out the edition) which the world hath long
ſince had of mine, and lay it at your Sacred feet, as a me-
moriall of my deuoted dutie, and to ſhew that where I
am, I muſt be all I am, and can not ſtand diſperſed in my
obſeruance, being wholly (and therein happy)

Your ſacred MAIESTIES moſt

humble and loyall ſeruant

JOHN FLORIO.

Reproduced from
Montaigne's Works

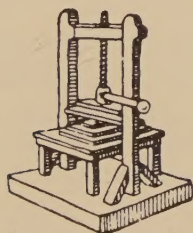
Translation of John Florio. London, 1613

DEDICATIONS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE FORMS USED
FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS OF
BOOK-MAKING TO THE
PRESENT TIME

COMPILED BY
MARY ELIZABETH BROWN

Burt Franklin: Bibliography and Reference Series # 55



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THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED TO
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

Foreword

My purpose in the following anthology of dedications has been to make a representative, rather than an exhaustive collection. My first idea was to take only beautiful dedications, and above all those which showed thought and originality. I next sought those which were quaint and curious, grave and gay, and then wandering through the wide field of English literature, tried to have each section of it represented. Dedications which brought one in touch with the world of religion, philanthropy, the fine arts, science, nature and travel have also claimed my attention. Then, narrowing my interest, I searched for those to celebrated people, or by celebrated people, even though the dedications were not particularly desirable in themselves.

I was anxious to include great heroes, as David Livingstone, and when unable to obtain dedications to them I substituted books by them or about them. The same was true in regard to certain industrial subjects, as needlework, cooking, etc. Last but not least, I tried to include dedications which were valuable because of their human interest.

Many symphonies, sonatas and operas are dedicated, but limited space made their omission necessary.

The chronological arrangement has been followed throughout this book, this seeming most desirable.

Having been deprived of all practical use of my own eyes during the past two years, I have found occupation and interest in gathering the material out of which this book has grown. My warm thanks are due to Miss Alice De

Voll, who has acted as eyes for me during my search; to Miss Dorothy Brewster, who has revised the manuscript and seen the book through the press; also to my daughter Miss Mary Magoun Brown, to Mrs. William Adams Brown, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Mrs. J. B. Van Wagenen, Miss Lucy H. Humphrey, Miss L. H. French, Miss Clara Buffum, Miss Mabel Crawford, Mr. George A. Plimpton, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, and other friends, for sympathy and help extended in many ways.

M. E. B.

NEW YORK,
June, 1913.

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THE compiler desires to make her appreciative acknowledgments to the authors and publishers of books of literature of later date, dedications from which have been included in her selection. The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons, Harper & Bros., Houghton Mifflin Co., Macmillan & Co.; Doubleday, Page & Co.; Burns & Oates. The names of the authors whose dedications have thus been utilized are specified in the text in connection with the dedications themselves.

DEDICATIONS

DEDICATIONS

Introduction

"To compose a dedication," writes Edmund Gosse, "is without doubt one of the primitive instincts of scribbling man." Dedications have been written since books were made, and the custom is confined to no one nation, race or tongue. "Temples," says Aristides, 400 B.C., "are to be dedicated to the gods, and books to good men." The earliest written book which has come down to us in any Turanian language, *The Kojiki*, which was completed in 712 A.D., contains a complimentary preface which is in effect a dedication. The author addresses the then reigning empress of Japan in the following words: "Altogether I have written three volumes which I respectfully present. I, Yasumaro, with true trembling and true fear, I bow the head, I bow the head."¹ The practice of dedication was at its height in England during the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries, and in France under Louis XIV, but at no period of literary history has it wholly lapsed. Like all other human conventions, the dedication has been submissive to the finger of time and has changed in form to suit the changing taste of succeeding generations.

¹ Quoted from Edmund Gosse, *Elizabethan Dedications of Books*. According to a competent authority, Chinese authors, instead of printing an address to a patron, ask the patron to write for them a complimentary preface, which might be considered in effect a dedication.

In his interesting volume, *The Dedication of Books*, London, 1887, Mr. Henry B. Wheatléy traces three stages in the history of the dedication. In its first stage, the dedication is seen as the spontaneous expression of an author's love and respect for his friend or patron. "Under these regards," runs the quaint language of the *Tatler*, "it was a memorable honor to both parties and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other." In the second stage, we travel through the years when all sense of shame was absent from the mind of the author, who sold his praises to the highest bidder on the simple principle,—the more praise, the more pay. Even the greatest authors did this. Prices varied from twenty shillings to twenty pounds, but Bayle refused two hundred guineas from the Duke of Shrewsbury for a dedication of his dictionary. He said, "I have so often ridiculed dedications that I must not risk any." From the Revolution to the time of George First, the current price for the dedication of a play varied from five to ten guineas but was often less when the author happened to be in immediate need.

Nathaniel Field said that the dedication fee was forty shillings and he dedicated his comedy, *A Woman is a Weathercocke*, to any woman "that hath been no weather-cocke"; he comments, "I did determine not to have dedicated my play to anybody, because forty shillings I care not for, and above few or none will bestow on these matters, especially falling from so fameless a pen as mine is yet." (1612.)

In the case of not a few works of Erasmus as with many other books of the time, it seems evident that in exchange for the dedication, the "patron" of literature had provided the funds requisite for the printing of the book, or sometimes even for the support of the author while it was being written.

Hearne tells us in his Diary that Lawrence Eachard received £300 from George I for the dedication of his

History of England, and Dr. Hickes a hundred guineas from Prince George (afterwards George II) for the dedication of his *Thesaurus*. On the other hand we read that Aristotle's book on Animals, dedicated to Pope Sixtus IV by Theodore Beza, brought to Beza only the cost of the binding.

In the third stage we revert to customs resembling the first, for at the present day the dedication is chiefly used by an author who wishes to associate his work with some friend or person greatly loved, or admired, a favorite reader with whom he may be supposed to be in special sympathy. Of this class of dedications a charming authoress writes to a friend: "A good book is not merely a book but a gathering together of the highest of the thoughts which, born in our minds, escape with unfledged wings into the great open world. Many of these go free forever but there are those among them which leave behind shadow and substance of themselves and become books; ideas and aspirations in concrete embodiment for the permanent satisfaction of humanity. The human parent of a worthy book knows well its heavenly origin and rejoices in the rights and privileges of half-parentage. Realising that the work is not all his own but that it has come into being through spiritual influences mediated by his fellow-men, it is his impulse to dedicate his book to the one in whom he sees its ideals embodied, or to those upon whose sympathy and insight he relies to receive its message, or to whose action he looks to accomplish its purposes."

Mr. Gosse calls attention to the interesting fact that the sixteenth and seventeenth century writer in England sold his praises not alone for money but also for protection. Protection was equally essential to an ambitious author, in a day when the cost of producing a book was great, the reading public a limited one, political changes frequent and violent, and the virtue of tolerance for opposed or radical opinions all but unknown. "Under the shelter of

the little Italianated courts of the Essexes and the Pembrokes," says Mr. Gosse, "poetry flourished in antagonism to the ruling and growing Puritan prejudices of the English middle classes."

Within very obvious limits, dedications have a real if restricted contribution to make to literary history, reflecting as they do the ideas of beauty and propriety, and the social and political conditions of the time in which they were composed. Their human interest is greater than is generally imagined. Dedications introduce us to what Martineau calls "the friendships of history;" to the intimacy of the family and friendly circle, to the struggles and triumphs of the life of the soul. Many an author who never wore his heart on his sleeve put it into his dedication, and through the medium of this humble literary instrument we have received revelations of feeling, messages of love, reverence, and loyalty, which we could ill afford to lose. The "Platonic Song of the Soul," 1642, was dedicated by its author, Henry More, "a novice in the affairs of the world," to his father who "from my childhood turned mine ears to Spenser's rhymes, entertaining us on winter nights with that incomparable piece of his, 'The Faery Queen,' a Poem as richly fraught with divine morality as fancy."

The book of Mr. Wheatley, published in 1887, has not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, had a successor. Wandering through a vast forest of dedications, valueless and valuable, I have found no well trodden paths, and the arrangement and classification of the subsequent pages follows no precedent. Most of the dedications are from books written in English, but a few are translations from the Latin, and from modern European languages. They have been chosen either for their intrinsic merit, or as types, and repetition has been avoided as far as possible. Occasionally they are dedications, not only of books, but of single poems and plays.

The many curious and interesting facts in connection

with the history of dedications have made the study, the results of which are here recorded, a fascinating pastime. Dedications are in prose or in verse; they are placed at the beginning or at the end of a book; they differ in different editions; one book may have many dedications. "Sometimes authors found out," says Wheatley, "that they had dedicated their books to the wrong people and they cancelled their praises or transferred them to new men. Thus dedications to Cromwell were not in favor after the Restoration." Numerous dedications were also resorted to to increase the revenue from the same work. An example has been found of a book having twelve dedications and fifty or sixty complimentary inscriptions. *Counsel and Advice to all Builders*, by Sir Balthasar Gerbier, had forty-one dedicatory epistles to the Queen mother, the Duke of York and a long list of others, ending with "the courteous reader." *La Libreria* by Doni was dedicated to persons whose names began with the first letter of the epistle, so that a book of only forty-five pages is dedicated to twenty people. "Pope has the credit of having put an end to the old abject dedication; but he had found a more profitable patron in the public who subscribed for copies of his works." In modern times authors have dedicated several books to one person. Chesterton dedicated five of his books to his wife prefacing each volume with the same poem.

In the case of the very old inscriptions, a certain charm is added by the yellow paper or parchment, the curious type and the archaic spelling which it is impossible to preserve in modern print. As Mr. Wheatley says, "the aroma seems to escape as one uncorks the bottle." The dulness of some of the long epistolary dedications is appalling. Witness Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* in two editions. Each has a long dedication to the Earl of Carbery, and one of these is a melancholy epistle of twelve pages telling how to die well.¹

¹ This may have been suggested to Taylor by a translation of a tract from the Latin by Caxton, which is entitled *Ars Moriendi*, "a little

In England in the seventeenth century, strange practices grew up about the custom of selling fraudulent dedications. The person who practiced the trade of falsifying dedications was called a "falconer," and his assistant was known as a "mongrel." "The trick," says Mr. Gosse, "was to travel round the country with samples of a forthcoming book, to which an epistle dedicatory was prefixed, but with no name, the dedication being printed on a separate and loose sheet of which the falconer carried a large store of copies." Arrived at the mansion of a local magnate, the mongrel, who carried a hand press, filled in the name of the particular noble, and the book was presented as dedicated to him alone. Having extracted from him all the recompense possible, the two proceeded to a new district in pursuit of some other knight or nobleman who might, in like manner, fall a victim to flattery.

In France at the same period, all poets who did not possess independent means dedicated their works to patrons. Volumes could be filled with odes to Louis XIV and to Richelieu. Maynard openly offered the King eternal fame if he would pay him enough.

The custom of dedication is very old in Germany. Eugene Isolani says: "German authors dedicated their works to those who could bestow orders upon them, and musicians were even more given to flattering dedications than poets." Some dedications have been made from altruistic motives. Johann Kasper Lavater, in 1769, dedicated a translation of Bonnet's *Evidences of Christianity* to his friend, the Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, in the hope that he would be converted by it. The Spaniards were very fond of dedications.

In Italy as early as the fourteenth century Petrarch set a noble example of independence when he refused to dedicate his works to the Emperor Charles IV until that monarch

treatise short and abridged, speaking of the arte and craft to knowe well to dye." "For the helthe of the soul."

should have done something to deserve the honor. Among English writers of more modern days whose fulsome dedications went to the opposite extreme of flattery, Dryden is said to be the chief of sinners. He lavished a profusion of praises upon men and women, often unworthy of any praise at all, and it is difficult to forgive the bad taste and absurdity of hyperbolical language applied to those whose despicable character is well known. In this connection one is reminded of Mrs. Carter. This authoress in her *Proposals for the Art of Painting* asserts, "the dedication will be composed by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who has read over five and forty thousand dedications, from whence she has extracted a quintessence of all manner of good qualities, which are now offered to any person who will take the greatest number of subscriptions; and to obviate any scruple that such well disposed persons may have concerning the rightful owners, it is hereby declared that of all the five and forty fine things contained in each of the said forty thousand dedications, not one thereof did in any wise belong to its respective subject."

Dr. Johnson was famous for writing dedications, and once told Boswell that he believed he had dedicated to the royal family "all round." He also had not the slightest objection to composing compliments to be signed by others. He never, however, disgraced himself by abject flattery, and when his own patron, Lord Chesterfield, fell short of Johnson's expectations in the amount which he contributed to the publication of the famous dictionary, Dr. Johnson penned his scathing definition of a patron: "Is it not, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it."

Byron and Shelley often wrote dedications and were usually very happy in the composition of their addresses to their friends. Keats and Scott also made use of dedications. We find but two from Thackeray's pen, and three from that of Dickens, while Bulwer Lytton wrote dedications for ten of his twenty-three works, most of them long and in the form of letters.

With the coming of the new democratic spirit, the old servile and ornate dedication seems to have passed away. "Tennyson's grandiloquent dedication of the *Idylls* to the Prince Consort," writes Edna Kenton in the *Bookman*, "is almost the last of the blindly reverential dedications to the merely exalted of the earth."

It is a far cry from the lavish personal adulation of Dryden to the sententiousness of Coventry Patmore's dedication of *The Angel in the House*:

"This Poem
is inscribed
to
the memory of Her
by whom and for whom I became a poet—"

to the humor of Franklin Adams's dedication of *Tobogganing on Parnassus*:

"To B. L. T.
Guide, philosopher, *but* friend,"—

or to the breadth and nobility of feeling expressed in President Wilson's recent dedication of his book on the *New Freedom*:

"To
Every man and woman who may derive from it, in however
small a degree, the impulse of unselfish public service."

I
To Deity

To Deity

Caxton's Eneydos, 1490. Englisht from the French Liure des Eneydes, 1483.

The French Translator's Prologue:

"To the honour of god almyghty and to the glorious vyrgyne Marye, moder of alle grace and to the vtylyte & prouffyt of all the policye mondayne, this present booke, compyled by virgyle, ryght subtyl and Ingenyous oratour & poete Intytuled Eneydos, hath be translated oute of latyn in-to comyn langage In whiche may alle valyaunt prynces and other nobles see many valorous fayttes of armes. And also this present boke is necessarye to alle cytezens & habytaunts in townes and castellis for they shal see, How somtyme troye the graunte and many other places stronge and inexpugnable, haue ben be-sieged sharpely & assayled, And also coragiously and valyauntly defended and the sayd boke is atte this present tyme moche necessarye for to enstruchte smale and grete, for euerych in his ryght to kepe & defende For a thyng more noble is to dye than vylanously to be subdued."

(From the reprint for the Early English Text Society, Extra Series, LVII).

The concluding words of Caxton's own prologue form a dedication to "the hye born, my tocomynge naturell & soverayn lord, Arthur, by the grace of God, Prynce of Walys, Duc of Cornewayll, & Erle of Chester," etc.

A Declaration concerning the Proceedings with the States Generall, of the United Provinces of the Low Countreys, in the Cause of D. Conradus Vorstius. By James I. 1612.

"To the Honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, The Eternal Sonne of the Eternall Father, the only θεανθρωπος, Mediatour, and Reconciler of Mankind, in signe of Thankfulness, His most humble, and most obliged Servant, James by the Grace of God, King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Doeth dedicate, and Consecrate this his Declaration."

It was his "zeale to the glory of God" that led James to request the States General to banish "a wretched heretique, or rather Atheist out of their dominions, named D. Conradus Vorstius." His motives were unfortunately misinterpreted by "a sort of people, whose corrupted stomacke turnes all good nourishment into bad and pernicious humors;" and he found it desirable to publish in full the negotiations in the matter, with his reasons for interference. Edmund Gosse (*Elizabethan Dedications of Books*, Harper's Monthly Mag. for July, 1902) writes that he found no instance in English earlier than this of a dedication to the Deity.

Synopsis Papismi. By Andrew Willet. 1613.

"To the Allpowerful Master, God the Most High, to the most munificent and most benigne Saviour, Our Lord Jesus Christ: the blessed Sacrament."

The writings of Willet, who was tutor to Prince Henry and "a frequent preacher before the Court," are said to have been influential in keeping many of wavering minds from leaving the Church of England to join the Puritans.

Utriusque Cosmi . . . Historia. By Robert Flud. 1617.

"To God, the most High, my incomprehensible creator, may there be glory, praise, honor, blessing, and triumphant victory, world without end. Amen."

Flud also has a dedication to the most powerful Prince, James, "which led, through a slip in Flud's Latin, to his being accused of having attributed deity to the earthly monarch." (Gosse.)

The Church-Porch. By George Herbert. (In *The Temple*, 1633.)

THE DEDICATION

"Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee.
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive who shall sing best thy name.
Turn their eyes hither who shall make a gain.
Theirs who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain."

The Printers to the Reader: "The dedication of this work having been made by the authour to the Divine Majestie onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicitie with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament more than is included in it self."

The Penitent Pilgrim. By Richard Brathwaite. 1641.

"To that Immaculate, Lamb Christ Jesus, the sole Saviour and Receiver of every penitent sinner, hath this poore pilgrime humbly here presented these his Penitential Teares."

The book has an engraved frontispiece of an aged man journeying barefoot, with bottle and staff, scallop shell in his hat, his loins girded, and beneath his feet the inscription, "Few and evill have the dayes of my life been."

La Vérité de la Religion Reformée. By Jean de Croi. 1645.

"To your Lord Jesus Christ."

(From Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Psyche: or Love's Myserie; in XX. Cantos: Displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soule. By Joseph Beaumont. London, 1648.

"Into the most sacred Treasurie of the Praise and Glorie

of Incarnate God, the World's most Mercifull Redeemer,
The Unworthiest of his Majestie's Creatures, in all possible
Prostrate Veneration, Beggs Leave to Cast This His
Dedicated Mite."

**The Civill Warres of England, Briefly Related from his
Majesties First Setting up his Standard, 1641, to this
Present Personall Hopefull Treaty. By John Leycester.
1649.**

"To the Honour and Glory of the Infinite, Immense,
and Incomprehensible Majesty of Jehovah, the Fountaine
of all Excellencies, the Lord of Hosts, the Giver of all
Victories, and the God of Peace.

"If that one Star in vast circumference,
So much exceeds the globe of earth and seas,
And if the soule more vast by intelligence
Exceeds the magnitude of Pleiades;
What admiration then to him belongs,
What trembling joy, what duty, love and feare,
What exaltation in all psalms and songs?" etc.

"By J. O. Ley.

"A small crumme of mortality.

"Septemb. 23, 1648."

Leycester, a staunch Puritan, declares that he is giving a true
historical relation of "our late warlike exploits: all which have not
a colour, but a reality of true notions; but in the weightiest motive
to reading as will make the most clamorous Malignant as silent
as a Seriphian Frog."

**The Dividing of the Hooff: or, Seeming Contradictions
throughout Sacred Scriptures, Distinguish'd, Resolved,
and Apply'd. By William Streat. 1654.**

"To God."

Silex Scintillans: or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Henry Vaughan, Silurist. London, 1650.

THE DEDICATION

“My God! Thou that didst die for me,
 These Thy death’s fruits I offer Thee:
 Death that to me was life and light,
 But dark and deep pangs to Thy sight.
 Some drops of Thy all-quick’ning blood
 Fell on my heart; those made it bud,
 And put forth thus, though, Lord, before
 The Ground was curs’d and void of store.
 Indeed I had some here to hire,
 Which long resisted Thy desire,
 That ston’d Thy servants, and did move
 To have Thee murder’d for Thy love;
 But Lord, I have expell’d them and so bent,
 Beg Thou wouldst take Thy tenant’s rent.”

In the 1655 edition, two more stanzas were added, and the poem was introduced thus: “To my most merciful, my most loving, and dearly loved Redeemer, the ever blessed, the only Holy and Just One, Jesus Christ.”

A Candle in the Dark; or, a Treatise concerning the Nature of Witches and Witchcraft: Being Advice to Judges, Sheriffes, Justices of the Peace, and Grand Jury Men, what to do before they passe sentence on such as are arraigned for their lives as Witches. By Thomas Ady, M.A. 1656.

Dedicated “To the Prince of the Kings of the Earth.”

(With an entreaty that the Holy Spirit may possess the understanding of whoever shall open the book.)

There is upon the title-page an emblematic cut representing an arm issuing from the clouds, bearing a lighted candle.

The following reference to this work by Thomas Ady is found in *An Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft* by Francis Hutchinson, D.D., London, 1718.

"When one Mr. Burroughs, a clergyman, who some few years since was hang'd in New England as a Wizzard, stood upon his Tryal, he pull'd out of his Pocket a Leaf that he had got of Mr. Ady's Book to prove that the Scripture Witchcrafts were not like ours: And as that Defence was not able to save him, I humbly offer my Book as an Argument on the behalf of all such miserable People who may ever in time to come be drawn into the same Danger in our Nation."

Pilgrims Progress. By John Bunyan. (Counterfeit 2nd part.) 1683.

" To Him that is Higher than the Highest: The Almighty and everlasting Jehovah, who is the Terror and Confusion of the Hardened and Impenitent World; and the Hope and Happiness of all Converted and Returning Sinners; Most Mighty and Eternal God, Thou King of Kings and Prince of Peace."

Then follows a long prayer of dedication and supplication to be made "an instrument of doing good to my fellow Pilgrims."

Tetelestai: The Final Close: A Poem. By David Bradberry. 1794.

" To the most Sublime, most High and Mighty, most Puissant, most Sacred, most Faithful, most Gracious, most Catholic, most Sincere, most Reverend, and most Righteous Majesty, Jehovah Emanuel, by indefeasible right Sovereign of the Universe, and Prince of the Kings of the Earth, Governor-General of the World, Chief Shepherd or Archbishop of Souls, Chief Justice of Final Appeal, Judge of the Last Assize, Father of Mercies and Friend of Man, This Poem (a feeble testimony of his obligation and hopes) is gratefully and humbly presented by His Majesty's highly favoured but very unworthy subject and servant The Author."

A Song of America, and Minor Lyrics. By V. Voldo. New York. 1876.

DEDICATION

"These—unto thee, Lord, Life and Love of things,
First leaves and lisps of Thyself in me,
First flashes of that fair self mine to see—
Bring I as one unto his Parent brings
His fledgling offerings."

&c. &c.

Uarda: A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Georg M. Ebers.
From the German by Clara Bell. 1880.

DEDICATION

"Thou knowest well from what this book arose.
When suffering seized and held me in its grasp,
Thy fostering hand released me from its grasp;
And from amid the thorns there bloomed a rose.
Air, dew, and sunshine were bestowed by Thee,
And Thine it is, without these lines from me."

Christus Victor. A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. New York, 1899.

"World-Saviour, see me at Thy feet
Awe-stricken; in my hands, for Thine unmeet,
My heart's best treasure dearly bought
With tears and travail, and with trembling brought.
If in this casket Thou shouldst find
Aught to adorn Thy way or serve mankind,
Though not frankincense, myrrh, or gold,—
Tribute of star-led caravans of old,—
Take it, O Heart of Love Divine,
And use it as Thou wilt, for it is Thine."

One other dedication, mentioned in the *Dictionnaire Larousse*, should not be omitted from this chapter: Hillerin, the theologian, a contemporary of Tallemant des Réaux (1619-1692), who relates the fact, dedicated a theological work to the Trinity, and started his epistle with the address—Madame!

II

To The Virgin Mary

II

To The Virgin Mary

General History of Peru, Part 2. By Garcilaso de la Vega, El Inca. Cordova, 1617.

The book is dedicated: "To the Most Glorious Virgin Mary, daughter, mother, and virginal wife of her Creator, supreme princess of all creatures; by the Inca, Garcilaso de la Vega, thy unworthy servant, in adoration of thy worship.

"The ancients consecrated their arms and writings to their goddess, Pallas, to whom they believed them to be due. I, with greater veneration and worship, dedicate the Spanish arms and my poor writings to the Virgin of virgins, the Bellona of the church militant, the Minerva of the church triumphant, believing them to be thine by a thousand titles. It was thy celestial favor that enabled the strong armies of noble Spain, placing their peerless warriors in the fighting columns, to open as by the strength of Hercules the gates of land and water, and the road to the conquest and conversion of the rich provinces of Peru. The victorious lions of Castile owe much to so sovereign a Lady for having made them lords of the principal part of the New World, more than a fourth of the globe, by deeds and prowess more brave and heroic than those of the Alexanders of Greece and the Cæsars of Rome. Not less indebted are the conquered Peruvians, for, by going out with the favor of heaven as conquerors of the devil, sin, and hell, they receive one God, one faith, one baptism.

Then I, a devoted Indian, although most unworthy, ought to dedicate my history of the accomplishments of the Spanish arms to my most worthy tutelary.

“To this I am moved by three reasons: first, by the abundance of gifts and natural graces by virtue of which, as the mother of God, thou hast an almost infinite superiority over all the saints together, and, preserved from all personal and original sin, dost exceed in grace and in glory the highest cherubim and seraphim; second, by the benefits and mercies, above all reckoning or appraisalment, received from thy royal hand—among them, the conversion to our faith of my mother and lady, more illustrious and excellent by the waters of holy baptism than by the royal blood of many Incas and Peruvian kings; and finally, by reason of paternal devotion, inherited with the name and nobility of the famous Garcilaso, knight of the Ave Maria, Spanish Mars, whose triumph was more than Roman, and whose trophy, more glorious than that of Romulus, was won from the Moors in *la Vega de Toledo* and supplied the surname of *de la Vega*.

“So, with these considerations and motives, I offer most humbly to Your Sacred Majesty, O Most August Empress of Heaven and Earth, this second part of my royal commentaries, now more royal by being dedicated to the queen of angels and of the men, who, like a true Hercules or Christian Achilles, have subjugated, with superhuman force and valor, in many notable battles and victories, the rich empire of the New World to the temporal crown of the Catholic kings and to the spiritual crown of the king of kings, Jesus Christ, and his vicar the Pope, and consequently, to thee of the twelve stars, the queen of heaven and earth, shod with the moon and clothed with the sun. To thee I pray, with all my heart, on my knees before the celestial throne of the wise and peaceful Solomon, thy son, the Prince of Peace and King of Glory, at whose side, as mother, in a seat of majesty, Thy Holiness presidest over our prayers,

O deign to accept this offering, not from any talent that it shows, but as a small token of true devotion, and the reward thou wilt confer by accepting it will be much better than that of Xerxes to the rustic Persian. I make account of my person and goods, in the innermost depths of my soul, to Your Holiness, O Image of my devotion, and of perfection so divine that the Supreme Maker, God, exemplifying in thee His wisdom and power from the very birth of thy being with the splendors of His Grace, preserved thee from the blot of the original offense of Adam; and as there came to be manifested a likeness and resemblance of the new celestial Adam, and the divine beauty of so perfect a model, He thought it worthy to preserve us from the stain of the original offense. Therefore, Most Pure Conception, without sin, forever and without end, let men glorify thee and angels sing thy praise."

(From the Spanish.)

The Immaculate Conception, a Poem Dedicated in Honour of the Virgin. By Xavier Debouge. 1855.

"To thee, who from the height of the heavens,
 O divine Mary,
 See the pious transports of my ravished soul,
 Deign by your succour to enflame my ardour,
 And render my genius equal to thy splendor!
 But what mortal ever, what-so-e'er the passion
 which animates him,
 Can make for thy praise a work sufficiently
 sublime?"

The Immaculate Conception of the Very Saintly Virgin. By A. Maurel. 1866.

"Thou art altogether beautiful, O Mary!
 And thou hast not been stained by the original fault.

O Mary, conceived without sin,
 Pray for us
 Who have recourse to thee."

(From the French.)

The Immaculate Conception in the XIX Century. By Giuseppe Magno. 1877.

"To Mary Immaculate and to her immortal high priests the author dedicates and offers this devotedly to both."

Mary Immaculate, Mother of God. By the Reverend T. H. Kinane. Dublin, 1878.

"To the immaculate, ever sinless, ever Virgin Mary, holy Mother of God:

To the purest, the most holy, the most exalted soul ever created by the Almighty:

To thee, 'the Glory of Jerusalem,' 'the Joy of Israel,' 'the honour of our people:'

To thee, 'fair as the moon,' 'bright as the sun,' 'Beautiful,' 'sweet and comely as Jerusalem:'

To thee, 'garden enclosed,' 'fountain sealed,' 'work of the Most High,' 'the only one,' 'perfect one,' 'full of grace,' and 'blessed among women:'

To thee, 'the delight of the Blessed Trinity,' 'the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost,' 'the Virgin Mother of the Redeemer:'

To thee, the 'Refuge of sinners,' the 'Mother of Mercy,' the 'Health of the weak,' and 'Comfortress of the afflicted:'

In heartfelt thanksgiving for all the graces received from thy most adorable Son Jesus, through thy intercession:

In reparation for all sins committed, and graces abused during life:

In petition for thy all powerful help at every moment of life, but more especially in temptation and at the awful moment of death, this little book is most affectionately and most reverentially dedicated."

The Sweet Mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Contemplated in the Magnificat. . . . By Marcelino da Civezza. 1878.

"To thee, sweet Mary, true Mother of God and my Mother, full of compassion, be consecrated this second edition of the poor miserable thing that I knew how to stammer of the very great worth of thy divine dignity, which is the foundation and the crown of all thine ineffable glory."

(From the Latin.)

Rhythms and Songs Gathered from Various Sources in Honor of Mary the Virgin Immaculate in the First Year of her Jubilee MDCCCLXXXIX.

"These rhythms and songs
to thee, holy Virgin, Mother of God,
certain ancients fitly composed,
thus furnishing a prelude to the most auspicious
decree by which twenty five years
ago thou wast solemnly declared
to be from thine origin free from stain.

"Haste thee, O thou that art truly blessed
above all others, although so many
peoples have pursued thee with
praises continually from of old;
even if the inhabitants of Parma
celebrating thy privilege, the greatest
of all, have now for a long time
honored thee with standards, tablets,
pictures and the rebuilding of temples."

Treatise concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. By Alexio Maria Lepicier. 1901.

"To Mary
Of God and of men
Mother Immaculate."

III
To Royalty

III

To Royalty

Ludus Saccorum. By J. de Cessolis. 1360. French translation by Jean de Vignay.

PROLOGUE

“To the right noble and excellent prince John of France, Duke of Normandie and Auvergne (?), son of Philip by the grace of God King of France, Friar John of Vignay, your humble monk, along with the rest of your servants, wishes you peace, holy joy, and victory over your foes. Beloved and redoubtable Lord, in as much as I have heard and am convinced that you gladly see and hear things profitable and honourable and which may tend to the establishment of good manners, I have done into French from the Latin a little book which came recently into my hand, where divers testimonies and sayings of doctors and philosophers and poets and ancient sages are recounted and applied to the morality of nobles and commons in accordance with the game of chess, which book, most puissant and most redoutable Lord, I have done in the name and under the shadow of yourself, for the which thing, beloved Sir, I beseech and beg you, out of the goodness of your heart, that you deign to receive this book in good part, as from a greater master than myself, for my fond endeavor to do what I can to the best of my ability ought to be imputed to me for the deed. And in order more clearly to proceed in this work, I have ordained that the chapters of the book be written out and set at the beginning, that the reader may more plainly see the material whereof the said book treats.”

Textbook of Arithmetic. By Rollandus. 1424.

" To the most illustrious and most serene Prince the most dread Lord, the Lord John, paternal uncle of our lord the King of France and England, Regent of the realm of France, Duke of Bedford, Rollando of Lisbon, physician, to the writer of your Highness, has written in fulfillment of his oath.

"Most famous Prince, under whose happy dukedom all France happily increases with a certain high consent of the people, as beseems a Prince ruling righteously, in you charity burns within, piety gleams without, and science sheds its rays both ways. Who purer in feeling? Who more abundant in well-doing? Who more certain in clearness of counsel? I say, weighing my meaning, that you spend your treasures as you might scatter ashes. You immolate yourself as a sacrifice in incessant labors. In order that you might prepare peace for the subjects of our Lord the King of France and England and might as Duke lead the realm of France far from the storms of war, by a divine arrangement you were deputed to the rule of the realm to the general satisfaction at a time when all hope of human counsel had failed. Nor has any lapse of human faith leavened your most dread dominion. It is to be hoped that by your rule of peace the realms of France and England may receive their liberty. It certainly has deserved such results.

"Let France then leap for joy; let England hold high festival; let Normandy be glad; let all Gaul sing psalms, because it receives, by the good providence of God, that Governor who lightens everybody's burdens and succors his needs. Such things, certainly, the dewy emotion of your piety merits, that under the shade of your rule the thirsty may drain the waters of the sciences. Those who even now, under the security of that rule, are crowding from all quarters into the noble University of Paris to



TO THE THRICE
ILLVSTRIOVS AND
MOST EXCELLENT PRINCE,
CHARLES,
THE ONELY SONNE OF
OVR SOVERAIGNE LORD
THE KING.

SIR:



Haue humbly sought leaue of
his most Excellent MAIESTIE,
to present your *Highbnesse* with
this *Volume* of his MAIESTIES
WORKES. I durst not but make
the Suite; and his MAIESTIE
could not well deny it. I will
not say, that it had beene a
peece of *Inujustice* in the KING to haue denyed you
this right: But I dare say, it had beene a point of Sacri-
ledge in a *Churchman* to haue stolne from you such a por-
tion

Reproduced from "The Workes of The Most High and Mightie Prince,
James, By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland,
Defender of the Faith, etc." Published by James, Bishop of Winton,
and Dean of His Majestie's Chappell Royall. London, Anno 1616.

preach, methinks, the greatness of your glorious idea that the sounds of the shouters are re-echoed to your Highness from the uttermost distances of the earth.

"Now everywhere men of letters are hastening to come and drink abounding cups. You have raised philosophy from the dust, which used to mourn in the poverty of its beggarhood. Now mathematics rises up before the gaze of your Serenity, with unveiled face, which, in her straitened circumstances, she, from bashfulness had covered with her cloak. She, tender, modest, girdled, and frisky(?), had preferred a bruised side to entering presently the University of Paris without a safe conduct. Then, to you she came in confidence. Now she returns joyful, since she sees herself summoned, not as to an alien's domicile but to her own home. But since the study of philosophy is forced to take up the natures of numbers and curious investigations into natural things, on this account it has pleased your Highness to enjoin and command me although unworthy and insufficient, to collect in one volume both the theoretical and the practical parts of that art of Arithmetic, by gathering the dicta both of the ancients and of the moderns.

"Surely, dread lord, although my slender learning cannot rightly fulfill this mandate as is fitting for so great a science, yet, because I can truly say that by the grace of my lord, the Lord Regent, I am what I am, and lest the grace of so great a lord should remain unrequited for the benefit I have received of a prebend from the chapel of the royal palace of Paris, now solicitous to offer what good-will I can to the honor of your Majesty, especially since you have promised your aid, and insist on my performance of the task, I feel the great part you have in it. So that, if it contains anything blameworthy you have to acknowledge it no less for yourself than for me, for you knew to whom you assigned the charge. Again, if it contains anything useful, to you, that also is to be ascribed. For the possession is yours, and the work is yours. What Arithmeticians have thought, I

quote as much as I can by faithfully compiling and by submitting myself to the correction of your Highness.

"And if any persons have wished to backbite me, first in their demonstrations let them backbite Euclid, Baccius, (Leonardo filius Bonacci) Campanus, and Jordanus, (Nemorarius). The conclusions of the irrefragable demonstrations of these doctors are fundamentally solid, so as not to carry the impression of a biting tooth, though it had an adamantine hardness. . . .

"Let the critic then, embrace what is bitten at least from the impossibility of that effect, though he be not used to embrace it for the effect of truth. And let him study to offer your Highness greater things, since in treasures of philosophy he calls himself the richer. Of what sort then this work be, and what its utility for thinking men, it is now time to see."

This book, written in Latin in 1424, at the command of John of Lancaster, has been entirely unknown to the historians of mathematics. Not a single copy except that belonging to Mr. George A. Plimpton, of New York, has ever been brought to notice.

Godeffrey of Bologna, or the Siege and Conqueste of Jerusalem. Translated from the French by William Caxton, and printed by him in 1481.

Caxton's Prologue contains the following dedication to King Edward IV:

"Thenne to hym, my moost drad naturel and soverayn lord, I adresse this symple and rude booke, besechyng his moost bounteous and haboundant grace to receyve it of me, his indigne and humble subgette, William Caxton, And to pardonne me so presumynge; besechyng almyghty God that this sayd book may encourage, moeve, and enflamme the hertes of somme noble men, that by the same the mescreauntes¹ maye be resisted and putte to rebuke,

¹ Caxton has been mentioning the encroachments of the Turks on Rhodes and elsewhere, and urging Christian princes to unite and recover Jerusalem.

Cristen fayth encreaced and enhaunced, and the holy lande, with the blessyd cyte of Iherusalem, recoverd, and may come agayn in to cristen mens hondes."

**The Workes of Geffray Chaucer Newly Printed with Dyvers
Workes Whiche Were Never in Print Before.**

(The first collected edition of Chaucer's Works, printed by William Thynne, Chief Clerk of the Kitchen to Henry VIII, in 1532.)

The Preface, with the following dedication to Henry VIII, was written by Thynne's friend, Sir Brian Tuke:

"To the kynges hyghnesse my most gracious soveraygne lorde Henry the eight, by the grace of god kyng of Englande and of France, defensor of the fayth and lorde of Irelande, etc. Amonges all other excellencyes, most gracious soverayn lord, wher-with almighty god hath endowed mankynde above the resydue of erthly creatures as an outwarde declaration of reason or resonableness, wherin consysteth the symylitude of man unto aungels and the difference betwene the same and brute beestes, I verayly suppose that speche or langage is nat to be reputed amonges the smallest or inferiours." Then follows a discussion of the virtues of various languages, and of the efforts to beautify their tongue, made by Englishmen—especially the "noble and famous clerke Geffray Chaucer." The copies of Chaucer's works are, however, in a very corrupt state. The writer goes on: "I thought it in maner appertenant unto my dewtie, and that of very honesty and love to my countrey I ought no less to do, than to put my helpyng hande to the restauracion and bringynge agayne to lyght of the said workes, after the trewe copies and exemplaries aforesaid. And devisyng with my selfe, who of all other were most worthy to whom a thyng so excellent and notable shulde be dedicate, whiche

to my conceite semeth for the admiracion, noveltie, and strangnesse that it myght be reputed to be of in the tyme of the authour in comparison, as a pure and fyne tryed precious or polyced jewell out of a rude or indigest masse or mater, none coulde to my thynking occurre, that syns, or in the tyme of Chaucer, was or is suffycient, but onely your maiestie royall, whiche by discrecyon and jugement, as moost absolute in wysdome and all kyndes of doctryne, coulde, and of his innate clemence and goodnesse wolde adde or gyve any authorite herunto. . . .

“Most gracious, victorious, and of God most electe and worthy prince, my most dradde soveraygne lorde, in whom of very merit, dewtie, and successyon is renewed the glorious tytell of Defensor of the cristen faithe whiche, by your noble progenytour, the gret Constantyne, somtyme king of this realme and emperour of Rome, was nexte God and his apostels chefely maynteyned, corroborate and defended, almighty Jesu sende to your highnesse the contynuall and everlastynge habundance of his infynite Grace. Amen.”

The Historie of Wyates Rebellion, with the Order and Maner of Resisting the Same, etc. Made and Compiled by John Proctor. 1554.

“To the most Excellent and virtuous Lady, our most gracious Sovereign, Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, Naples, Hierusalem, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith; Princess of Spain, and Sicily; Archduchess of Austria; Duchess of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant; Countess of Hapsburg, Flanders, and Tyrol; your Majesty’s most faithful, loving, and obedient subject, John Proctor wisheth all grace, long peace, quiet reign, from God the father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

“It hath been allowed, most gracious Sovereign, for a necessary policy in all Ages, as stories do witness, that the flagitious enterprises of the wicked, which have at any

time attempted with traitorous force to subvert or alter the Public State of their countries, as also the wise and virtuous policies of the good practised to preserve the Common Weal and to repel the enemies of the same, should by writing be committed to eternal memory." etc., etc. The dedication continues through two more pages.

The First and Seconde Partes of the Herbal. By Dr. William Turner. 1568.

"To the most noble and learned Princesse in all kindes of good lerninge, Queene Elizabeth: The printer had geven me warninge there wanted nothinge to the settinge out of my hole Herbal, saving only a Preface, wherein I might require some both mighty and learned Patron to defend my laboures against spitefull and envious enemies to all mennis doyinges saving their owne, and declare my good minde to him that I am bound unto by dedicating and geving these poore labours unto him. I did seeke out everye where in my mind, howe that I coulde come by such a Patron as had both learning and sufficient authoritie, joyned therewith to defend my poore labours against their adversaries, and in the same person suche friendshippe and good will towards me, by reason whereof I were most bound unto above all other. After longe turninge this matter over in my mind, it came to my memorye that in all the hole realme of England, that there were none more fit to be Patronesse of my Booke, and none had deserved so muche, to whom I shuld dedicate and geve the same as your most excellent sublimitie hath done: I have dedicated it therefore unto your most excellent sublimitie, and do geve it for the avoydinge of all suspicion of ingratitude or unkindnes unto you as a token and a witnes of the acknowledginge of the great benefites that I have receyved of your princely liberalitie of late years. As for the supremitie of your power, might and autoritie in this realme, there are

none that will denye it saving onlye the bewitched hipocrites and bound men of the spiritual Babylon. As for your knowledge in the Latin tonge xviii years ago or more, I had in the Duke of Somersette's house (beynge his Physition at that tyme) a good tryal thereof, when as it pleased your Grace to speake Latin unto me: for although I have both in England, lowe and highe Germanye, and other places of my longe travell and pelgrimage, never spake with any noble or gentle woman, that spake so wel and so much congrue fyne and pure Latin, as your Grace did unto me so longe ago: sence whiche tyme howe muche and wonderfullye ye have proceeded in the knowledge of the Latin tonge, and also profited in the Greke, Frenche, and Italian tonges and others also, and in all partes of Philosophie and good learninge, not onlye your owne faythful subjectes, beyinge far from all suspicion of flattery, bear witness, but also strangers, men of great learninge in their bokes set out in the Latin tonge, geve honourable testimonye. . . . Wherefore your Majestie hath largelye deserved to have a great deale worthier gift for the greatnes and manifoldnes of the benefites that ye have bestowed upon me youre poore subjecte. But although even as I thinke myselfe it be but a small present in comparison of your worthines, state, dignity, and degre, and benefites towards me: yet my goodwill considered and the profite that maye come to all youre subjectes by it, it is not so small as my adversaries peradventure will esteeme it. For some of them will saye, seyinge that I graunte that I have gathered this booke of so manye writers, that I offer unto you an heape of other mennis laboures, and nothinge of myne owne, and that I goo about to make me frendes with other mennis travayles, and that a booke intreatinge onelye of trees, herbes and wedes, and shrubbes, is not a mete present for a prince. To whom I annswere, that if the honye that the bees gather out of so many floures of herbes, shrubbes and trees, that are growing in other mennis medowes, feildes and closes;

maye iustelye be called the bees honye: and Plinies booke *de naturali historia* maye be called his booke, although he have gathered it oute of so manye good writers whom he vouchsaveth to name in the beginninge of his worke: so may I call it that I have learned and gathered of manye good autoures not without great laboure and payne my booke and namelye because I have handled no one autor, so as a craftie, covetous and Popishe printer handled me of late, who suppressing my name, and levinge out my Preface, set out a booke (that I set out of Welles, and had corrected not without some laboure and coste) with his preface, as though the booke had bene his owne."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*, p. 52 f.)

The Tragedies of Gabriel Laso de la Vega. By Gabriel Laso de La Vega. (Romancer.) 1587.

"To Philip (II) Prince of the Spains:

"In presuming with audacious temerity to dedicate my unpolished verses to Your Highness, and to submit them to your indulgent patronage, I beseech Your Highness to overlook their defects, and to accept them, not as something deserving of criticism, but as something which will take advantage of your favor to render it safe from slanderers. Then indeed shall I feel myself amply and satisfactorily rewarded for my humble effort, and shall be encouraged to serve Your Highness with other greater efforts. May Our Lord grant Your Highness many long years of prosperity.

"Madrid, February 12th, 1587."

(From the Spanish.)

The Faerie Queene. By Edmund Spenser. 1596.

"To the most High, Mightie and Magnificent Empresse renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gracious government,

Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queene of England and Fraunce and Ireland and of Virginia, Defendour of the Faith, etc. Her most humble servant, Edmund Spenser, doth, in all humilitie, dedicate, present and consecrate these his labours, to live with the eternitie of her fame."

La Araucana. By Alonso de Ercilla. 1597.

"To our Lord, the King (Philip II):

"Inasmuch as all my works from the beginning have been dedicated to Your Majesty, this one must also necessarily enjoy the benefit of your patronage, I beseech Your Majesty to glance through it, and with great gratitude I dedicate it to you, confident that you will not consider me presumptuous for so doing. May Our Lord preserve the Catholic person of Your Majesty.

"Antwerp, 1597.

(From the Spanish.)

**Nosce Teipsum. This Oracle Expounded in Two Elegies,
1. Of Humane Knowledge. 2. Of the Soule of Man, and
the Immortalitie Thereof. By Sir John Davies. 1599.**

"Dedication to my most gracious dread soveraigne:

"To that cleere majestie which in the North
Doth, like another sunne in glory rise,
Which standeth fixt, yet spreads her heavenly worth;
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstarre to all eyes:

"Like Heav'n in all; like th' Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support doe stand,
Yet she herselfe supported is of none,
But by the finger of the Almighty's hand:

"To the divinest and the richest minde,
Both by Art's purchase and by Nature's dowre,
That ever was from Heav'n to Earth confin'd,
To shew the utmost of a Creature's power:

"To that great Spirit, which doth great kingdomes moove,
The sacred spring whence right and honour streames,
Distilling vertue, shedding peace and love,
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beames:

"I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby wee reason, live and move and be;
These sparkes by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them to so high an highnesse flee.

"Faire soule, since to the fairest body knit,
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r,
Such sweet celestial influences to it,
As keeps it still in youth's immortall flower:

"(As where the Sunne is present all the yeere,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the Spring bee everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May.)

"O! many, many yeeres may you remaine
A happy angell to this happie land:
Long, long may you on Earth our empresse raigne,
Ere you in Heaven a glorious angell stand.

"Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to Heaven depart,
Which mak'st each place a heaven wherein thou art.
Her Majestie's least and unworthiest subject,
Davies."

Davies celebrated Elizabeth still more fervently in his *Hymnes of Astræa*, in acrostic verse.

The Amorse Songes, Sonets, and Elegies, of M. Alexander Craige, Scoto-Britane. 1606.

"To the most godly, vertuous, beautifull, and accomplished Princesse, meritoriously dignified with all the Titles Religion, Vertue, Honor, Beautie can receive, challenge, afforde, or deserve; Anna, by divine Providence, of Great Britane, France, and Ireland, Queene; Alexander Craige

wishesth all health, wealth, and royall felicitie." In the dedication that follows, Craige refers in the most deprecat- ing terms to the merits of his poems, saved from destruc- tion only by the grace of their "royall Godmother." "I am bold (divine Ladie) to borrow thy blessed name, to beau- tifie my blotted Booke. . . . Happie beyonde the measure of my merit shall I bee, if I can purchase this portion of your Princely approbation, as to accept and entertaine these triuall toys (where your Grace shall smell Flowers to refresh, Hearbs to cure, and Weedies to be avoyded in the lowest degree of least favour). But, howsoever, wishing your Highness as many happie yeares as there are words in my Verses [some 20,000] and Verses in my worthles Volume: I am Your Majestie's most obsequious Orator, Alexander Craige."

Craige, one of the many Scotchmen who followed their royal master south in the hope of preferment, received in 1605 a pension, on which he afterwards retired to Scotland. To quote from David Laing's introduction to the Hunterian Club edition of Craige's works: "In this volume of 1606, besides the dedication to the Queen, he has an 'Epistle generall to Idea, Cynthia, Lithocardia, Kala, Erantina, Lais, Pandora, Penelope,' to all of whom he also adds separate epistles and several sonnets, and his reputation would not have suffered had several of them been suppressed. He exhibits a want of all delicacy or propriety in having preserved and swelled out the volume, inscribed and presented to her Majesty, with verses such as those which he addressed to the 'inconstant' and 'lascivious' Lais. But he evidently had an overweening conceit of his own verses."

Jerusalem Conquered. By Lope Felix de Vega Carpio. Barcelona, 1609.

"To our Lord the King.

"If among the titles of Your Majesty there shines more resplendently that of King of Jerusalem, Emperor of the Eastern and Antarctic Indies, it is justly due to dedicate to you the history of their conquest by the most fortunate kings, Richard and Alfonso VIII, which was the first action

by which Your Majesty took this title: since you are descended by the line of England from the renowned Queen Leonore, daughter of Richard, and mother of Alfonso, grandfather of Saint Fernando, who won Seville. Will Your Majesty receive this humble tribute (so unequal to your merits) from one who would like to offer more worlds than you have kingdoms. May God preserve Your Majesty.

"Lope Felix de Vega Carpio."

(From the Spanish.)

**Masque of Queenes, Celebrated from the House of Fame:
by the Queen of Great Britain, with Her Ladies, at
Whitehall. By Ben Jonson. 1609.**

"To the glory of our own and grief of other nations, my Lord Henry, prince of Great Britain," etc. A long dedication addressed to the Prince follows, in which Jonson says among other things: "Both your virtue and your form did deserve your fortune. The one claimed that you should be born a prince, the other makes that you do become it. . . . Your favour to letters, and these gentler studies, that go under the title of Humanity, is not the least honour of your wreath. . . . Poetry, my Lord, is not born with every man, nor every day: and in her general right, it is now my minute to thank your Highness, who not only do honour her with your care, but are curious to examine her with your eye, and inquire into her beauties and strengths. . . . If my fate (most excellent Prince, and only delicacy of mankind) shall reserve me to the age of your actions, whether in the camp or the council-chamber, that I may write, at nights, the deeds of your days; I will then labour to bring forth some works as worthy of your fame, as my ambition therein is of your pardon.

"By the most true admirer of your Highness's virtues,

"And most hearty celebrator of them,

"Ben Jonson."

Fate did not allow Jonson to celebrate the deeds of Prince Henry, who died in 1613.

The Bible. 1611.

"To James I. To the Most High and Mighty Prince JAMES. By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. The Translators of the Bible wish Grace, Mercy, and Peace, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

"Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign, which Almighty God, the Father of all mercies, bestowed upon us the people of England, when first he sent Your Majesty's Royal Person to rule and reign over us."

Great praise is given to the King, and the translators do not overlook themselves.

"So that if, on the one side, we shall be traduced by Popish Persons at home or abroad . . . or if, on the other side, we shall be maligned by self-conceited Brethren who run their own way and give liking unto nothing but what is framed by themselves, and hammered on their anvil, we may rest secure, supported within by the truth and innocency of a good conscience, having walked the ways of simplicity and integrity as before the Lord, and sustained without by the powerful protection of Your Majesty's grace and favour which will ever give countenance to honest and Christian endeavours against bitter censures and uncharitable imputations.

"The Lord of heaven and earth bless Your Majesty with many and happy days, that, as his heavenly hand hath enriched Your Highness with many singular and extraordinary graces, so You may be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity, to the honour of that great God, and the good of his Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord and only Saviour."

Poly-Olbion. By Michael Drayton. 1612.

"To the prince of Wales, hopefull heyre of the kingdoms of this Great Britaine: This first part of my intended Poeme

I consecrate to your Highness. . . . My Soule, which hath seene the extremitie of Time and Fortune, cannot yet despaire. The influence of so glorious and fortunate a Starre, may also reflect upon me: which hath power to give me new life, or leave me to die more willingly and contented," etc.

"The most humbly devoted,

"Michael Drayton."

In the dedication of the second part (1622) to Prince Charles, Drayton refers to the princely bounty of the late Prince Henry. In the first part, there is a portrait of the Prince, with these lines opposite:

"Britaine, behold here portray'd to thy sight,
Henry, thy best hope and the world's delight;
Ordain'd to make thy eight great Henries, nine:
Who, by that vertue in the Trebble Trine,
To his owne goodnesse (in his Being) brings
These several Glories of th' eight English Kings;
Deep Knowledge, Greatness, long Life, Policy,
Courage, Zeale, Fortune, awfull Maistie.
He like great Neptune on three Seas shall rove,
And rule three Realmes, with triple power, like Jove;
Thus in soft Peace, thus in tempestuous Warres,
Till from his foote, his Fame shall strike the Starres."

An Exquisite Commentarie upon the Revelation of St. John. By Patrik Forbes of Corse. London, 1613.

"To the Most Mighty Monarch my Most Gracious Sovereigne Lord, James King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, Defender of The Faith, etc.

"Grace and Peace, with all Increase and Continuance of Happy and Royall State from God the Father in our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. For a token, though poore in my part; yet that gratefullie I remember your Highnesse Princely mind, in keeping mee an eare against sinistrous delation, and giving so gentle warning of your good pleasure therein, this part of my

misreported paines, I humbly present unto your Maiestie," etc.

"Patrik Forbes of Corse."

Paradisi in Sole: Paradisus Terrestris: or a Garden of All Sorts of Pleasant Flowers, etc. By John Parkinson. 1629.

"To the Queens most excellent Maiestie [Henrietta Maria].

"Madame:

"Knowing your maiestie so much delighted with all the faire flowers of a garden, and furnished with them as farre beyond others, as you are eminent before them, this my work of a Garden, long before this, intended to be published, but now only finished, seemed as it were destined to be first offered into your Highnesse hands as of ryght challenging the propriety of Patronage from all others. Accept I beseech your Majestie this speaking Garden that may inform you in all the particulars of your store as well as wants, when you cannot see any of them fresh upon the ground: and I shall further encourage him to accomplish the remainder, who in praying that your Highnesse may enjoy the heavenly Paradise, after the many years fruition of this earthly, submitteth to be

"Your Majesties in all humble devotion,

"John Parkinson."

On the publication of this work, Parkinson obtained from Charles I the title of "Botanicus Regius Primarius."

Parkinson's book is a description of all the plants and shrubs and bulbs of his time, giving in each case a Classification, under varieties, and ending with The Place—The Time—The Names—The Vertues. These last are very amusing at times. For instance one, virtues of the Lily of the Valley: "The flowers of the white kind are often used with those things that help to strengthen the memory and to procure ease to Apoplecticte persons. Camerarius setteth down the manner of making an oyle of the flowers hereof which he saithe is very effectuall to ease the paines of the Goute, and such like diseases, to be used outwardly, which is thus; Having filled a glasse with the flowers and being well stopped, set it for a

month space in an Ants hill, and after being drayned cleare, set it by to use."

THE LOVE APPLE OR TOMATO:

"Although the beautie of this plant consisteth not in the flower, but fruit, yet give me leave to insert it here, lest otherwise it have no place; whereof there are two especial sorts, which wee comprehend in one Chapter, and distinguish them by *maius* and *minus*, greater and smaller: yet of the greater kinde, we have noursed up in our Gardens two sorts, that differ only in the color of the fruited and in nothing else.

"*Pomum Amdris maius fructa rubro.*

"Great apple of Love, the ordinary red sort. This greater kind of Love apples, which hath beene most frequently cherished with us, hath divers long and trayling branches, leaning or spreading upon the ground, not able to sustaine themselves, where on doe grow many long winged leaves, that is, many leaves set on both sides, and all along a middle ribbe, some being greater, and others lesse, iagged also and dented about the edges, of a grayish overworn greene color, some what rough or hairy in handling; from among the leaves and the branches come forth long stalks, with divers flowers set there on, upon several short foot stalks, consisting of sixe and sometimes of eight small long yellow leaves, with a middle pricke or bone, which after the flowers are fallen riseth to be the fruited, which are of the bignes of a small or mean Pippen unevenly bunched out in divers places and scarce any full round without bunches, of a faire pale reddish colour or some what deeper, like unto an Orange full of a slimie juice and watery pulpe where in the seed lyeth, which is white, flat and some what rough: the roote shooteth with many small strings and bigger branches under ground, but perisheth at the first feeling of our winter weather. The fruited here of by often sowing it in our Land, is become much smaller then I have here described it: but was at the first, and so for two or three years after, as bigge as I have related it.

"*Pomum amdris maius fructa luteo.* Of the same kinde is this other sort of Amdrous apples differing in nothing but the colour of the fruit, which is of a pale yellow colour, having bunches or lobes in the same manner, and seede also like the former."

"*Pomum Amdris minus, fine Mala Etheopica parna.* Small Love Apples:

"The small Apples of Love in the very like manner have long weake trayling branches, beset with such like leaves as the greater kind hath, but smaller in every part: the flowers also stand many

together on a long stalk and yellow as the former but much smaller: the fruite are small, round yellowish red berries, not much bigger then great grapes, where in are contained white flat seede, like the other, but smaller: the root perisheth in like manner every yeare, and therefore must bee new sowed every spring, if you will have the pleasure of their sight in the garden; yet some yeares I have known them rise of their owne sowing in my garden.

"They grow naturally in the hot Countries of Barbary and Ethiopia, yet some report them to be first brought from Peru, a province of the West Indies. Wee only have them for curiosity in our gardens and for the amorous aspect or beauty of the fruit.

"They flower in July and August, and their fruite is ripe in the middle or end of September for the most part.

"The first is named diversely by divers Authors; for Label, Camerarius, and others, call them *Poma Amdris Dodonæus Aura Mala*. Gesnarus first and Baubrinus after him, make it to be a kind of *Salanum Pomiferum*. Anquillus Auquillara taketh it to be *Lycoperficum* of Galen. Others think it to be *Glaucium* of Dioscordides. The last is called *Mala Æthiopica parna*, and by that title was first sent unto us, as if the former were of the same kind and country. We call them in English, Apples of Love, Love Apples, Golden Apples or Amdrous Apples, and all as much to one purpose as another, more then for their beautiful aspect.

"In the hot Countries where they naturally growe, they are much eaten of the people, to coole and quench the heate and thirst of their hot stomachs. The apples also boyled, or infused in oyle in the sunne is thought to be good to cure the itch, assuredly it will allay the heate thereof."

History of Cremona. By Antonio Campo. 1645.

"To His Sacred Catholic and Royal Majesty, King Philip IV, our Master:

"The present history, Sacred Catholic Majesty, is adorned with the glorious deeds of two incomparable heroes, ancestors of Your Majesty, and it is coming to light in a new edition, not being satisfied with the fame won by the first, but aspiring ambitiously to greater fame, so as to be safe from the security of oblivion and to enjoy an eternal splendor. It, therefore, has recourse to Your Majesty, sun of the Catholic Monarchy, from whose radiance it

hopes to obtain the perpetuity which it desires. May Your Majesty kindly deign to look upon it and accept it in your royal soul as a small act of homage of him who, as a sign of very faithful servitude dares to present it, and with most devoted heart wishes that you may long continue to be our happy monarch. Milan, the first of January, 1645.

"Of Your Sacred Christian Royal Majesty

"The most faithful subject and most humble servant,

"Gio. Battista Bidelli."

Hesperides: or, The Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq. 1648.

"To the Most Illustrious, and Most Hopeful Prince, Charles, Prince of Wales.

"Well may my Book come forth like Publique Day,
When such a Light as You are leads the way:
Who are my Works Creator, and alone
The Flame of it, and the Expansion.
And look how all those heavenly Lamps acquire
Light from the Sun, that inexhausted Fire:
So all my Morne, and Evening Stars, from You
Have their Existence, and their Influence too.
Full is my Book of Glories: but all These
By You become Immortall Substances."

No. 213 of the *Hesperides* is a charming pastoral upon the birth of Prince Charles: Mirtillo announces to the other shepherds the birth of a "sweet-faced child, more tender than the childhood of the morn"; Amintas asks

"But is 't a trespass if we three
Should wend along his babyship to see?"

They decide to bring him shepherds' gifts—a garland of flowers, oaten pipes, and the like:

"And I a sheep-hook will bestow,
To have his little kingship know,
As he is prince, he 's shepherd too."

Don Japhet of Armenia. By Paul Scarron. 1653.

"To the King:

"I will try to convince your Majesty that you would do no great wrong, if you did me a little good. If you did me a little good, I should be better humored than I am. If I were better-humored, I should write merrier comedies. If I wrote merrier comedies, your Majesty would have something to laugh at. If your Majesty had something to laugh at, your money would not be wasted. All this follows so logically, that methinks I should be convinced by it if I were as great a king as I am a poor sick man."

(From the French.)

Episcopacy (as Established by Law in England) not Prejudicial to Regal Power. A Treatise Written in the Time of the Long Parliament by the Special Command of the Late King, and now Published by the Right Reverend Father in God, Robert Sanderson, Lord Bishop of Lincoln. London, 1661.

"To the most high and mighty King Charles the II, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," etc.

Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern . . . Written in French by Roland Freart . . . Made English for the Benefit of Builders. By John Evelyn. 1664.

"To the most serene majesty of Charles II:

"Since the great Augustus vouchsafed to Patronize a work of this Nature, which was dedicated to him by Vitruvius; I had no reason to apprehend, Your Majesty would reprove these Addresses of mine, if, in presenting you with those Antiquities on which that excellent Master form'd his Studies I intituled Your Majesty to a Work, so little inferiour to it, and so worthy to go in paragon with it. And, indeed, to whom could I more aptly Inscribe a Dis-

course of Building, than to so Royal a Builder, whose August Attempts have already given so great a Splendor to our Imperial City, and so Illustrious an Example to the Nation! It is from this Contemplation, Sir, that after I had (by the Commands of the Royal Society) endeavour'd the Improvement of Timber, and the Planting of Trees, I have advanc'd to that of Building, as its proper and natural Consequent: Not with a Presumption to Incite or Instruct your Majesty, which were a Vanity unpardonable; but by it to take occasion of celebrating Your Majesty's great Example, who use Your Empire and Authority so worthily, as Fortune seems to have consulted her Reason when she poured her Favours upon You; . . . whilst Stones can preserve Inscriptions, your Name will be famous to Posterity; and when those materials fail, the Benefits that are engraven in our Hearts will outlast those of marble."

More encomiums on his Majesty's building achievements follow, rising to the height of comparing Charles to the Divine Architect. It is difficult, declares Evelyn, not to slide into panegyric in speaking of Charles, and he certainly permits himself to slide very far. In conclusion, his Majesty's "ever loyal, most obedient, and faithful servant," lays the book at his feet, and craves the protection of "that sacred name."

"Says Court,
20 Aug., 1664."

Embassy from the East-India Company of the United Provinces, to the Emperor of Japan. By John Ogilby, Esq. London, 1670.

"To the Supream, most high and Mighty Prince Charles II. By the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c. These Strange and Novel Relations concerning Both the Ancient and Present Estate of the So Populous and Wealthy Empire of Japan, being a Book of Wonders, Dedicated with all

Humility, Lies Prostrate at the Sacred Feet of Your Most Serene Majesty: by the Humblest of Your Servants, and Most Loyal Subject, John Ogilby."

The Triumphs of the Eagle and the Eclipse of the Crescent (Sun).

(Translated from Spanish into Polish by Julien Adolf Swiecicki. Edited by Mathias Bersohn on the two hundredth anniversary of the rescue of Vienna by the Polish king, John III. Warsaw, 1885. A panegyric full of esteem to the unvanquished Polish king by Don Joseph de la Vega, commemorating the victory gained by his courage over the Ottoman Power, thus delivering Vienna from the terrible siege. Amsterdam, 1683.)

"To the unvanquished John the Third, king of Poland, grand duke of Lithuania, Russia, Prussia, Masowia, Samogitia, Livonia, Kiev, Podolia, Podlasie, Smolensk, Volhynia, etc., etc.

"Sire!

"Your Majesty gave in rescuing Vienna such extraordinary reason for admiration, such unheard of occasion for ecstasy, that, should Fame try her best to display her triumphs, she will be obliged to acknowledge her inferiority because the only way to render homage to a power which makes one blind by its brilliant rays is by eclipsing oneself. What could offer admiration to a noble Eagle if not the Triumphs of the Eagle, and what could offer gratitude to the luminous Sun if not the Eclipse of the Crescent?

"Accept, your Majesty, these rhetorical flowers, which my mind dedicates to your Greatness with affection and humility. Even the Romans had a custom to bestow flowers upon their heroes. The theatre of Nemea was filled with flowers, and the Macedonians threw wreaths at the feet of Nearch, rewarding his deeds with fragrant flowers. May the great God of the army and the only master of victories give to your Majesty's troops such

glorious victories that the enraptured age will immortalize them as great, and the proud posterity consider them as extraordinary, I prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet.

"Don Joseph de la Vega.

"Amsterdam, November 15, 1683."

**The Fall of Babylon: Seasonable Reflections on the Novel-
ties of Rome. By B. W. D. D. 1690.**

"To the King of England and all crowned heads and sovereign princes whatever:

"It is the advice of the Royal Prophet to you his Royal Brethren, 'Be wise now therefore, O ye Kings, be instructed, ye Judges of the Earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.' . . . And the reason of it was, because He that sitteth in the Heavens . . . had set his King upon his Holy Hill of Zion, and as a result of his Eternal Decree had bid him ask of him, and he would give him the Heathen for his Inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession, and as the effect of that his Royalty, he should break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a Potter's Vessel.

"Now the time seems to draw on that this is to be fully accomplished, and is it not the duty of the Watchman to give the warning before it is too late? For what will it advantage to be told of Danger, when it will not be in your power to prevent it? To be minded of the Approach of Christ's kingdom, when his iron rod shall be shaking over you and your power, your Interests, your Alliances, your Glory, your Wealth, and Kingdoms all dashing in pieces against one another? For if you chance to be of those, who give your power to the Beast, this will unavoidably be your Fate, both yours and Babylon's in one Hour, to come to Confusion.

"But there are among you (Great Sovereigns) who seem not to be so much concerned in this; those I mean, who

having left the corrupt Communion of the Church of Rome, yet have not fully pursued or acted agreeable to that Reformation, which is to bring on, or succeed, the Fall of Babylon. To such is it, I have to add, that they would please to consider, it will not suffice, that you are content to be called Protestants, and enjoy the Interest of that Name, unless you are what that name speaks; and it is your highest Concern so to be; the time growing on, when Success and Victory shall go along with Truth and Piety." Etc., etc.

A Complete Collection of Voyages and Travels: Consisting of above Four Hundred of the Most Authentick Writers. . . . By John Harris, A.M., Fellow of the Royal Society. London, 1705.

"To the Queen's most excellent Majesty:

"Madam,

"Your gracious Acceptance of my late Book, which I had the honour to Dedicate to His Royal Highness, makes me presume to lay this at Your Majesty's Feet.

"The Discoveries that have been successively made of the Religions, Manners, Customs, Politicks, and Natural Products of all parts of the World, will here give Your Majesty an agreeable and useful Entertainment: And, I'm sure, it will add to your satisfaction to see, that they have been chiefly made by those of Your Own Nation. It hath been thought by some a laudable Reason for sending our Gentlemen Abroad, that they may the better learn to value their native country. And this I daresay, That when either a man hath actually travell'd the whole World over himself, or carefully consider'd the Accounts which those give us that have done so, he will be abundantly convinc'd, that Our Own Religion, Government and Constitution is, in the main, much preferable to any he shall meet with abroad; and especially under the happy influence of Your Majesty's Reign, whom Providence seems to have design'd to make us Great and Happy, even

whether we will or no." The Queen's virtues—her goodness, wisdom, lenity, and so on,—are then enumerated. "And as these are Vertues, Madam, which can never lose their just reward; so I doubt not but God will give it You, in a great Measure, here; and make You the glorious instrument of settling the Peace and Liberty of Europe on a safe and lasting Foundation.

"The mighty success Your just arms have obtain'd already, against the Common Enemy, doth fairly foretell this; and as I doubt not but this is the Universal Prayer of all true English men; so it is desired by none, with greater Zeal and Earnestness, than by,

"Madam,

"Your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient subject
and servant,

"John Harris."

Liberty, a Poem. By James Thomson. 1738.

"To his royal highness, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

"Sir,

"When I reflect upon that ready Condescension, that preventing Generosity, with which Your Royal Highness received the following Poem under your Protection; I can alone ascribe it to the Recommendation, and Influence of the Subject. In you the Cause and Concerns of Liberty have so zealous a Patron, as entitles whatever may have the least Tendency to promote them, to the Distinction of your Favour. . . . If the following Attempt to trace Liberty, from the first Ages down to her excellent Establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your Approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any Degree answer the Dignity of the Subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best Reward: particularly, as it affords me an Opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest Zeal and Respect, Sir,

"Your Royal Highness's most obedient and devoted servant,

"James Thomson."

The terms of the dedication are especially interesting in view of the fact that Prince Frederick's zeal for liberty took the form of sharp opposition to all the measures of his father and of his father's minister, Walpole, and that he was at this time completely estranged from his father. His generous encouragement of literature—in marked contrast to Walpole's indifference—brought to his party the support of many of the leading writers,—Fielding, Glover, Lyttleton, as well as Thomson. Although it required a good deal of imagination to see in the feeble Frederick a true patriot, devoted to liberty, these writers were equal to the task.

History of the Literature of the Reign of Louis XIV. By Claude François Lambert. Paris, 1751.

"To the King. [Louis XV.]

"Sir:

"In presenting to Your Majesty the history of literature of the reign of your august grandfather, I have the honor to offer to you the history of a reign as illustrious for letters as for arms, a reign not second in sublime geniuses or heroic warriors. In vain Greece has glorified the age of Alexander and Rome that of Augustus; the age of Louis XIV, I do not hesitate to say, is infinitely superior by the multitude of excellent works which distinguish it, and by the masterpieces which are every day the admiration of connoisseurs, and which will serve for all time as models and subjects for imitation by the greatest masters.

"This age, Sir, has again another advantage, in that, as it was prepared for by Francis I, the restorer of letters in France, it is equally sustained by Your Majesty, who judges with precision of the merits and talents of all, and whose beneficent hand scatters appropriate recompense.

"Indeed, Sir, the age which you have made illustrious, as conqueror from Anglois to Fontenoy and as pacificator

of Europe to Aix-la-Chapelle—this age will give a new luster to the reign of Louis the Great and will offer to posterity the same wonders to admire. I have the honor to be, with very profound respect

"Sir,

"Of Your Majesty,

"The very humble and very obedient servant, and very faithful subject,

"Lambert, Priest."

The History of the Heavens, Considered according to the Notions of the Poets and Philosophers, Compared with the Doctrines of Moses. Being an Inquiry into the Origine of Idolatry, and the Mistakes of Philosophers upon the Formation and Influences of the Celestial Bodies. Translated from the French of the Abbé Pluche, by J. B. De Freval, Esq. London, 1752.

"To His Royal Highness Prince George:

"Sir,

"The homage I here take the liberty to offer, has no other motive than my true zeal for Your Royal Highness, and a passionate desire of evidencing that zeal. And, indeed, Sir, who would not be animated by those sentiments for a young prince born of the Two most illustrious Personages in Europe? We already discern their virtues in your looks, and shall soon see You, copying from those accomplish'd models, become, what They truly are, the delight of every Briton, and the admiration of the whole world.

"The book I now presume to offer to Your Royal Highness, is no more than a translation of a work from the French, whose author has made, and is still making, himself famous by many excellent and useful productions. He particularly signalizes himself herein, by rectifying a multitude of false notions, which had, for many ages,

prevailed among the learned, concerning the origin of the heathen deities.

"Your Royal Highness, whose noble aspect, though at an age remote from puberty, gives presages both of genius and greatness of mind to every beholder, will in a short time comprehend the purport and relish the beauties of this history, the reading whereof cannot fail of affording Your Royal Highness much pleasure and delight.

"May You, Sir, make the swiftest progress in every branch of science! May You, closely following the steps of the August Persons that gave You birth, from their example, at length shine with so many excellencies, that the Crown itself may not be capable of adding any thing to their lustre!

"These, Sir, are the most ardent wishes of him, who has the ambition to be, with the most inviolable attachment, and most profound respect,

"Your Royal Highness's

"Most obedient and

"Most devoted servant,

"J. B. de Freval."

Bibliothec of Mediceo: Lavrentianæ Catalogus. 1752.

"To Franciscus Cæsar, Emperor of the Romans, Great Leader of Etruria, etc., etc., Antonius Marcia Biscionius, Greetings:

"Long and often had I considered in mind, oh most august Cæsar, whether I should offer to Your Supreme Majesty this humble work of my talent, particularly since not less than a period of five lustrums (25 years) had already elapsed since I had taken my hand from the writing tablet and had thrown away nearly all hope of sending this work forth into the public light, both on account of the magnitude and amplitude of it, my truly slender genius, and the weakness of my strength, and also on account of the pedantry of certain people.

"For all things to which one applies (especially the different ones) require a free and unimpeded mind lest excellent undertakings, scarcely begun, grow cold and become abandoned in their very beginning.

"But as it was pleasing to God, Your Royal Majesty has excited me who was inert and almost asleep and so with certain new light transmitted to the eye of my mind, the shadows having been immediately shattered, I have felt myself endowed with tranquillity and freedom (of action). Especially at this time when by Royal Munificence—Your most honorable doing—I found myself, though undeserving, honored by the title of Royal Prefect of the Medicean Laurentian library; then with a more eager mind and a bolder desire I put myself to resuming anew the neglected work. You, indeed, in whom envy, ignorance, and the other pests of the human race, were absent,—even as Hercules did in the Garden of the Hesperides after the Dragon was killed,—have thrown open a free avenue to me so that I might be able to enjoy its golden apples, manifestly its richest and most precious treasure, for the public utility and the increase of literature. In return then for this very great and singular benefice, immortal thanks are due you from me which I altogether despair of repaying even in the least.

"Now by chance may Your Royal Majesty deign to incline your most humane ears to my earnest prayers: by which I pray and beseech you that this little gift of mine you may accept with pleasure as a token of an obsequious and grateful mind, and may you not disdain to protect me, entirely subdued to you, under the Shadow of Your Eagle's Wings.

"At Florence, February, 1752."

(From the Latin.)

The British Grammar. By William Grey (?). 1762.

"To her Most Excellent Majesty Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain, etc. etc.

"Madam:

"Permit me to lay at Your Majesty's Feet an Essay towards Speaking and Writing Grammatically, and Inditing Elegantly the Language of the bravest, wisest, most powerful, and respectable Body of People upon the Face of the Globe! Highly distinguished with the additional Glory, of being the Vernacular Tongue of the most Virtuous, most Potent and best Beloved MONARCH upon Earth. A Language, Madam, which has received fresh Lustre from its being now spoken by a Queen the Darling of the People, whose Tongues joyfully proclaim their Gratitude, and whose Hearts (united in the firmest and most dutiful Attachment) will always exult to hear Your Majesty express your ineffable Goodness and all-attracting Affability in the refined and comprehensive English Energy! in the manly Diction of Britons!

"If the following Sheets should have the Happiness to be entertaining to your Majesty, inexpressible Satisfaction will redound to him who has the Honour to be, with the most profound Reverence,

"Madam

"Your Majesty's

"Most Faithful, Most obedient

"And Most Humble Servant

"The Author."

(In the library of Mr. G. A. Plimpton. The name of the author has been written in pencil.)

A New Geographical and Historical Grammar: wherein the Geographical Part is truly Modern; and the present state of the several Kingdoms of the World is so Interspersed as to render the Study of Geography both Entertaining and Instructive. By Mr. Salmon. London, 1766.

"To His Majesty King George the Third, And to the British Princes and Princesses, His Royal Brothers and

Sisters, this new Geographical and Historical Grammar is
Humbly Dedicated by the Author

"Thomas Salmon."

History of Danish Noblemen. By Tycho de Hofman.
1777.

[To King Christian VII.]

"High and Mighty Monarch,

"Most Gracious Hereditary King and Master:

"On this most joyful day—the day on which Heaven presented Denmark, in the person of your Majesty, with the best King, and on which a year ago your Majesty by public utterance expressed a great affection for your Majesty's loyal subjects—I make bold to present to your Majesty, in most profound humility, this work dedicated by its author to your Majesty's grandfather of blessed memory, King Christian VI. The great favor with which your Majesty regards the fine arts and the sciences has encouraged me to most humbly hope that your Majesty will regard this work with the same favor with which your Majesty's ancestors regarded the illustrious and deservedly popular Danish men, an account of whose careers is contained herein. I shall deem myself happy if your Majesty will accept this as a token of the most profound and humble devotion with which I am,

"High and Mighty Monarch, Most Gracious Hereditary King and Master,

"Your Majesty's

"Most humble subject and servant,

"Anna Magdalena, widow of Sol. Godiche.

"Kisbenhavn, January 29, 1777."

A General History of Music, etc. By Charles Burney.
The second edition, 1789.

"To the Queen:

"Madam, The condescension with which your Majesty has been pleased to permit your name to stand before the

following History, may justly reconcile the author to his favourite study, and convince him, that whatever may be said by the professors of severer wisdom, the hours which he has bestowed upon Music have been neither dishonourably, nor unprofitably spent.

“The science of musical sounds, though it may have been depreciated, as appealing only to the ear, and affording nothing more than a momentary and fugitive delight, may be with justice considered as the art that unites corporal with intellectual pleasure, by a species of enjoyment which gratifies sense without weakening reason; and which, therefore, the Great may cultivate without debasement, and the Good enjoy without depravation.

“Those who have most diligently contemplated the state of man, have found it beset with vexations, which can neither be repelled by splendor, nor eluded by obscurity; to the necessity of combating these intrusions of discontent, the ministers of pleasure were indebted for that kind reception, which they have perhaps too indiscriminately obtained. Pleasure and innocence ought never to be separated; yet we seldom find them otherwise than at variance, except when Music brings them together.

“To those who know that Music is among your Majesty’s recreations, it is not necessary to display its purity or assert its dignity. May it long amuse your leisure, not as a relief from evil, but as an augmentation of good; not as a diversion from care, but as a variation of felicity. Such, Madam, is my sincerest wish, in which I can however boast no peculiarity of reverence or zeal; for the virtues of your Majesty are universally confessed; and however the inhabitants of the British empire may differ in their opinions upon other questions, they all behold your excellences with the same eye, and celebrate them with the same voice; and to that name which one nation is echoing to another, nothing can be added by the respectful admiration and humble gratitude of, Madam,

"Your Majesty's most obedient and most devoted servant,

"Charles Burney."

This dedication was written by Dr. Johnson, who supplied many dedications for his friends. Mr. H. B. Wheatley, in his *Dedications of Books*, prints the following list of those mentioned by Boswell:

- 1743 James's Medicinal Dictionary. To Dr. Mead.
 - 1752 Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote. To the Earl of Middlesex.
 - 1753 Mrs. Lennox's Shakespeare Illustrated. To the Earl of Orrerey.
 - 1756 Wm. Payne's Introduction to the Game of Draughts. To the Earl of Rochford.
 - 1758 Angell's Stenography. To Charles Duke of Richmond.
 - 1760 Baretti's Italian and English Dictionary. To Don Felix, Marquis of Abreu.
 - 1762 John Kennedy's System of Astronomical Chronology. To the King.
 - 1763 Hoole's Translation of Tasso. To the Queen.
 - 1766 Gwyn's London and Westminster Improved. To the King.
 - 1767 George Adam's Treatise on the Globes. To the King.
 - 1767 Roger Ascham's English Works, edited by the Rev. James Bennet. To the Earl of Shaftesbury.
 - 1777 Bishop Z. Pearce's Posthumous Works (Commentary on the Four Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles). To the King.
- They are reprinted in the fifth volume of the Oxford edition of Johnson's works.

Illustrations of Blair's Grave. By William Blake. 1808.

"To the Queen:

"The Door of Death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold;
But, when the mortal eyes are clos'd,
And cold and pale the limbs repos'd,
The soul awakes; and, wond'ring sees
In her mild hand the golden keys:
The Grave is Heaven's Golden Gate
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

"To dedicate to England's Queen
 The visions that my soul has seen,
 And, by her kind permission bring
 What I have borne on solemn wing,
 From the vast regions of the Grave,
 Before her throne my wings I wave;
 Bowing before my Sovereign's feet,
 'The Grave produc'd these Blossoms sweet,
 In mild repose from earthly strife;
 The blossoms of Eternal life!' "

**The History of Hindustan, its Arts, and its Sciences, as
 Connected with the History of the Other Great Empires
 of Asia, during the Most Recent Periods of the World.
 By the Author of Indian Antiquities. London, 1820.**

"To His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick.
 Duke of Sussex, K. G., D. C. L., Earl of Inverness, Baron
 of Arklow, &c., &c., &c., &c., and what far transcends all
 titles, the Patron of Genius and Friend of Toiling Science,
 these pages are respectfully and gratefully inscribed, by
 His Royal Highness's most humble, obliged, and devoted
 servant,

"Thomas Maurice."

**Specimens of the Russian Poets. By Sir John Bowring.
 1823.**

"To His Imperial Majesty Alexander I, autocrat of all
 the Russias, etc., etc.

"The flattering mark of approbation with which you
 were pleased to honour the former volume of the Russian
 anthology, induces me to inscribe the name of your Majesty
 upon the dedication page of this.

"When the delusions of conquest and the records of
 political changes shall have passed away, the purer and
 nobler triumphs of civilization and literature will be remem-

bered, and bear along the stream of time, to the gratitude of future generations, the names of their illustrious protectors. To have contributed to their influence is a glory which no time can tarnish—it is worthy of the worthiest—it will be your highest title—a title brighter than the brightest jewel of your imperial crown.

“The destiny of millions is in your Majesty’s hands. Under your auspices, your empire has made gigantic strides in knowledge and in power. The future is formed by the present. O, be it your most imperial ambition to make that knowledge and that power the source of virtue and of liberty! Such are the wishes, and such the hopes of one to whom your reputation is dearer than to a thousand flatterers, and who is, in all sincerity,

“Your Majesty’s most obedient, and devoted humble servant,

“John Bowring.

“Boulogne Prison,¹

“Oct. 20, 1822.”

Journal of a Residence in Ashantee. By Joseph Dupuis, Esq., late His Britannic Majesty’s Envoy and Consul for that Kingdom, Comprising Notes and Researches Relative to the Gold Coast and the Interior of Western Africa; Chiefly Collected from Arabic Mss., and Information Communicated by the Moslems of Guinea: To which is prefixed An Account of the Origin and Causes of the Present War. Illustrated with a Map and Plates. London, 1824.

DEDICATION

“To the King’s Most Excellent Majesty, George the Fourth, &c., &c., &c.

¹ In 1822, Bowring was arrested at Calais, “being the bearer of despatches to the Portuguese ministers announcing the intended invasion of the Peninsula by the Bourbon government of France. He was thrown into prison and passed a fortnight in solitary confinement.” *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

"Sire,

"In conformity with the permission which I have received, I now place under the patronage of your Majesty's august name, a volume exhibiting the intimate and political feelings of the Sovereign of Ashantee, demonstrative of a friendly regard, as well towards your Royal person as to the commercial prosperity of the British Colonies on the Gold Coast; the contents of which I stood pledged to make known to your Majesty.

"With sentiments of the purest attachment to your Majesty's service, and to the honour and interest of the crown,

"I remain,

"With the profoundest veneration,

"Sire,

"Your Majesty's most faithful Subject,

"and dutiful Servant

"Joseph Dupuis."

Lexicon, Arabian-Latin. By George Wilhelm Freytag.
Halle, 1830.

"To Frederic William III, King and Most August and Powerful Master, Father of the Fatherland, Protector and Most Liberal Patron of Letters, Arts, and all the sciences, This, the fruit of his studies, the height of which is equalled only by the grateful and submissive spirit of devotion, George William Freytag, most devoted Worshipper of the glory of your kingdom, Gives Greeting (or Dedicates to you)."

Geology of the South-East of England. By Gideon Mantell,
F.R.S. 1833.

"To his most excellent Majesty, William the Fourth, this work on the geology of the South-East of England is, with his Majesty's gracious permission, most humbly

inscribed, by his Majesty's faithful and devoted subject,
and servant,

"The Author.

"Castle Place, Lewes;

"April, 1833."

**Civil Annals of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. By the
Secretary of Internal Affairs (Niccolo Santangelo). 1833.**

"To His Majesty, Ferdinand II, King of the Two
Sicilies:

"The Arts of Peace come into the presence of Your
Majesty, happy to be received in the palace of Frederick,
first to foster the Italian Muses, and of Robert, the learned
admirer of the passionate singer of Laura.

"Ministers to the glory and the prosperity of the human
family, these immortal daughters of Memory have revived
a thousand times the bringing from heaven to earth of the
sacred fire, by which the ancient peoples symbolised the
wisdom that civilizes rude customs, establishes, sustains,
and protects the empire, and renders the hand and mind of
man the workers of marvels. Companions of victory of
the valiant Norman, Charles III, they are the ameliorators
of the long series of offenses of the sluggish government of
the viceroy, and even in those difficult times, made more
glorious the country of Pythagoras and Archimedes.

"Revived by Your Grace to hopes still greater, they
undertake to-day to collect the annals of your kingdom
not with the intention of celebrating great deeds, an im-
portant office which the good king entrusts faithfully to
posterity, but with the most holy desire to assist your
purpose in the increase of civilization among your subjects.

"To this purpose is added that of preparing by means
of noble history some salutary lessons for the sons of your
kingdom, who fervently implore heaven in their public
devotions to bless your happy marriage with the Royal

Lady who, for her high virtues and sweet manners, is the tender object of your love, and of respectful and universal admiration.

"Such, O master, is the design with which I have undertaken to write the civil annals of your Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. And since Your Majesty deigns as a recompense for the undertaking, to allow the annals to be dedicated to you, I shall prove, in my unspeakable gratitude, to be not all unworthy of your sovereign mercy, taking great care not to darken in the least the candid truth, which is the test of him who writes of his own times and of the magnanimity of living princes.

"Thus in this paper the homage of fidelity and devotion will be added to that profound veneration which I do myself the honor to declare. Naples, January the third, 1833.

"Of Your Majesty the most humble and faithful subject.
"The Compiler."

Saga Kings. By Snorre Sturleson. Christiania, 1838.

[To Charles XV, King of Sweden and Norway.]

"The history of every country has periods marked by important events, pregnant of consequences, which the nation considers as epoch-making, as dark or bright points in its political experience. Norway's history likewise furnishes such epochs, but none presents to the view a more durable prosperity, better established independence, or freer enjoyment of all the blessings which a political community may possess than your Majesty's wise reign, when King and people unite their efforts for the country's good.

"The historical work, a translation of which is humbly presented to your Majesty, recalls a similar period in the distant past. When the Norwegian people learn of the free and happy state of that vanished generation, they will feel grateful to the noble king who has again by his beneficent reign called them to freedom and national prosperity.

"It is the connection between the old time and the new

which the Saga Book of the great historian, Snorre Sturleson, spanning the chasm of centuries, recalls in the labors of those who devote themselves to the writing of modern history; for Snorre has, with characters of gold, traced the history in the Saga Book of that liberty which was covered over with the mold of past ages, and your Majesty's wisdom has, by accepting the fundamental state of things which restores to the people their ancient privileges, given new life to their buried liberty.

"The undersigned, therefore, ventures most humbly to dedicate to your Majesty the present work and begs your Majesty to accept the dedication with that royal graciousness of which he has received on many occasions proofs the memory of which will ever abide. He invokes Heaven's blessing upon your Majesty and wishes as a loyal subject that the beneficence of a long life may bless for many years to come a grateful and affectionate people.

"Most humbly,

"Jacob All."

The Work Table and Embroidery Frame Companion: A Manual of all the Accomplishments Dependent upon the Needle. By A. M. London, 1843.

"To her most gracious Majesty the Queen.

"Madam,

"This manual of all the accomplishments dependent upon the needle, is most humbly and most respectfully dedicated to your Majesty, by one, who feels conscientiously urged thereto, in consequence of the scarcely paralleled popularity of a former work, entitled 'Woman as Virgin, Wife, and Mother;' in which an elevated morality, extension of industry, refinement of manner, and improved taste, were warmly advocated, and because it is presumed that the same qualities form a conspicuous feature in the present work. As a gift of love or friendship, in the hands

of a Father, a Brother, or one who is on the point of marriage, this little work possesses peculiar appropriateness; and, in all Families and Schools it would be the index to economy of time, and the cultivation of the most elegant as well as useful Female Accomplishments. It is in this singleness of purpose, that the Authoress ventures on the present Dedication; and also in a profound conviction of the high advantages which have been diffused among her Sex by your Majesty's august example. In conclusion, she will ever remain, Madam, your Majesty's most dutiful, most loyal, and devoted subject."

The Literature of the Kymry. By Thomas Stephens. 1849.

"To His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, is respectfully dedicated, by permission of Her Majesty the Queen, the following record of literary and intellectual labours among the Ancient and Illustrious Race whose representative he is; in the hope, that when future years have extended his experience and ripened his judgment, he may feel a regard for the inhabitants of the Principality, as strong as is their affection for the Heir Apparent to the throne of Britain."

To the Queen. By Alfred Tennyson. (Prefixed to the first Laureate edition, 1851).

"Revered, beloved—O you that hold
 A nobler office upon earth
 Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
 Could give the warrior kings of old,

"Victoria,—since your Royal grace
 To one of less desert allows
 This laurel greener from the brows
 Of him that utter'd nothing base;

“And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

“Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro’ wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

“Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho’ the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

“And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
‘She wrought her people lasting good;

“‘Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;

“‘And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

“‘By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people’s will,
And compass’d by the inviolate sea.’

“March, 1851.”

Political and Parliamentary History of Spain. By Juan Rico y Amat. Madrid, 1860.

"To Her Majesty the Queen Dona Isabel II.

"LADY:

"The benevolence with which Your Majesty has thought worthy to admit the dedication of the Political and Parliamentary History of Spain, authorizing by your sovereign resolution of the 6th of November last the placing of the august name of Your Majesty on the first page, is already sufficient guerdon and abundant recompense for the labor and sacrifice which the editing has cost me.

"Noble and enviable, Lady, is the providential mission of the monarch in procuring in the sphere of Government the happiness of her subjects by just and beneficent laws: but more enviable and noble still that which her elevated position confers of scattering in the society which she governs the gifts of royal munificence, gently drying the tears of the unfortunate and elevating the arts and sciences with decorous protection, which neither bespeaks pride in the one who condescends nor humiliates the one who receives it.

"My pen to-day echoes the immense gratitude which Spanish letters owe to Your Majesty and, although weak and unauthorized, it is just that I leave it consigned in these broken phrases as a sincere token, on the other hand, of my own adhesion to Your Majesty and of my monarchical sentiments.

"But it is not alone my private feelings which counsel and oblige me to direct to-day to Your Majesty the dedication of this work, but, as there is contained in it the history of our nation in the present century, it of right ought to be dedicated to your Majesty as the most lawful personification, the most worthy representative, the most faithful depository of her glories, and the most constant and disinterested promoter of her progress, of her civilization, and of her culture.

"May God preserve the important life of Your Majesty many years. Madrid, December 4, 1860.

"Lady:

"At the Royal Feet of Your Majesty.

"Juan Rico y Amat."

(From the Spanish.)

Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson. 1862.

"TO THE MEMORY OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.¹

"These to His Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—these Idylls.

"And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her'—
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone.
We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent, and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,

¹ The Prince died in December, 1861.

Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot; for where is he,
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son
 A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his?

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so close beside thee that ye made
 One light together, but has past and leaves
 The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,
 Till God's love set thee at his side again!"

Codex Sinaiticus Petropotitanus. By **Konstantin Tischendorf.** 1862.

"To the most august, powerful, clement Lord and Prince, Alexander II, Emperor of all the Russias, etc., etc., etc."

The Iliad of Homer, Rendered into English Blank Verse.
 By **Edward, Earl of Derby.** New York, 1865.

"To His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, etc., etc., this translation of the Iliad of Homer is, by his Royal Highness's gracious permission, with profound respect and dutiful attachment, humbly dedicated."

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey. By the **Reverend Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.** 2nd edition, 1868.

"To her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, with every sentiment of loyal and respectful gratitude is dedicated

this humble record of the royal and national sanctuary which has for centuries enshrined the varied memories of her august ancestors and the manifold glories of her free and famous kingdom and which witnessed the solemn consecration of her own auspicious reign to all high and holy purposes."

Muhîl el Muhîl. By Butrus el Bustani. American Press, Beyrout, Syria. 1870.

"This I have presented to His excellency, the Honorable, as an offering to His exalted Majesty our King, the Sublime excellency of our Lord, the Sultan, Son of the Sultan, Sultan of the two Lands and Emperor of the two Seas, the Sultan Abdel Aziz, Khan,—continue the most High God in the days of his lofty sovereignty in might and prosperity, and prolong his valor and power and rule and strength and victory."

(From the Arabic.)

Historical Sketch of the Russian Nobility from the Middle of the Ninth Century to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By Ivan A. Porai-koshitz. 1874.

"To His Imperial Majesty, most gracious sovereign, Emperor Alexander II, son of Nicholas, by his high consent I dedicate this work with deep devotion.

"Ivan Porai-koshitz."

(From the Russian.)

Die Ahnen. Romance by Gustav Freytag. Leipzig, Germany. 7th edition, 1876.

"To Her Imperial Highness The Crown Princess Victoria, Respectfully Dedicated."

The Defence of Lucknow. By Alfred Tennyson. 1879.DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE¹

"Dead Princess, living Power, if that which lived
 True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
 From earthly love and life—if what we call
 The spirit flash not all at once from out
 This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
 The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
 From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
 Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
 Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
 Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
 And thine Imperial mother smile again,
 May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
 Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
 Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
 Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
 But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
 May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
 At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
 Of England, and her banner in the East?"

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. By John P. Jackson. 1880.

"To his most gracious majesty, Ludwig II, King of Bavaria, the illustrious representative of a noble dynasty, under whose fostering care Ober-Ammergau and its sacred tragedy have together grown and flourished for centuries: the genial and high-minded patron of music and the drama in Germany, this volume, which owes so much to his royal favor, is, with permission, most respectfully dedicated."

¹ The Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, died December 14, 1878.

Bartolozzi and his Works. By Andrew White Tuer. 1881.

"Dedicated by gracious permission to Her Majesty the Queen."

The Voyage of the Vega around Asia and Europe. By Baron Adolf Erick Nordenskiöld. 1881.

"To His Majesty, King Oscar II, the august patron of the Vega Expedition, the description of the voyage he so nobly and generously promoted is dedicated with profoundest gratitude, most humbly,

"A. E. Nordenskiöld."

Greek and Roman Sculpture. By Walter Copland Perry. 1882.

"To H. I. H. the Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, whose skill as an artist has made her a discriminating patroness of art, this work is dedicated with profound respect by her loyal and obedient servant the author."

Russian Central Asia. By Henry Lansdell. 1885.

"To His Imperial Majesty Alexander III, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," etc., etc.

Civil History of the Italian Kingdom. By Niccola Nisco. Naples, 1885.

"To King Humbert I, for whom awaits the glory of establishing courageously in liberty and in peace the Italy united by his great father."

The Poetry of Sport. By the Duke of Beaufort, K. G. 1885.

DEDICATION TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES:

"Having received permission to dedicate these volumes, the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes, to His

Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, I do so, feeling that I am dedicating them to one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time. I can say, from personal observation, that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen, when a fox breaks covert, more dexterously and quickly than H. R. H.; and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better. Also, when the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen H. R. H. knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasants in first-rate workmanlike style. I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to dedicate these volumes to so eminent a sportsman as H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and I do so with sincere feelings of respect and esteem and loyal affection.

“Beaufort.”

The Fourth Voyage to Central Asia. By Nikolai Przhevalski. 1888.

“To His Imperial Highness Heir Apparent Tzarvich Nicholas, son of Alexander, eminent patronizer of my newest explorations in Central Asia, with sentiments of deep gratitude most devotedly, I dedicate my book of the Staff-Office,

“Major General

“Przhevalski.”

(From the Russian.)

The Founding of the German Empire by William I. By Heinrich von Sybel. Translated by Marshall Livingston Perrin, Assisted by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. 1890.

“To the memory of Emperor William I, with reverence and gratitude.”

Arabic-English Dictionary. By William Thomson Wortabet.
1893.

“Dedicated by special permission to His Highness Mohamed Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt, who has so highly promoted the cause of Education among his people. By His Highness’s most humble and obedient Servant,

“The Author.”

Sir Walter Raleigh, The British Dominion of the West.
By Martin A. S. Hume. 1897.

“‘To her who is the first, and may alone be justly called the Empress of the Bretanes.’ Sir Walter Raleigh.”

Storia Critica di Roma Durante I Primi Cinque Seccoli.
By Ettore Pais. 1898.

“To his Majesty Vittorio Emanuele III, King of Italy, promoter of all civil progress, cultivator of Historical Studies—this book, written in the name of Rome and of Italy supreme throughout the centuries in law, in the sciences, in art, in the fifty-first year of the national liberation and the first of the enlarged dominion in the Mediterranean.

“Ettore Pais.”

The Vintage: A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. By E. F. Benson. 1898.

“This Romance dealing with the regeneration of her people is dedicated by permission to her Majesty, Olga, Queen of the Hellenes.”

Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir—By His Son. By Hallam Tennyson. 1898.

“These volumes are dedicated by permission to the Queen.

"AN UNPUBLISHED VERSION OF 'TO THE QUEEN,' 1851.

"The noblest men methinks are bred,
Of ours the Anglo-Norman race;
And in the world the noblest place,
Madam, is yours, our Queen and head.

"Your name is blown on every wind,
Your flag thro' Austral ice is borne,
And glimmers to the northern morn,
And floats in either golden Ind.

"I give this faulty book to you,
For, tho' the faults be thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I can trust
Your Woman's Nature, kind and true."

**History of the Russian Empire. By Nikolai Karamzin.
1899.**

"To His Majesty the Emperor Alexander I (son of Paul)
autocrat of all the Russias.

"Sire,

"I offer to your Majesty with veneration the fruits of
my twelve years of ardent labor. I do not boast about my
zeal and steadfastness: encouraged by you, could I fail in
it?

"In the year 1811 in the most happy and never to be
forgotten period of my life, I read to your majesty some
parts of this history about the horrors of Baty's invasion,
about the heroic deeds of Dmitri Donskoi, at the very time
when a heavy cloud of misfortune was hanging over Europe,
threatening also our dear fatherland. You listened with
admirable attention, you compared the long past with the
present, and you did not envy the glorious dangers of Dmitri
as you foresaw more glorious dangers for yourself. The
magnanimous presentiment was fulfilled, the storm broke
over all Russia; but we have been saved, we have become
famous, the enemy is destroyed, Europe free, and the wis-

dom of Alexander shines resplendent in the wreath of immortality. Your Majesty! If the happiness of your virtuous heart equals your glory, then you are the happiest of all those who were born on earth.

"A new epoch has begun. The future is known to God only, but should we judge by the power of our reason, we can expect a steady peace for which not only the nations are longing, but also the crowned heads who desire to rule for the good of the people, for the improvement of morals, virtue, science, art, and public and private prosperity. Having by a victory removed the obstacles in this truly royal action, having given to us as well as to Europe the golden peace, what will you not accomplish in the strength of your manhood, during the long life, destined to be yours by the laws of nature, and the warm prayers of your subjects!

"Take courage, beloved Monarch! The one who reads the hearts reads the thoughts, history tells the deeds of magnanimous sovereigns and inspires love to their sacred memory in the most remote posterity.

"Accept this favorable book which serves as a proof of it. The history of a nation belongs to the czar (ruler).

"Sire! Your Majesty's loyal subject,

"Nikolai Karamzin."

(From the Russian.)

Rex Regum—The Likeness of Christ. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., F.S.A. 1905.

"By Command: This Tribute to the King of Kings is dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen Empress, by the Author."

Glimpses of Italian Court Life: Happy Days in Italia Adorata. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. 1906.

"Dedicated by special permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Elena of Italy."

Toledo, an Historical and Descriptive Account of the City of Generations. By Albert F. Calvert. 1907.

"To S. A. Infanta Maria Teresa, in whose sympathy the ancient grandeur is linked with the future greatness of Spain, this volume, with an assurance of sincere esteem, is dedicated."

Spanish Arms and Armour: Being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Royal Armoury of Madrid. By Albert F. Calvert. 1907.

"Dedicated with profound respect and esteem to her Majesty, Queen Maria Cristina of Spain, who so worthily and so long maintained those glorious traditions of Spanish greatness, which are symbolized in the treasures of the Royal Armoury."

Illustrated Turkish Dictionary. By Ali Sayyid. 1907.
(Dated the year 1324 of the Hegira).

"Abdul-Hamid Khan the Second, the Sultan, son of the Sultan, the victorious Sultan, in grateful memory of the 31st happy anniversary of the accession of our Lord, Protector of Science and Learning, the highly-renowned Padishah, which accession was the beginning of Increase and Progress in this state."

Then follows a poem in Turkish under the crescent:

"O Padishah, adorned with beautiful qualities,
Protector of the high Khalifate,
Is there an end to your attributes,
Can thy exaltation find a limit?
Thy kindness and justice is evident.
It does not need the trouble of stating.
Is it not through your efforts
That the kingdom acquired so much happiness and power?
You have revived learning and perfection.

Your inclination to prosperity is well-known.
 You are the shade-spreading shadow of Allah,
 A glorious star that spreads light.
 Be a tower of perfection and endure in glory,
 Strew kind deeds to the horizons of thy people."

"The original of this poem makes up with a clever handling of words for the lack of imagination. Besides, this was the kind of literature which found favor under the previous Sultan, and very few of the public or private writers dare to go beyond its restrictions. . . . The accepted manner of printing Mohammedan books precludes dedications: Arabic books usually begin their text on the back of the title-page, and put their table of contents before the title-page. Turkish books followed that system, and usually dropped even the title-page. Recently, however, they began to be influenced by European fashions, and they print books with title-pages. Still, dedications are very rare. It is not such an easy matter to inscribe a book to the Sultan." (Extracts from a letter of M. H. Ananikian, of Hartford Theological Seminary. Mr. Ananikian found only one other book with a dedication—and that was also a dictionary.)

A Short History of Germany. By Ernest Flagg Henderson.
 New York. 1908.

"Dedicated by gracious permission to His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia on the occasion of his visit to America."

In Three Legations. By Madame Charles De Bunsen.
 1909.

"To Queen Margherita of Italy.

"By her gracious permission this book is dedicated to H. M. Margherita of Savoia, Queen Mother of Italy."

Fifty Years of New Japan. By Count Shige'nobu Ōkuma.
 1909.

"Dedicated by special permission to his majesty King Edward the Seventh by Count Ōkuma."

The Art of Tatting. By Katharine L. Hoare, with an Introduction by H. M. the Queen of Roumania. 1910.

"Dedicated by gracious permission to Her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania, whose love and knowledge of the arts of the thread have never failed to encourage fellow-needlewomen of all classes and in many countries."

Das Fochter Album (Annual for Girls). Edited by Berto Wegner-Zell, Glogau, Germany. 1912.

"To her Majesty The Empress and Queen Augusta Victoria. Dedicated in deepest respect by the Editress."

IV

To Nobility

IV

To Nobility

Le Morte Darthur. By Sir Thomas Malory. 1485.

CAXTON'S DEDICATION (INCLUDED IN HIS PROLOGUE)

"Thenne to procede forth in thys sayd book, whyche I dyrecte unto alle noble prynces, lordes and ladyes, gentylmen or gentylwymen that desyre to rede or here redde of the noble and joyous hystorye of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng Kyng Arthur, somtyme kyng of thys noble royalme, thenne callyd Brytaygne, I wylyam Caxton symple persone present thys book followyng, whyche I have enprysed tenprynte and treateth of the noble actes, feates of armes, of chivalrye, prowessẽ, hardynesse, humanyte love, curtosye, and veray gentylnesse, wyth many wonderfull hystoryes and adventures."

Divina Commedia. By Dante. Dedication by Aldus. Venice, 1495.

"To the Worthy Lady Victoria Colonna, most illustrious Marchioness of Pescara Andrea di Asola.

"Having newly reprinted, oh most illustrious lady, the divine poet Dante, inferior to none of other writers, ancient or modern that have lived (if one regards with discerning eye the height and grandeur of his verse and the grade and amount of wisdom—the quantity and the quality of what is therein contained): Under a name more noble than that

of yours is, I do not think I could send it forth,—and it is not only my ancient subservience that has directed me toward your Most Noble House, but even more, the enduring fame of the immortals and their divine beauties which from day to day keep increasing and advancing as they do with a handsome woman.

“For truly I believe that in no realm of reason, neither in this world of ours nor in any other whatsoever, is there a lady more beautiful & more compassionate—and however infinitely this may be true, her spiritual beauties are nothing less than her physical ones, sooner by a great deal, indeed, do the latter perish,—for these have nothing that are not according to nature: but the others have united to themselves, art, no less than nature—and even as precious gems do they adorn and beautify thy blond head. So all thy beauties & precious virtues make thee manifest like a celestial rainbow painted with a thousand colors, splendid and most lustrous to view.

“Honesty, demureness, discretion, modesty, courtesy, purity, grace, chastity, magnificence & eloquence as great as could be desired in a noble lady, all are in thee and plentifully are they given thee:

“Therefore, because dowered with so many and so great divine gifts, this, my gift, do I dedicate and consecrate to your honor: for whose sweet thanks bowing I kiss thy hands.”

Vittoria Colonna, the wife of the Marquis of Pescara, was illustrious as a poetess and as a woman, and was extolled as the most eminent of her sex for beauty, virtue, and talents by such great writers as Michael Angelo and Ariosto. In Paulo Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*, the lady with a toothpick is Vittoria Colonna.

The Works of Ausias March. 1562.

“To the Most Illustrious Senor Don Jimenez de Urrea, Count of Arranda, Viscount of Viota. Etc. Jorje de Montemayor.

“In the translation of this book, no other reward would

TO
MY DEAR LADY AND SISTER,
THE
Countess of Pembroke.



Ere now have you (most dear, and most worthy to bee most dear Ladie!) this idle work of mine: which I fear (like the Spider's web) will be thought fitter to be swept away, than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel Fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster) I could well finde in my heart, to cast out in som Desart of forgetfulness this childe, which I am loth to father. But you desired mee to do it, and your desire, to my heart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is don onely for you, onely to you: if you keep it to your self, or to such friends, who wil weigh errors in the balance of good wil, I hope; for the father's sake, it will bee pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it self it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best

A 3

witness

be desired than to serve therewith Your Highness. This would be the greatest delight that can be imagined. And inasmuch as, in order to be fitting, the style of the translation should be no less elevated than that of the original, and as there is no other genius like that of Ausias March (who alone could translate it worthily), so there is no other intelligence like that of Your Highness to supply what is wanting. Because the lack of words does not argue the less will, nor could their excess mean any greater desire in the translator to render such services as the author could give, may this first (book) be accepted from one who, from to-day, will devote himself to no other thing than serving Your Most Illustrious Highness, whose life and health may our Lord prolong for many years."

(From the Spanish.)

The Ephemerides of Phialo. By Stephen Gosson. 1586.

"To the right noble Gentleman Master Philip Sydney Esquier:

"It was a custome right worshipfull, among the Heathens, when they had travayled the Seaes, and escaped the danger, to sacrifice some part of their treasure to that God, which they judged to bee their deliverer: and sith it hath beene my fortune to beare sayle in a storme, since my first publishing the *Schoole of Abuse*, and to bee tossed by such as fome without reason, and threaten me death without a cause, feeling not yet my finger ake, I can but acknowledge my safetie in your worship's patronage, and offer you Phialo my chiefest juell, as a manifest pledge of my thankefull heart."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Pandosto. The Triumph of Time. By Robert Greene. 1588.

"To the Right Honorable George Clifford, Earle of Cumberland, Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and vertue.

"The Rascians (right honorable) when by long gazing against the Sunne, they became halfe blinde, recover their sightes by looking on the blacke Loade-stone. Unicornes being gluttet with brousing on roots of Licquoris, sharpen their Stomacks with crushing bitter grasse.

"Alexander vouchsafed as well to smile at the croked picture of Vulcan as to wonder at the curious counterfeite of Venus." And so the stream of Euphuistic classical allusion and "unnatural natural history" flows on, until we learn that "they which feare the biting of vipers doe carie in their hands the plumes of a Phoenix. . . . And I seeke to shroude this imperfect Pamphlet under your honours patronage, doubting the dint of such invenomed vipers, as seeke with their slaunderous reproches to carpe at al. . . . As Jupiter vouchsafed to lodge in Philemon's thatched cotage; and Philip of Macedon, to take a bunche of grapes of a country pesant: so I hope your honour . . . will, when you have cast a glance at this toy, with Minerva, under your golden Target cover a deformed Owle . . .

"Your Lordships most duetifully to commaunde,

"Robert Greene."

Prosopopoeia: or Mother Hubberds Tale. By Edmund Spenser. 1591.

"To the right honourable, the Ladie Compton and Mountegle. Most faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knownen to your Ladiship, the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring; I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth: Simple is the device,

and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie: Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humble take leave.

"Your La: ever humbly;

"Ed. Sp."

The Ruines of Time. By Edmund Spenser. 1591.

"Dedicated to the Right noble and beautiful Ladie, the La: Marie, Countesse of Pembroke:—Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest, the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking roote began in his life time some what to bud forth: and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring. And would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; togeather with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off: and also the tender delight of those first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine . . . knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, . . . have sought to revive them by upbraiding me: for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him. . . . whome chieffie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefullnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall

name of the *Worlds Ruines*: yet speciallie intended to the renowning of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong. . . . I pray for your Honourable happinesse: and so humblie kisse your handes.

“Your Ladships ever

“ humblie at commaund

“E. S.”

The Pilgrimage to Paradise. By Nicholas Breton. 1592.

“To the Countess of Pembroke. Right noble Lady, whose rare vertues the wise no lesse honour, then the learned admire, and the honest serve: how shall I, the abject of fortune, unto the object of honour presume to offer so simple a present, as the poetically discourse of a poore pilgrimes travaile? I know not how but, with falling at the feete of your favour, to crave pardon for my imperfection. Who hath redde of the Duchess of Urbina, may saie, the Italians wrote wel: but who knows the Countess of Pembroke, I thinke hath cause to write better: and if she had many followers, have not you mo servants? and if they were so mindfull of their favours, shall we be forgetfull of our dueties? No, I am assured, that some are not ignorant of your worth, which will not be idle in your service: that will make a title, but a tittle, where a line shall put downe a letter: and if she have received her right in remembrance, you must not have wrong in being forgotten: if she were the honour of witte you are the comfort of discretion; if she were the favourer of learning, you are the maintainer of Arte; and if she had the beauty of nature, you beautifie nature with the blessing of the spirite: and in summe, if she had any true perfection to be spoken of, you have many mo truly to be written of: which among all, the least able to judge of, and of all the very least worthy in your favour to write of, your poore unworthy named poet, who by the indiscretion of his youth, the malice of envy, and the disgrace of ingratitude, had utterly perished (had not the hand

of your honour revived the hart of humility) will not so bury in the grave of oblivion but that your deserved fame shall so sounde in the eares of honourable hearts that, if I spake more then I maie, the judgment of the wise and the tongues of the learned, I know, will no lesse cleere me of flattery, then wish, a minde of more perfection to be employed in your service," etc. etc.

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Lady Pembroke, "in her Protean role of scholar, creative artist, religious enthusiast, benevolent patroness, and mistress of an excellently ordered household, seems to have inspired and colored the literary efforts of those whom she grouped about her." (Upham, *French Influence in English Literature*, 41.)

Venus and Adonis. By William Shakespeare. 1593.

"To the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Tichfield.

"Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen; onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account myself highly prayed, and vow to take advantage of all idle houres till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heyre of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather: and never after eare so barren a land, for feare it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your Honourable survey, and your Honor to your heart's content, which I wish may alwayes answer your owne wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

"Your Honors in all dutie,

"William Shakespeare."

The Rape of Lucrece. By William Shakespeare. 1594.

"To the Right Honourable Henrie Wriothesley, Earle of Southampton and Baron of Tichfield.

"The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous Moiety. The warrant I have of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to doe is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duety would shew greater; meanetime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happinesse. Your Lordship's in all duety.

"William Shakespeare."

Colin Clouts Come Home Again. By Edmund Spenser.
1595.

"To the right worthy and noble knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, captaine of her Majesties guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the Countie of Cornwall.

"Sir,

"That you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceit for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning.

"I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December, 1591.

"Yours ever humbly,

"Ed. Sp."

Fowre Hymnes, Made by Edm. Spenser. 1596.

"To the right honorable and most vertuous Ladies, the Ladie Margaret, Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady Marie, Countesse of Warwick.

"Having in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reform them, making in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestially. The which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one and the other kinde, humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, untill such time as I may by better meanes yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse.

"Greenwich this first of September, 1596.

"Your Honors most bounden ever in all humble service,

"Ed. Sp."

Auspicante Jehoua. Marie's Exercise. By Nicholas Breton. 1597.**DEDICATION TO THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.**

"Right Honourable, my bounden service in all duty remembred, I have often read and heard, which I verelye

beleewe, that in the nature of man there is no greater blot of disgrace, then the vile note of ingratitude, with which wicked humor fearing my long forgetfulnesse of your favoure may make my heart in some suspition unhappily to bee touched, I have presumed humbly to present unto the faire eye of your discreete vertue a little fruite of my late and best labours; wherein your Ladyship may vouchsafe to see that, although I cannot as I would finde meanes to discharge the care of my duty, yet in my best thoughts I have not forgotten you, when in my daiely praiers unto God I doe remember you:" etc. etc.

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Translation of Pliny's Naturall Historie. By Philemon Holland. 1601.

"To Sir Robert Cecil:

"The rare wisdom, justice and eloquence which concur in your person like the severall beauties of the rubie, the amethyst, and emeraud, meeting in one faire opal, giveth a lovely lustre to your other titles no lesse than if the nine Muses and Apollo represented naturally that rich agat of K. Pyrrhus were inserted therein."

The Meditations and Vows of Joseph Hall. 1606.

The First Centurie is dedicated

"To

"The Right Worshipfull

"Sir Robert Drurie,

"Knight, my singular good Patron:

"All increase of true Honour and vertue.

"Sir, that I haue made these my homely Aphorismes publike, needs no other reason, but that though the world is furnished with other writings, euen to satietie and surfeit; yet of those which reduce Christianitie to practice, there is (at least) scarcitie enough: wherein (yet) I must needes

confesse, I had some eye to my selfe. For, hauing after a sort vowed this austere course of iudgment and practice to my selfe, I thought it best to acquaint the world with it; that it may either witnesse my answerable proceeding, or checke me in my straying there-from. By which meanes, so manie men as I liue amongst, so many monitours I shal haue, which shall point mee to my own rules, and vpbraid me with my aberrations. Why I haue Dedicated them to your name, cannot be strange to any, that knowes you my Patron, and mee your Pastor. The regard of which bond, easily drew me on to consider, that whereas my bodie, which was euer weake, began of late to languish more; it would not be inexpedient (at the worst) to leaue behind me this little monument of that great respect, which I deseruedly beare you. And if it shall please God to reprieue me, vntill a longer day; yet it shall not repent mee, to haue sent this vnworthie scrowle, to waite vpon you in your necessarie absence; neither shall it be, I hope bootelesse for you, to adioyne these my meane speculations vnto those grounds of vertue, you haue so happily laid, to which if they shall adde but one scruple, it shall bee to mee sufficient ioy, contentment, recompense. From your Halsted. Decemb. 4.

“Your Worships

“humbly deuoted,

“Ios Hall.”

From Lady Drury of Halsted in Suffolk, Hall received a living, and he composed his first book of meditations in the early part of his residence there.

Homer's Iliad. By George Chapman. Edition of 1606 (?).

“To Anne, Queene of England &ca., Sacred Fountaine of Princes, Sole Empresse of Beawtie and Vertue.

To the Right Gracious and Worthy, the duke of Lennox.

To the most Grave and honored Temperer of Law and Equity, the Lord Chancellor, &ca.

To the most Worthie Earle, Lord Treasurer & Treasurer of Our Country, the Earle of Salisbury &ca.

To the most honored Restorer of Ancient Nobility, both in bloud & vertue, the Earle of Suffolke &ca.

To the most Noble and learned Earle, the Earle of Northampton &ca.

To the most Noble, my singular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.

To the learned and most noble Patron of learning, the Earle of Pembroke &ca.

To the Right Gracious Illustrator of Vertue, and worthy of the favour Royall, the Earle of Montgomerie.

To the most learned and noble Conductor of the Warres, Arte, and the Muses, the Lord Lisle, &ca.

To the Great and Vertuous, the Countesse of Montgomerie.

To the Happy Starre Discovered in our Sydneian Asterisme, comfort of learning, Sphere of all the vertues, the Lady Wrothe.

To the Right Noble Patronesse and Grace of Vertue, the Countesse of Bedford.

To the Right Valorous and Vertuous Lord, the Earle of South-Hampton &ca.

To my exceeding good Lord, the Earle of Sussex, with duty alwaies remembered to his honour'd Countesse.

To the right Noble and Heroicall, my singular good Lord, the Lord of Walden, &ca.

To the most truely noble and vertue-gracing Knight, Sir Thomas Howard.

Ever most humbly and faithfully devoted to you, and all the rare Patrons of divine Homer.

“Geo. Chapman.”

(From *Notes and Queries*, February 28, 1874.)

Shakespeare's Sonnets. 1609.

[Dedication prefixed by Thomas Thorpe, bookseller of London.]

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
 THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
 MR. W. H. . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
 AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
 PROMISED .
 BY .
 OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
 WISHETH .
 THE . WELL-WISHING .
 ADVENTURER . IN .
 SETTING .
 FORTH .

T. T.

No attempt to explain this enigmatical dedication has yet satisfied the majority of Shakespearean critics. Perhaps William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, is the most plausible candidate for "W. H."

The English Husbandman. By Gervase Markham, 1613.

"To the Right Honourable and his singular good Lord, the Lord Clifton, Baron of Layton: It was a custome (right honourable and my most singular good Lord), both amongst the auntient Romans, and also amongst the wise Lacedemonians, that every idle person should give an account of the expence of his howers. Now I that am most idle, and least imployed in your familie, present here unto your Lordship's hands an account of the expence of my idle time, which how well or ill, it is, your noble wisdom must both judge and correct."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Markham was very far from idle. He has been called the earliest English hack-writer, and his works include, besides plays and poems, treatises on farriery, sport, and agriculture.

La Dorotea. By Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio. 1632.

"To His Most Illustrious Excellency, Don Caspar Alfonso Perez de Guzman, Count of Niebla.

"I wrote *La Dorotea* in my younger years, having laid aside my studies to take up arms under the flags of His Most Excellent Grace, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, grandfather of Your Excellency, and during my absence the manuscript was lost, as often happens. Having recovered it again . . . I decided to modify some of its youthful enthusiasm, and observe greater modesty in the revision. Ever mindful of my love for and my indebtedness to the Illustrious House of Guzman, whose fault it was the manuscript was lost, I now submit it to you. If its appearance pleases you, then let it represent the royal ermine of your glorious arms; if, on the other hand, it looks old and ugly to you, then let it represent the angry serpent opposing the illustrious dagger on the crowned blazon of your glorious crest. You bear the name of Good by nature and because you are one of a long succession of noble Princes. I will say no more in flattery of your greatness, since the title of Good was bestowed on you by God Himself. May He preserve Your Excellency for many years.

"Madrid—1632."

(From the Spanish.)

Geographie Delineated Forth in Two Books. By Nathaneal Carpenter. (2nd ed. Oxford, 1635).

"To the Right Honourable William Earle of Pembroke Lord Chamberlaine to the King's most excellent Maiesty, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter and Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

"Right Honourable: This poore Infant of mine, which I now offer to Your Honourable acceptance, was consecrated Yours in the first conception: if the hasty desire I had to present it makes it (as an abortive brat) seeme unworthy

my first wishes, Your favourable Patronage impute it (I beseech You) not to selfe-will but duty: which would rather show yourselfe too officious, then negligent. What I now dedicate rather to Your Honour, then mine owne ambition, I desire no farther to bee accompted Mine, then Your generous approbation: wishing it no other fate then either to die with Your Dislike or live with Your Name and Memory. The generall Acclamation of the Learned of this Age, acknowledging with all thankfull Duty, as well Your Love to Learning, as Zeal to Religion, hath long since stamped me Yours.

"This arrogant Desire of mine, counted more on Your Heroicke Vertues, then my private ends, promised mee more in Your Honourable Esteemation than some others in Your Acquaintance. The expression of myselfe in these faculties beside my profession indebted more to Love then Ability sets my Ambition a pitch higher then my Nature. But such is the magnificent splendour of Your Countenance, which may Easily Lend Your poore servant so much light as to lead him out of Darknesse: and as the Sunne reflecting on the baser earth, at once both view and guild his imperfections.

"My language and formality I owe not to the Court but University: whereof I cannot but expect your Honour to be an impartiall Umpier, being a most vigorous Member of the one, and the Head of the other Corporation. If these fruites of my Labours purchase so much as Your Honour's least Approbation I shall hold my wishes even accomplished in their ends and desire only to be thought so worthy in Your Honourable esteeme as to live and dye.

"Your Honour's in all duty and service to be commanded
"Nathaneal Carpenter."

Nathaneal Carpenter, who died about 1628, was at one time Devonshire Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and his dedication to the Chancellor was therefore appropriate. The first edition of his *Geographie* appeared in 1625; the book is described as containing

"many eloquent passages, especially a digression in praise of the illustrious natives of 'our mountainous provinces of Devon and Cornwall.' Embodied in it are some pages of poetry, in which his 'Mother Oxford' recounts the advantages which he had derived from association with her, and reproaches him for his partiality to his native country." (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

Comus. By John Milton.

(Dedication of the anonymous edition published by Lawes in 1637.)

"To the Right Honourable John, Lord Viscount Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, etc.

"My Lord,—This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

"Your faithful and most humble Servant,

"H. Lawes."

Henry Lawes was the young musician who set to music the songs of Carew, Lovelace, Herrick, and other poets of the 17th century. It was at his request that Milton composed the masque of *Comus*, to celebrate the inauguration of the Earl of Bridgewater into his duties as Lord President of Wales. The Earl's daughter and her two young brothers, who were under the instruction of Lawes,

took the leading parts in the performance of the masque at Ludlow Castle in 1634; and Lawes himself played the rôle of the Attendant Spirit.

Tentations: Their Nature, Danger, Cure. By Richard Capel, sometime Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Sixth edition, 1658.

"To the Right Worshipful Sir William Guise, Knight; Grace and Peace from Jesus Christ.

"Sir, Those that honour God, God will honour, and so will godly men: God will; for he useth not to be behind with any, neither will be with you: You have done God much honour in setting up such Lights in our Countrey; Ministers who both Do and Teach; They (as Christ hath it) shall be called great in the Kingdome of heaven; and so shall you. And so will godly men honour you, both Ministers and Others: Ministers, because you have built us of our coat some Synagogues: others (who had it not beene for you, might have sate in the Shadow of Darknesse and Death) for that they now see best by their present mercy, what was their former, and what would have been their future Misery."

It ends with: "And now to helpe the weaker sort of Christians, I have here done somewhat that way, which (whatever it be) I do here make bold to publish it under your Name and Countenance, to whom I wish as Saint John did to Gaius (the Hoste of the Church in his time): That above all things you may prosper, and be in health, even as your soul prospereth.

"Yours in our Lord Jesus Christ,

"Richard Capel."

This book has also a ten-page dedication by Richard Sibbs, "To the Christian Reader," beginning: "After the Angels left their own standing, they envied ours, and out of envy became both by office and practice Tempters, that they might drawe Man from that happy Communion with God, unto that cursed condition with

themselves. And successe in this trade, hath made them both skilfull and diligent especially now, their time being but short. And if neither the first or second Adam could be free from their impudent Assaults who then may look for exemption?" etc.

The Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico. By John Dryden. 1667.

"To the most excellent and most illustrious princess, Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, wife to the most illustrious and high born Prince James, Duke of Monmouth.

"May it please your Grace, the favour which heroic plays have lately found upon our theatres has been wholly derived to them from the countenance and approbation they have received at court. . . . Since, therefore, to the Court I owe its fortune on the stage; so being now more publicly exposed in print, I humbly recommend it to your Grace's protection." Praise of her beauty and goodness follows.

"But as needful as beauty is, virtue and honour are yet more: The reign of it without their support is unsafe and short, like that of tyrants. Every sun which looks on beauty wastes it; and, when it once is decaying, the repairs of art are of as short continuance, as the after-spring, when the sun is going further off. This, madam, is its ordinary fate; but yours, which is accompanied by virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way, by an untainted preservation of your honour, to make that perishable good more lasting: And, if beauty, like wines, could be preserved, by being mixed and embodied with others of their own natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your noble lord in masculine beauty, and in goodness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind, you need only to be seen together.

We are ready to conclude, that you are a pair of angels sent below to make virtue amiable in your persons, or to sit to poets when they would pleasantly instruct the age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of Nature."

To the Duchess's inclination to do good, Dryden goes on, he can testify from his own experience. He did owe much to her, for it was her patronage which first established his popularity. "She was," to quote Scott's note to this preface in the Scott-Saintsbury edition, "an accomplished and high-spirited lady, distinguished for her unblemished conduct in a profligate court."

Don Quixote. Madrid, 1674.

"To Señor Don Francisco Maria Grillo, son of the Señor Marques de Carpeneto.

"The works of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra have traversed the globe, winning general praise. Among all, none have been so celebrated as these first and second parts of the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, by the cleverness of their sparkling wit. These books have occupied the presses of other kingdoms, and from that of Spain new editions are issued almost every year. Never have they lacked able defenders, in whose protection was tempered the heat of the critic's most severe censure: and to-day, in placing these works under the patronage of Your Highness, I am giving them a protector who would defend them valiantly.

"There are united in Your Highness all the talents which, by common consent, should adorn the defenders of the works of genius. These are, illustrious blood to give them authority, valor to defend them, and a ready understanding to receive them.

"I have read many dedications of books which ingenious courtiers have given to the press in the elegance of the most polished phrases, and have found that they tend to the formation of genealogical trees and are noticeably diffuse:

but Your Highness, being the lawful son of Señor Don Agabito Grillo, Marquis de Carpeneto, recognized by the royal and Most Serene Republic of Genoa as the most ancient, most noble, and most exalted house of its illustrious name, the renown of your most noble line of ancestors is proclaimed not only by those best versed in history, but by those least learned. From the task of establishing your renown, I am, therefore, relieved.

"The valor of Your Highness sufficiently explains the reverence with which all regard you, giving you at the same time their love and their respect.

"As many as have communicated with Your Highness have applauded the readiness of your understanding, and as many as have had intercourse with you have celebrated it. Especially has Your Highness always been gracious in favoring the studious and in aiding the learned. Your Highness is notably disposed to the reading of those books which have brought to light the geniuses of this Court, and so I feel assured that Your Highness will gladly admit this little offering, with my compliments, and wishes that God may preserve Your Highness in happiness and prosperity for many years.

"Kissing the hand of Your Highness,

"Your most humble servant,

"Dona Maria de Armenteros."

The State of Innocence and Fall of Man. An Opera. By John Dryden. 1677.

"To Mary of Este, Duchess of York."

This flattering address reads in part: "Greatness is, indeed, communicated to some few of both sexes; but beauty is confined to a more narrow compass. 'T is only in your sex, 't is not shared by many, and its supreme perfection is in you alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot flatter. . . . You are never seen but you are blest: And I am sure you bless all those who see you.

We think not the day is long enough when we behold you: and you are so much the business of our souls, that while you are in sight, we can neither look nor think on any else. There are no eyes for other beauties: you only are present, and the rest of your sex are but the unregarded parts that fill your triumph. Our sight is so intent on the object of its admiration, that our tongues have not leisure even to praise you: for language seems too low a thing to express your excellence; and our souls are speaking so much within, that they despise all foreign conversation. Thus, madam, in the midst of crowds you reign in solitude; and are adored with the deepest veneration, that of silence."

Dryden by no means became silent at this point, where the quotation may very well be cut short. Johnson speaks of this dedication as "an attempt to mingle earth and heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of religion." Warton describes it as "a piece of the grossest and most abject adulation that ever disgraced true genius."

Devout Communicant. Anonymous. 6th ed. London, 1688.

"To the Truly Noble, Sir Kingsmil Lucy, Baronet.

"Sir, Among the multitude of *Practical Divine Treatises*, are none more numerous than on the Lord's Supper, nor more diversly handled: Not a few well-disposed Persons yet complain they are at a loss, not so much which to make use of, as that they know not how to form *Directions* into apposite Meditations: They *sequester* themselves, they sit, they seem to reflect as others; but know not what to say in themselves, to their great discomfort and discouragement. The ensuing *Manual* is so *methodically* digested for their Assistance, and presented to your self, not as one that *needs* it, but the Composer a better evidence of his *great esteem* of a Person so constant, so *devout*, a *Communicant*, so *eminently Charitable*, so *rarely Temper'd*, so *truly Honourable*. If it displease any, I *borrow* of so many

to discharge one great *Debt*; methinks my *Honesty* in owning it may *satisfie*; *their* allowing me also to make the *best use of theirs* I were able; and if this be a *bad one*, 't is a right hand error; I hope they will not condemn, but pity and pardon me; I was no better advised; my ambition *being* not to *appear in Publick*, but to be publicly useful; and to let the World know, how much I am

"Sir, Your great Admirer and humble Servant."

The Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq. By Richard Steele. 1713.

Volume I of the *Taller* is dedicated by "Isaac Bickerstaff" to Mr. Mainwaring, but the dedication is merely a short explanation of the purpose and success of the paper. Volume II is inscribed to Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., but it is, as the opening sentence declares, rather a request to read the papers indulgently than a dedication. Volume III aspires higher—"To the Right Honourable William Lord Cowper, Baron of Wingham,"—and adopts the usual strain of dedicatory eulogy. Volume IV addresses "The Right Honourable Charles, Lord Halifax," in this fashion: "When I first resolved upon doing myself this Honour, I could not but indulge a certain Vanity in dating from this little Covert [Hampton-Wick, April 7, 1711], where I have frequently had the honour of your Lordship's Company, and received from you very many Obligations. The elegant Solitude of this Place, and the greatest Pleasures of it I owe to its being so near those Beautiful Mannors wherein you sometimes reside."

The Military Memoirs of Captain George Carleton. By Daniel Defoe (?). 1728.

"To the Right Honourable Spencer, Lord Compton, Baron of Wilmington, Knight of the Bath, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

"It was my fortune, my Lord, in my juvenile years, *Musas cum Marte commutare*; and truly I have reason to blush, when I consider the small advantage I have reaped from that change. But lest it should be imputed to my want of merit, I have wrote these Memoirs, and leave the

world to judge of my deserts. They are not set forth by any fictitious stories, not embellished with rhetorical flourishes; plain truth is certainly most becoming the character of an old soldier. Yet let them be never so meritorious, if not protected by some noble patron, some persons may think them to be of no value.

"To you, therefore, my Lord, I present them; to you, who have so eminently distinguished yourself, and whose wisdom has been so conspicuous to the late representatives of Great Britain, that each revolving age will speak in your praise; and if you vouchsafe to be the Mécénas of these Memoirs, your name will give them sufficient sanction.

"An old soldier I may truly call myself, and my family allows me the title of gentleman; yet I have seen many favourites of fortune, without being able to discern why they should be so happy, and myself so unfortunate. But let not that discourage your lordship from receiving these my Memoirs into your patronage; for the unhappy cannot expect favour, but from those who are endued with generous souls.

"Give me leave, my Lord, to congratulate this good fortune, that neither whig nor tory (in this complaining age) have found fault with your conduct. Your family has produced heroes, in defense of injured kings; and you, when it was necessary, have as nobly adhered to the cause of liberty.

"My Lord, your lordship's most obedient,

"And most devoted humble servant,

"G. Carleton."

The *Memoirs* were long supposed to have been written by the old soldier who speaks with such disarming simplicity in the dedication. But it is now almost certainly established that their author was Daniel Defoe, who did not consider "plain truth" most becoming to his own character. He has made the dedication very effectively serve his masquerading purpose.

An Essay on Design. By John Gwynn. 1749.

"To His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"My Lord,

"Though this address, made without Leave or Application, is perfectly unmixed with mercenary Views, yet Your Grace will give me leave to own that it is not altogether disinterested. I think myself interested in the Honour and Advantage of my country, and consequently in the Arts which I have endeavoured to recommend. I address your Grace as a Lover and Judge of those Arts, and as a Nobleman whom Fame has long since pointed out for one of their most distinguished Patrons. What is universally said, I may be allowed to repeat. And in respect to that Delicacy, which is always attendant on good sense, true Taste, generous Education, and the most polite Converse, I will not presume to say more. I am,

"May it please your Grace,

"Your Grace's most humble

"And most obedient Servant,

"J. Gwynn."

Observations and Inquiries Relating to Various Parts of Ancient History. By Jacob Bryant. Cambridge, 1767.

"To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

"My Lord,

"I would not presume to introduce the ensuing Treatises to Your Grace's notice, were I not well acquainted with Your love of truth, and Your zeal to obtain it through the most severe investigation. A mind so devoted is the best judge of evidence in every degree, being influenced by a more exquisite taste and discernment, and enriched with superiour knowledge. It is from this principle, my Lord, that You have been rendered so happy in every rational attainment, and led to an union with virtues the most similar to Your own. Hence it is, that I am emboldened

to lay before Your Grace the following Dissertations, which contain matter of dark and remote enquiry; and are the fruits of that ease and retirement, with which, under Providence, I am blest by Your benevolence and favour. These are the only returns I can make for the many signal instances of Your goodness. Beyond these I have nothing left, but prayers and wishes for You long and intimately to enjoy that happiness, which, like a salutary emanation, You so widely diffuse to others. I shall not attempt to make any display of Your high endowments, and hereditary great qualities. May it be the peculiar happiness of these times never to stand in need of such approved worth and excellence. Let the calm, with which we are flattered, long continue; that nothing may interfere with Your noble and ingenuous pursuits, nor ruin the happy tendency of Your studies; much less in any degree interrupt Your domestic felicity.

"Permit me to subscribe myself with the highest sense of duty and esteem,

 " My Lord,

 "Your Grace's

 "Most faithful

 "And most obliged

 "Humble servant,

 "Jacob Bryant."

The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury: Written by Himself. Edited by Horace Walpole. 1771.

"To the most noble Henry Arthur Herbert, Earl of Powis, Viscount Ludlow, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Baron Powis and Ludlow, and Treasurer of his Majesty's household.

 " My Lord,

 "Permit me to offer to your Lordship, in this more durable manner, the very valuable present I received from your hands. To your Lordship your great ancestor owes his revival; and suffer me, my Lord, to tell the world what

does you so much honour, you have given him and me leave to speak the truth; an indulgence which, I am sorry to say, few descendants of heroes have minds noble enough to allow.

"Hitherto, Lord Herbert has been little known as an Author. I much mistake, if hereafter he is not considered as one of the most extraordinary characters which this country has produced. Men of the proudest blood shall not blush to distinguish themselves in letters as well as arms, when they learn what excellence Lord Herbert attained in both. Your Lordship's lineage at least will have a pattern before their eyes to excite their emulation; and while they admire the piety with which you have done justice to your common Ancestor, they cannot be forgetfull of the obligation they will have to your Lordship's memory for transmitting to them this record of his glory.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant

"Horace Walpole."

Walpole wrote to George Montagu (July 26, 1764) that he and the poet Gray had read Lord Herbert's *Life* aloud to amuse Lady Waldegrave, and that they "could not get on for laughing and screaming." Walpole had found the MS. at Lady Hertford's, to whom Lady Powis had lent it. Lord Powis at first refused to allow it to be printed, and Walpole thereupon wrote the above flattering dedication—"which I knew he would swallow; he did, and gave up his ancestor."

Poems. By Phyllis Wheatley. 1773.

"To the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntington. The following poems are most respectfully Inscribed by her much obliged, very humble and devoted Servant.

"Phyllis Wheatley.

"Boston, June 12th, 1773."

"Phyllis Wheatley was an African slave girl who wrote the poems when she was only seventeen—having been brought as a little girl to Boston.—She had no schooling, it seems, and must have taken learning in at the pores."

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. By Bishop Percy.
4th ed., 1794.

"To Elizabeth, Late Duchess and Countess of Northumberland, in her own right Baroness Percy, etc. etc. etc., who, being sole heiress to many great families of our ancient nobility, employed the princely fortune, and sustained the illustrious honours, which she derived from them, through her whole life with the greatest dignity, generosity, and spirit; and who for her many public and private virtues will ever be remembered as one of the first characters of her time, this little work was originally dedicated: and, as it sometimes afforded her amusement, and was highly distinguished by her indulgent approbation, it is now, with the utmost regard, respect, and gratitude, consecrated to her beloved and honoured memory."

The first edition, with a long dedication to the Duchess, appeared in 1765. Percy was then chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland.

Don Quixote. Madrid, 1797.

"To His Excellency, the Prince of La Paz.

"Sir:

"The zeal of Your Excellency for the renown of the establishments under your care will cause you to look with approbation upon this typographic attempt, undertaken for the purpose of manifesting the beauty and taste which can be given to the volumes printed in the offices of the Royal Press. *Don Quixote*, being the best book in our language and one of the most beautiful in the world, was chosen for this. It merited the preference and perhaps attracted to the enterprise a part of the satisfaction which it is known to win from all with its incomparable merit. The editor, who has the honor to count himself among the employés of the Royal Printing Office, and consequently of Your Excellency, hopes that the small civility of dedicating this edition to you will be accepted by Your Excellency

with that benignant indulgence which you are accustomed to dispense to good wishes.

"Most Excellent Señor,

"At the feet of Your Excellency,

"Andres Ponce de Quinones."

Hellas, A Lyrical Drama. By Percy B. Shelley. 1821.

"To His Excellency Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, Late Secretary for foreign affairs to the Hospodar of Wallachia, The Drama of Hellas is inscribed as an imperfect token of the admiration, sympathy, and friendship of

"The Author.

"Pisa, November 1st, 1821."

Extract from Mrs. Shelley's note on *Hellas*: "While the fate of the progress of the Austrian armies then invading Naples was yet in suspense, the news of another revolution filled him [Shelley] with exultation. We had formed the acquaintance at Pisa of several Constantinopolitan Greeks, of the family of Prince Caradja, formerly Hospodar of Wallachia, who, hearing that the bow-string, the accustomed finale of his vicereignty, was on the road to him, escaped with his treasures, and took up his abode in Tuscany. Among these was the gentleman to whom the drama of *Hellas* is dedicated. Prince Mavrocordato was warmed by those aspirations for the independence of his country, which filled the hearts of many of his countrymen. He often intimated the possibility of an insurrection in Greece; but we had no idea of its being so near at hand, when, on the first of April, 1821, he called on Shelley; bringing the proclamation of his cousin, Prince Ipsilanti, and, radiant with exultation and delight, declared that henceforth Greece would be free."

Jerusalem Delivered: Translated into English Spenserian Verse from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By Jeremiah H. Wiffen. 2nd ed., 1826.

TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

I

"Years have flown o'er since first my soul aspired

In song the sacred Missal to repeat,

Which sainted Tasso writ with pen inspired—

Told is my rosary, and the task complete:

And now, 'twixt hope and fear, with toil untired,
I cast the ambrosial relique at thy feet;
Not without faith that in thy goodness thou
Wilt deign one smile to my accomplish'd vow.

II

"Not in dim dungeons to the clank of chains,
Like sad Torquato's, have the hours been spent
Given to the song, but in bright halls where reigns
Uncumbered Freedom,—with a mind unbent
By walks in woods, green dells, and pastoral plains,
To sound, far-off, of village merriment;
Albeit, perchance, some springs whence Tasso drew
His sweetest tones, have touched my spirit too.

III

"O that, as happier constellations bless
My studious life, my verses too could boast
Some happier graces, (should I wish for less?)
T' atone for charms unseized and splendors lost!
No! the grand rainbow mocks the child's caress,
Who can but sorrow, as his fancy 's cross'd,
That e'er so beautiful a thing should rise,
T' elude his grasp, yet so enchant his eyes.

IV

"On the majestic Sorrentine I gazed
With a familiar joy—methought he smiled;
But now the vigil's past, I stand amazed
At the conceit, and sorrow like the child.
What second hand *can* paint the scenes that blazed
In Tasso's brain, with tints as sweet and wild?
As much the shapes that on his canvass glow,
Their birth to Phrensy as to Genius owe.

V

"Yet may I hope o'er generous minds to cast
 A faint reflection of his matchless skill,
 For here his own Sophronia, unaghast,
 Flings firm defiance to her tyrant still,—
 Clorinda bleeds,—lovelorn Erminia fast
 Hies through the forest at her steed's wild will;
 And in these pages still Armida's charms
 Strike the rapt heart, and wake a world to arms.

VI

"Thus then, O Lady, with thy name I grace
 The glorious fable; fitly, since to thee
 And thine the thanks are due, that in the face
 Of time and toil, the Poets' devotee
 Has raised the enchanted structure on its base,
 And to thy hand now yields th' unclosing key,—
 Blest, if in one bright intellect like thine,
 He wins regard, and builds himself a shrine!"

Hymns. By Frederick William Faber. 1849.

"To the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, these hymns are affectionately inscribed, with the belief that to him it will be the truest token of gratitude for so many kindnesses thus to connect his honoured name with our dear St. Philip."

Faber was one of the disciples of Newman in the Oxford Movement. In 1845, he became a Catholic, and three years later he joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, which had just been introduced into England, and of which Father Newman was the Superior. Faber became the head of the London Oratory. This explains the allusion to St. Philip in the dedication.

Henry Esmond. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 1852.

"To the Right Honourable William Bingham, Lord Ashburton:

"My dear Lord,

"The writer of a book which copies the manners and language of Queen Anne's time, must not omit the Dedication to the Patron; and I ask leave to inscribe these volumes to your Lordship for the sake of the great kindness and friendship which I owe to you and yours.

"My volumes will reach you when the Author is on his voyage to a country where your name is as well known as here. Wherever I am, I shall gratefully regard you, and shall not be less welcomed in America because I am,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"W. M. Thackeray.

"London, October 18, 1852."

A Natural History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds.
By Francis O. Morris. 1853-6.

"To the Right Hon. The Earl of Carlisle, these volumes in which a new invention has been applied to the department of art under which they are illustrated, are with his lordship's permission most respectfully dedicated by his obliged and obedient servant, the author."

The History of the Violin and Other Instruments Played on with the Bow. By William Sandys and Simon Andrew Forster. 1864.

"Dedicated (with permission) to Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, and the nobility and gentry of the society of wandering minstrels."

Balaustion's Adventure, Including a Transcript from Euripides. By Robert Browning. 1871.

"To the Countess Cowper.

"If I mention the simple truth, that this poem absolutely owes its existence to you,—who not only suggested but imposed on me as a task, what has proved the most delightful

of May-month amusements,—I shall seem honest, indeed, but hardly prudent; for, how good and beautiful ought such a poem to be!

“Euripides might fear little; but I, also, have an interest in the performance; and what wonder if I beg you to suffer that it make, in another and far easier sense, its nearest possible approach to those Greek qualities of goodness and beauty, by laying itself gratefully at your feet?”

“R. B.

“London, July 23, 1871.”

The Master of Ballantræ. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1889.

“To Sir Percy Florence and Lady Shelley:

“Here is a tale which extends over many years and travels into many countries. By a peculiar fitness of circumstance, the writer began, continued it, and concluded it among distant and diverse scenes. Above all, he was much upon the sea. . . . It is my hope that these surroundings of its manufacture may to some degree find favour for my story with sea-farers and sea-lovers like yourselves. And at least here is a dedication from a great way off written by the loud shores of a subtropical island near upon ten thousand miles from Boscombe Chine and manor; scenes which rise before me as I write, along with the faces and voices of my friends. Well, I am for the sea once more: no doubt Sir Percy also. Let us make the signal B. R. D.!

“R. L. S.

“Waikiki, May 17, 1889.”

This, like the dedications of several other works of Stevenson, is very much like a letter, and most of them are too long to be included in this volume.

Clews to Holy Writ; or, The Chronological Scripture Cycle. By Mary Louisa Georgina Petrie. 1893.

“To the Duchess of Bedford, one of the first outside our college by post to adopt the C. S. C. scheme, and the first

to suggest its issue in this form for a wider public, I dedicate my little book."

The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1895.

"My dear Lady Taylor:

"To your name, if I wrote on brass, I could add nothing; it has been already written higher than I could dream to reach, by a strong and a dear hand, and if I now dedicate to you these tales, it is not as the writer who brings you his work, but as the friend who would remind you of his affection.

"Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Skerryvore, Bournemouth."

An Historical Greek Grammar. By A. N. Jannaris, Ph.D. 1897.

"To the most honourable the Marquess of Bute, K.T., the generous patron and pioneer of Greek culture and scholarship, this work is inscribed by the author."

Japanese Girls and Women. By Alice Mabel Bacon. 1902.

"To Stematz, the Countess Oyama, in the name of our girlhood's friendship, unchanged and unshaken by the changes and separations of our maturer years, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

V

To Dignitaries of Church and State

V

To Dignitaries of Church and State

New Testament in Greek. Edited by Erasmus. Basle, 1516.

DEDICATED TO LEO X.

“Possessing so many distinguished adornments, Oh Leo X, Pontifex Maximus, because of which you shine and are esteemed everywhere, you have approached the culmination of pontifical dignity, aided on the one hand by the countless ornaments of the House of Medici, famous no less because of the memorials of wise men than because of the honored personalities of thy ancestors; aided on the other hand by the innumerable talents of body and mind which the benignity of the Divine Will has bestowed in part and which your own industry has helped you acquire. No other thing has made thee more truly or magnificently renowned than this honor—beyond which there is none greater among men that man can attain—that you have imparted an equal integrity of character, a life not only above everything base, but a reputation never sullied by any stain of ugly rumor. Everywhere this is a most difficult achievement, but it is particularly so in Rome, of which city the license is so great (let me not speak heedlessly) that integrity is scarcely safe from reproach and those who are most free from faults are not free from accusation. For this reason it has come about that not a little more of true praise has redounded to LEO, because he deserved the highest pontifical office rather than because he has accepted it.

"Already in the actual performance of thy most beautiful and also most sacred office, by many splendid deeds and distinguished virtues dost thou in turn honor the esteemed honor. But there is nothing that commends thee better to those above as well as to those on earth than that great zeal and equal wisdom with which thou dost act and plan most ably that Christian piety from day to day may be exalted to better things. For hitherto, through fault of the times and especially of the wars, it has weakened, and it has grown faint just as it is the nature of all things human to do, so that neither by hands or by feet may we resist sliding back somewhat and, as it were, degenerating.

"But while it is sometimes more difficult, so it is more beautiful to revive than to bury. Therefore when you promptly seize the opportunity of restoring religion after the struggles of war have ceased—which it was in you to do—it is indeed proper that all Christians of all lands and nations, each according to his ability, should assist the most blessed of all tasks and the most beneficial of undertakings.

"From all directions now do I behold men of excellent genius and great and opulent kings sending marble, ivory, gold and gems to our Solomon for the structure of the temple. We are eager to send the poor possessions of prince or peasant, such as they are, or even the skins of goats lest we collect nothing: some small present that pertains to our station in life but by which (unless the spirit fails me) there will be something added to Christ's temple—if not much splendor, indeed, some utility; particularly if it is to be approved by the reckoning of him on whose approval or refusal alone, the whole world of humanity depends. . . .

"That the utility of this work of ours might expand more widely, it seemed best to take advantage for the public good of the world, of the allurements of thy sacred name, especially since the aim of the work suggests it. It is beautifully fitting that this Christian Philosophy should be diverted to all mortals who hold Christianity as their

refuge, and that through this book the celestial doctrines should proceed to all men, under the auspices of him through whom Christ wished us to accept whatever draws men heavenward from earth. How could this book go forth more happily and more auspiciously into the hands of men than thus consecrated. So do we see more majesty and veneration accrue to altars and temples when they are dedicated to the almighty gods.

"Though new, already this may somehow be contributing to the public utility. For on this occasion the modesty and good nature of LEO have shown him to be the most great, no less than on those occasions when he excels all the greatest by a big interval.

"Finally, if it is proper to mention in the same breath with so great a chief, something from a play of Thrason: 'However mean this labor of mine seems to the general view, nevertheless I believe the attentive reader will find something more when he has finished it than the work seems to contain at first glance.' But that I may not offend a well-disposed public by delaying Your Highness with too long an address, who must be taking counsel for all lands with perpetual solicitude, I may settle the rest with the common reader. But before closing, I beg of Him, by Whose Providence LEO X has attained to the highest office of mortals, that He may will this same one a long life among us and very great happiness.

"At Basle, in the year 1516 of restored health, month of February."

**On the Liberty of a Christian Man. By Martin Luther.
1520.**

(Extracts from the dedication to Leo X, translated in *The Life and Letters of Martin Luther*, by Preserved Smith, 91.)

"Of your person, excellent Leo, I have heard only what is honourable and good. . . . but of the Roman See, as you and

all men must know, it is more scandalous and shameful than any Sodom or Babylon, and, as far as I can see, its wickedness is beyond all counsel and help, having become desperate and abysmal. It made me sick at heart to see that under your name and that of the Roman Church, the poor people in all the world are cheated and injured, against which thing I have set myself and will set myself as long as I have life, not that I hope to reform that horrible Roman Sodom, but that I know I am debtor and servant of all Christians, and that it is my duty to counsel and warn them. . . .

"Finally, that I come not before your Holiness without a gift, I offer you this little treatise, dedicated to you as an augury of peace and good hope; by this book you may see how fruitfully I might employ my time, as I should prefer to, if only those impious flatterers of yours would let me. It is a little book as respects size, but if I mistake not, the whole sum of a Christian life is set down therein, in respect to contents. I am poor and have nothing else to send you, nor do you stand in need of any but my spiritual gifts."

"The occasion for writing this work was an earnest request of the officious peacemaker, Charles von Miltitz, for Luther to send a letter to the Pope saying that 'he had never meant to twit him personally.' The reformer complied." (Preserved Smith's *Luther*, 91.) Another treatise written by Luther in this same year, *To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation on the Improvement of the Christian Estate*, was dedicated to his colleague in the university, Nicholas von Amsdorf.

The History of Florence. By Niccolò Machiavelli. C. 1525.

"To our most holy and blessed Father and Lord, Clement VII, his humble servant, Niccolò Machiavelli.

"Most holy and blessed Father, since your Holiness, before attaining your present exalted position, commissioned me to write an account of the things done by the Florentine

people, I have used all the diligence and skill given me by Nature and experience to satisfy your command. Having now in the course of my writing arrived at the period when the death of the Magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici caused a change in the government of Italy, and having to describe the events that followed with a greater and loftier spirit, they being of a greater and more elevated character, I have deemed it well to reduce all I have written up to that epoch into one volume, and to present it to your Holiness, so that you may begin in some measure to enjoy the fruits of your sowing and of my labors. . . . And being particularly charged and commanded by your Holiness to write the doings of your ancestors [the Pope was Guiliano de' Medici] in such manner that it might be seen that I was free from all adulation (the true praises of men being agreeable to hear, whilst such as are feigned and written by favor are displeasing), I have hesitated much in describing the goodness of Giovanni, the wisdom of Cosimo, the humanity of Piero, and the magnificence of Lorenzo; so that it might not seem to your Holiness that I had transgressed your commands." How impossible it would be to accuse him of flattery, when he has said so little of the Pope's father, whose life was too short for fame! "Nevertheless, the merit of having been the father of your Holiness is an ample equivalent of all those of his ancestors, and will insure him more centuries of fame than his evil fortune took years from his life."

A Godlie Forme of Householde Governement: for the Ordering of Private Families according to the Direction of God's Word: etc. Gathered by R[obert] C[leaver]. London, 1598.

"To the Right Worshipful Maister Robert Burgaine, of Roxall, One of her Maiesti's Iustices of peace, in the Countie of Warwicke: to the Right Worshipfull Maister

John Dine, of Ridlington Parke, in the Countie of Rutland: and to the Worshipfull Maister Edmund Temple, of Templehall, in the Countie of Leicester, Esquires, as also to their religious and virtuous wives, R. C. wisheth with heart and mind grace from God the Father by Iesus Christ, and constancie in the trueth of the Gospell, to the end, and in the end."

A nine page Epistle Dedicatorie follows.

Canaan's Calamity, Jerusalem's Misery, or the Doleful Destruction of faire Jerusalem by Titus. By Thomas Dekker. 1618.

"To the right Worshipfull M. Richard Kingsmill, Esquier, Justice of peace and Quorum in the countie of Southampton and Surveyor of her Maiesties Courtes of Wardes and Liuries. All prosperitie and happines.

"Hauing (Right Worshipfull) often heard of your extraordinary favour, shewed in the depth of extremitie, to some poore friendes of mine, remayning in your pleasant Lordship of *High-cleere*: by meanes whereof, they haue had no small comfort for the recoverie of their wished desire: I haue been studious how I might in some measure declare both their thankfullnesse and mine owne for so great a good. But such is our weake abillity that we cannot requite the least poynt of that life prolonging kindnes, which the riches of your courtesie did yeeld: neuerthelesse to make apparent that our poore estates shall not obscure, or clowd with ingratitude, the well intending thoughts of our hearts: I haue presumed to present to your worship this little booke, an unfaigned token of our good affection, hoping that like the Princely *Pertian* you will more respect the good will than the gift, which I confesse farre unworthy so worthy a Patron in respect of the simple handling of so excellent a matter: But a playne stile doth best become plaine truth, for a trifling fable hath most neede of a pleasant pen:

Wherefore if it shall please your Worship to esteeme of my simple labour, and to let this passe under your favorable protection, I shall haue the end of my desire. And resting thus in the hope of your Worships courtesie, I cease wishing you all hearts content in this life, and in the world to come eternall felicitie.

"Your Worships most humblie affectionate:

"T. D."

**A Tragic Crown: Life and Death of Mary Stewart. By
Lope Felix de Vega Carpio. 1627.**

"To our Most Holy Pope Urban VIII, Pont. Max.

"The History of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, an extraordinary victim of all that mortals call Fortune, in whose life adversity and patience competed equally from the cradle to the ax, I dedicated to Your Holiness first, befittingly, in the Latin tongue, not only because of the greatness and authority of the subject as because of Your Holiness having in your tender years honored her tomb with such excellent Praise that it was as beatifying her in profecy: in that to-day Your Holiness occupies the Apostolic chair with the general commendation of the Church. This time, Most Holy Father, it is in the common language of Spain, that it goes back from me to the sacred feet of Your Holiness fearful, but encouraged because of the first attempt when, for the same reason, I begged forgiveness for the two. May Your Holiness receive it benignly, adjusting the infinite distance of my rudeness to the splendor of your superior understanding, as so well employed boldness expects of your bountiful magnificence. May Our Lord keep Your Holiness many years, for the universal Church has the need, and it is the desire of your servants.

"Most Holy Father,

"Humble servant of Your Holiness,

"Lope Felix de Vega Carpio."

(From the Spanish.)

The Essays of Michel de Montaigne. 1635.

(Mlle. de Gournay, *fille d'alliance* of Montaigne, dedicated the edition of 1635 to Cardinal Richelieu, who had given her assistance in the preparation of the edition.)

"To Monseigneur, the Most Eminent Cardinal, duc de Richelieu.

"Monseigneur:

"I cannot give the essays to you, because they are not mine, but cognizant, nevertheless, that all that is illustrious in our age passes through your hands or owes you homage, I have thought that the name of your Eminence ought to adorn the frontispiece of this book. It is true, Monseigneur, that the homage rendered here to you, by my agency, is very irregular; though it is not in my power to bestow these essays upon you, I dare to give them to you as a legacy: that is to say, that, as I shall soon be entombed within the sepulchre, I consign to you this orphan which was committed to me in order that it may please you henceforth to hold the place of guardian and protector. I hope that the respect alone of your authority will render to it this office: and that, as the hawks were not permitted to enter the temple of Hercules, whose imitator you are, neither will the impure hands which for a long time have defamed this same book, by so many ill-timed editions, dare again to commit the sacrilege of approaching it when they see it in your protection by this edition, which your liberality has aided me in bringing to light. How well I shall repose in the other world for having been sufficiently bold in discharging this duty by naming such an executor of my will as the great Cardinal Richelieu! and of seeing from above that it is remembered below; that I have had the judgment to discern to what excellence and highness of soul I ought to assign the protection of the most excellent and highest gift which the Muses have made to men since the triumphant ages of the Greeks and Romans."

One of the Political Tracts of Denzil Holles has the Following Dedication (1647):

"To the unparralleled couple, Mr. Oliver St. John, his Majesty's Solicitor-general, and Oliver Cromwell, the parliament's lieutenant-general, the two grand designers of the ruin of three kingdoms.

"Gentlemen,—As you have been principal in ministering of this discourse, and giving me the leisure of making it, by banishing me from my country and business; so it is reason I shall particularly address it to you. You shall find in it some representation of the grosser lines of your features, those outward enormities that make you remarkable, and your picture easy to be known, which cannot be expected here so fully to the life as I could wish; he only can do that whose eye and hand have been with you in secret councils,—who has seen you at your meetings,—your Sabbaths, where you have lain by your assured shapes (with which you cozened the world) and resumed your own, imparting each to other, and both of you to your fellow-witches,—the bottom of your design, the policy of your actings, the turns of your contrivances,—all your falsehoods, cozenings, villainies and cruelties, with your full intentions to ruin the three kingdoms. All I will say to you is, what St. Peter said to Simon the sorcerer—'Repent, therefore, of this your wickedness'; and pray to God, if perhaps the thoughts of your hearts may be forgiven you: and if you have not grace to pray for yourselves (as it may be you have not), I have charity to do it for you, but not faith enough to trust you. So, I remain, thank God, not in your power, and as little at your service,

"Denzil Holles.

"At S. Mere. Eglide, in Normandy,
this 14th day of Feb., 1647, St. V."

"Denzil Holles, the leader of the Presbyterians who in 1647 made a motion in Parliament for disbanding the army, and was

defeated, had to fly to Normandy to escape an impeachment for high treason."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*, 107, 108.)

Killing Noe Murder Briefly Discourst In Three Questions.
By William Allen (Colonel Silas Titus). 1657.

"To his Highnesse Oliver Cromwell,

"May it please your Highnesse,—How I have spent some howers of the leasure your Highnes hath been pleased to give me, this following Paper will give your Highnes an accompt. How you will please to interpret it I can not tell, but I can with confidence say my intention in it is, to procure your Highnes that justice nobody yet does you, and to let the people see the longer they defer it the greater injury they doe both themselves and you: To your Highnes justly belongs the honour of dying for the people, and it cannot choose but be an unspeakable consolation to you in the last moments of your life to consider, with how much benefit to the world you are like to leave it. 'Tis then onely (my Lord) the titles you now usurpe will be truly yours; you will then be indeed the deliverer of your country and free it from a bondage little inferior to that from which Moyses delivered his. You will then be that true Reformer, which you would now be thought. Religion shal be then restored, Liberty asserted and Parliaments have those priviledges they have sought for. We shall then hope that other Lawes will have place besides those of the sword, and that justice shal be otherwise definde then the will and pleasure of the strongest, and we shal then hope men will keep oathes again, and not have the necessitie of being false, and perfidious to preserve themselves and be like their Rulers: all this we hope from your Highnes happie expiration who are the true father of your countrie, for while you live we can call nothing ours, and as it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances. Let this consideration

arme and fortifie your Highnesses minde against the feares of deathe, and the terrours of your evil conscience, that the good you will doe by your death, wil something ballance the evils of your life. And if in the black catalogue of High malefactors few can be found that have lived more to the affliction and disturbance of mankind, then your Highnes hath done, yet your greatest enemies will not deny but there are likewise as few that have expired more to the universall benefit of mankind then your Highnes is like to doe. To hasten this great good is the chief end of my writing this paper, and if it have the effects I hope it will your Highnesse will quickly be out of reach of mens malice, and your enemies will only be able to wound you in your memory, which strokes you will not feel. That your Highnesse may be speedily in this security is the universall wishes of your gratefull countrey. This is the desires and prayers of the good and of the bad, and it may be is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotions, and is our only common prayer. But amongst all that put in their requests and supplications for your Highnesses speedy deliverance from all earthly troubles none is more assiduous nor more fervent than he, that with the rest of the nation hath the honour to be

“May it please your Highnesse

“Your Highnesse present slave and vassall,

“W. A.”

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*, 109.)

The Three Last Spanish Muses. By Francisco de Quevedo Villegas. 1670.

“To the Most Excellent Señor D. Pasqual de Aragon, Cardinal of the Holy Church of Rome, of the title of Saint Sabina, Archbishop of Toledo, First in Ecclesiastical Dignity of Spain, Senior Chancellor of Castile, Member of His Majesty's Council of State, and Governor of these Kingdoms, etc.

"All the works of Don Francisco de Quevedo, in verse or in prose, sacred or burlesque, are directed to the reformation of customs, and contain exalted teaching. For this reason, and also because of the well-known zeal of Your Eminence from youth for the reformation of vices, by example as well as by writings, it has seemed to me that no one else should be offered the patronage of these works, containing all that is sacred which the author wrote in verse. With the renowned deeds of Your Eminence I am particularly cognizant, having known you in the University of Salamanca as a student who seemed to forget that he was the descendant of so high and sovereign kings and princes, and gave himself to literary work as if he were the most destitute of fortune. Your learning made pupils of your masters and teachers, and added to this was the multitude of virtues which from that age have shown resplendently in Your Eminence. I returned to the University in 1648, having been honored by the College of My Lord the Archbishop, on the eighth of February of that same year, with the insignia of Chaplain of that sacred edifice. I found Your Eminence a master in the College of St. Bartholomew, with inexpressible care teaching all by your learning and example. In the court at the same time, by caring for what is most arduous in the government of the Monarchy, you assist in the welfare and improvement of the subjects; by the teaching of doctrine and by the celestial dew of many jubilees and missions, you assist in the welfare and improvement of their souls; and by innumerable charities you succor the spiritual and corporal necessities of all. My earnest wish is that God may preserve Your Eminence in your greatness.

"Most Eminent Sir,

"I kiss the hand of Your Eminence.

"Don Pedro Aldrete Quevedo y Villegas.

"Madrid, 1670."

Sacramental, Allegorical, and Historical Ordinances. By
Pedro Calderon de la Barca. Madrid, 1690.

"To the Patriarch San Juan de Dios.

"Narrow are the limits of a dedication, Most loved Patriarch, for the eulogy of thy virtues, when many books could not contain thy grandeur, O immense sea of charity, which discouragest my littleness so that I do not dare to search out such gigantic marvels. He who is weighted with gratitude is not satisfied until he finds relief in the discharge of his obligations; those which I confess are so great that their satisfaction is impossible,—but not their acknowledgement. I venerate the occupation which thou hast of bookseller in the streets of the fortunate city of Granada. Thou hast achieved the greatest sale that could be desired by any of those who pursue the honest use of books. The mediator of it was the Apostle of Andalusia, that valorous soldier of Christ, the venerable teacher, Avila, since, on hearing his teaching, thou didst cast thyself at his feet, giving him an account of thy soul; didst deliver the profane and useless books to the fire and to the destruction of thy hands; and, ambitious, didst sell the remainder at a very high price, since that which was sold on earth was paid for in heaven. My humility approaches to thee, Sacred Bookseller, to thee, poor, yet most rich; to thee, divine man; to thee, humble; yet most excellent; to thee, palm of charity; to thee—but to whom but thee could there be restored, not dedicated, these sacred writings, which, by my fitting zeal, are repeated; robbery it would be to give them to another, being thine in every way—thine by their subject, since the theme is Christ the Sacrament. They are thine by my employment, and may the grandeur of the subject excuse the smallness of him who restores them to you; it is the duty of the rivers to return to the sea where they have their origin. Of all that I am I recognize thee master, my loved Father. I am a humble

rivulet of this sea, sand of this shore. The grateful brook returns to the sea, and where the sea goes, there go the sands of my humble work and employment, in order that the esteem they lack in being mine they may attain in the fortune of being yours.

“Thy most humble and unworthy admirer,

“Francisco Sazedon.”

The Works of Joseph Addison. 1719.

“To the Right Honourable James Craggs, Esquire, his Majesty’s principal secretary of State.

“Dear Sir.

“I cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

“That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one [Thomas Tickell], whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

“I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country, with those excellent talents and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself.

When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

“Dear Sir, your most entirely affectionate Friend,

“And faithful obedient Servant,

“J. Addison.

“June, 4, 1719.”

The concluding stanza of Tickell's introductory poem, addressed to Addison's stepson, the Earl of Warwick, records the death of both Addison and Craggs before the publication of the *Works*:

“These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O, Craggs, th' expiring Sage convey'd;
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame;
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! Whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.”

Le Fanatisme, ou Mahomet le Prophète. By Voltaire.
1741.

DEDICATED TO POPE BENEDICT XIV.

“Most Holy Father,

“Your Holiness will pardon the liberty taken by one of the humblest of men, but one of the greatest admirers of virtue, in dedicating to the head of the true religion a work directed against the founder of a false and barbarous religion.

“To whom could I more appropriately address the satire upon the cruelty and the errors of a false prophet than to the Vicar and imitator of a God of peace and truth?

“May your Holiness deign to permit me to lay at your feet both book and author. I dare ask of you protection for the one, and a blessing for the other. It is with these sentiments of profound veneration that I bow and kiss your sacred feet.

“Paris, August 17, 1745.”

Voltaire's enemies cried out against the impieties of this tragedy, which was performed at Paris in August, 1742, and it was withdrawn after three representations. Voltaire wrote to d'Argental on August 22 that since he was the victim of *jansénistes*, he would dedicate *Mahomet* to the Pope. This he proceeded to do; and the Pope, flattered in his literary self-love, replied most amiably to his dear son, spoke of the admirable tragedy, which he had read with great pleasure, and discoursed of literary matters. In answer, the virtuous Voltaire declared that he was forced to recognize the Papal infallibility in literary as in other matters. All this correspondence proved most astonishing to the philosopher's enemies.

Night Thoughts. By Edward Young. 1742-1744.

Night First was dedicated "To the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons."

Of the nine *Nights*, seven had separate dedications—to the Earl of Wilmington, the Duchess of Bedford, Mr. Yorke, and so on.

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. By Laurence Sterne. 2nd edition, 1760.

"To the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt. Sir,

"Never poor Wight of a Dedicator had less hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth, being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this Fragment of Life.

"I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book by taking it—(not under your Protection,—it must protect itself, but)—into the country with you; where if I am ever told, it has made you smile; or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain—I shall think myself happier

than any one (one only excepted) that I have read or heard of.

"I am, great Sir,

"(and what is more to your Honour),

"I am, good Sir,

"Your well-wisher,

"And most humble Fellow-Subject,

"The Author."

In the eighth and ninth chapters of *Tristram Shandy*, Sterne writes to an imaginary lord: "My Lord,—I maintain this to be a dedication, notwithstanding its singularity in the three great essentials of matter, form, and place. I beg, therefore, you will accept it as such, and that you will permit me to lay it, with the most respectful humility, at your Lordship's feet,—when you are upon them,—which you can be when you please; and that is, my Lord, whenever there is occasion for it, and I will add, to the best purposes too. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, and most devoted, and most humble servant,

"TRISTRAM SHANDY."

He goes on: "I solemnly declare, to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate, —Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, of this, or any other realm in Christendom; nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true virgin dedication untried on upon any soul living.

"I labour this point so particularly merely to remove any offence or objection which might arise against it from the manner in which I propose to make the most of it;—which is the putting of it up fairly to public sale." etc.

Sermons on the Lord's Prayer. By Charles Churchill. C. 1765.

"While dedications are not always altogether pleasing to the persons to whom they are addressed, it is not often that their very abusiveness adds to the market value of the books which contain them, as in the case of Churchill's *Sermons on the Lord's Prayer*. Among their reputed author's posthumous papers was found an unfinished dedication to William Warburton, Dean of Bristol and Bishop of Gloucester, the character of which inspired the publishers

to give two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for the ten sermons to which it was prefixed, sermons so poor in themselves that they are generally believed to have been the work of a duller, but better, man than the writer of the *Rosciad*. Whoever originally delivered the discourses, however, there can be no question as to the authorship of the dedication. It is written in a strain of terrible irony." (*From the Books of Laurence Hutton, 142.*)

Extracts from the dedication, as given by Wheatley, follow:

"To the Great Gloster health!

Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I 'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, though a Dedicator, scorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

"Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Gloster and my Lord,
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit. . . .

"Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
And wonted power of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes,
Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great,
Let him not, gorged with power, and drunk with state,
Forget what once he was though now so high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I."

"The Bishop of Gloucester, gorged with power, lived fourteen or fifteen years after this, and must have found comfort in the fact that the publishers of the Sermons suffered as much in their pockets by the venture as he did in his feelings." (*From the Books of Laurence Hutton.*)

A New and Complete System of Arithmetic. By Nicolas Pike. 1786.

"To His Excellency, James Bowdoin, Esquire, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

"May it please your Excellency, the author of this System, anxious to procure for it a favorable Reception from his Fellow-citizens, takes the liberty of soliciting the Honour of your Excellency's Patronage.

"As this Work is the first of the kind composed in America, he feels he is entitled to the candid indulgence of the Learned in general—and from your Excellency's zeal for the advancement of the Sciences, and attachment to the Republic of Letters, he rests assured that the Public will pardon him the ambition of inscribing your Name to this Literary Attempt.

"That your Excellency may long continue the Ornament of your Country and the Delight of your Friends is the ardent wish of

"May it please your Excellency,

"Your Excellency's much Obligated

"Most Obedient

"and very Humble Servant

"Nicolas Pike.

"Newbury-port, Commonwealth
of Massachusetts June 1st, 1786."

(In the library of Mr. G. A. Plimpton.)

Pike offered to dedicate the book to Washington, as the following letter from Washington shows:

"MOUNT VERNON, 20th June, 1786.

"SIR,

"Your letter of the 25th of March did not come to hand till lately or it should have had an earlier acknowledgement.

"It gives me the highest satisfaction to find the Arts and Sciences making a progress in any Country; but when I see them

advancing in the rising States of America I feel a peculiar pleasure : and in my opinion, every effort of Genius, and all attempts towards improving useful knowledge ought to meet with encouragement in this Country. Your performance is of the most useful and beneficial kind, and from the opinion of those Gentlemen who have inspected it I have not the least doubt that it is a very valuable one.

"I feel a grateful sense of the honour which you designed me by wishing to dedicate your Book to me, and would even sacrifice my own ideas of propriety respecting the matter so far as to comply with your request, if I thought that by a non-compliance I should discourage so good a work. But Sir, as there are several Characters in your part of the country who deservedly hold a high rank in the literary world, and whose names would add dignity to such a performance; it would be more proper (if I might presume to offer my opinion upon the matter) to dedicate your Book to them. I must therefore beg leave to decline the honour which you would do me, as I have before done in two or th[r]ee cases of a similar kind.

"With sincerest wishes for the success of your work, and much esteem,
I am Sir

"Your Obdt. Huml. Servt.

"G: WASHINGTON.

"To

"Nicholas Pike, Esqr."

Dissertations on the English Language. By Noah Webster, Jun. Esquire. Boston, 1789.

"To His Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., Late President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, The following Dissertations Are most respectfully Inscribed By His Excellency's Most obliged and most obedient Servant

"The Author.

"Dedications are usually designed to flatter the Great, to acknowledge their services, or court their favor and influence. But very different motives have led me to prefix the venerable name of Franklin to this publication.

"Respect for his Excellency's talents and exertions, as a great Philosopher and a warm Patriot, I feel in common with all the lovers of science and freedom; but my peculiar

admiration of his character arises from considering it as *great in common things.*" &c. &c.

The Hedàya; or Guide; A Commentary on the Mussulman Laws. Translated by Charles Hamilton. 1791.

"To Warren Hastings, Esq., late Governor-General of Bengal, etc.

"Sir,

"After the labour of several years, I am at last enabled to present you with a translation of the *Hedàya*.

"To you, Sir, I feel it incumbent on me to inscribe a work originally projected by yourself, and for some time carried on under your immediate patronage.—However humble the translator's abilities, and however imperfect the execution of these volumes may be, yet the design itself does honour to the wisdom and benevolence by which it was suggested; and if I might be allowed to express a hope upon the subject, it is, that its future beneficial effects, in facilitating the administration of Justice throughout our Asiatic territories, and uniting us still more closely with our *Mussulman* Subjects, may reflect some additional lustre on your Administration.—I have the honour to be, with the utmost respect, and the most lively gratitude and esteem,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"and most humble Servant,

"Charles Hamilton."

The Diversions of Purley. By John Horne Tooke. 1805.
(Volume II.)

"To Messieurs

James Haygarth

Thomas Harrison

Edward Hale

Thomas Draine

Matthew Whiting

Norrison Coverdale

Robert Mairis

William Cooke

Charles Pratt

Matthias Dupont

William Harwood

Henry Bullock

"To you, Gentlemen, my Jury, I present this small portion of the fruits of your integrity; which decided in my favor the bill of Chancery filed against my life:

"And to my learned counsel, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, Vicary Gibbs, Esq., and their assistants,
 Henry Dampier, Esq.,
 Felix Vaughan, Esq.,
 John Gurney, Esq.

The reference is to Horne Tooke's trial (November, 1794) for high treason, on the ground of his supposed connection with the "corresponding societies" which had circulated Paine's writings, and had been in communication with French Revolutionary leaders. Tooke had been engaged in the dangerous amusement of making sham confessions to a spy.

Christian Morals. By Hannah More. 1813.

"As a slight memorial of sincere esteem and cordial friendship, this little sketch of Christian Morals is, with strict propriety, inscribed to the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, of Yoxall Lodge; in his writings and in his life, a consistent Christian moralist."

An Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engraving upon Copper and in Wood. By William Young Ottley. 1816.

"To the Right Honorable George John, Earl Spencer, K.G., etc., this work is respectfully dedicated, with a due sense of the advantages derived in the course of its progress, from the use of many rare and valuable materials, contained in his lordship's magnificent library, by the author."

Hints towards Forming the Character of A Young Princess. By Hannah More. 1819.

"To the Right Reverend The Lord Bishop of Exeter (Dr. John Fisher).

"My Lord,

"Could it have been foreseen by the Author of the fol-

lowing pages, that, in the case of the illustrious Person who is the subject of them, the standard of Education would have been set so high; and especially, that this Education would be committed to such able and distinguished hands, the work might surely have been spared. But as the Second Volume was gone to the press before that appointment was announced, which must give general satisfaction, it becomes important to request, that if the advice suggested in any part of the Work should appear presumptuous, Your Lordship, and still more the Public, who might be more forward than Your Lordship in charging the Author with presumption, will have the candour to recollect, that it was offered, not to the learned Bishop of Exeter, but to an unknown, and even an imaginary Preceptor.

“Under these circumstances, Your Lordship will perhaps have the goodness to accept the Dedication of these slight Volumes, not as arrogantly pointing out duties to the discharge of which you are so competent, but as a mark of the respect and esteem with which I have the honour to be,

“My Lord,

“Your Lordship’s most obedient and most

“faithful servant,

“The Author.

“April 2, 1805.”

In the Preface to the first edition, the author apologizes for her presumption in offering these hints: “If we were to enquire what is, even at the present critical period, one of the most momentous concerns which can engage the attention of an Englishman, who feels for his country like a patriot, and for his posterity like a father; what is that object of which the importance is not bounded by the shores of the British Islands nor limited by our colonial possessions;—with which, in its consequences, the interests, not only of all Europe, but of the whole civilized world, may hereafter be in some measure implicated;—what Briton would hesitate to reply, The Education of the Princess Charlotte of Wales?

“After this frank confession of the unspeakable importance of the subject in view, it is no wonder if the extreme difficulty, as well as delicacy of the present undertaking, is acknowledged to be

sensibly felt by the Author." Another paragraph is suggestive of the state of "female education" at the period: "Had the Royal Pupil been a Prince, these Hints would never have been obtruded on the world, as it would then have been naturally assumed, that the established plan usually adopted in such cases would have been pursued. Nor does the Author presume, in the present instance, to insinuate a suspicion, that there will be any want of a large and liberal scope in the projected system, or to intimate an apprehension that the course of study will be adapted to the sex, rather than to the circumstances of the Princess." Hannah More probably did cherish a little well-grounded apprehension that the Princess's sex might be regarded as a bar to a liberal education.

Controversial Tracts on Christianity and Mohammedanism.
By the Late Rev. Henry Martyn . . . Translated and
Explained. By The Rev. Samuel Lee. 1824.

"To the Right Honourable, the Earl of Liverpool, K.G.,
first lord of his majesty's treasury, etc., etc.

"This attempt to develop and refute the religious opinions of the Mohammedans of Persia, as a public acknowledgment of a grant of one hundred pounds per annum, made from his majesty's treasury, for the purpose of enabling the Arabic Professor of this university to deliver a public course of Arabic and Hebrew Lectures annually, is most respectfully inscribed by his Lordship's most obedient and obliged humble servant, the translator and author."

Lee was Professor of Arabic at Cambridge.

Lectures on the Philosophy of the Mosaic Record of Creation, Delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin.
By James Kennedy. 1827.

"To the Right Honorable Charles Kendal Bushe, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, the following discourses are inscribed, as a slight tribute of esteem and gratitude: that paid to accomplishments, which dignify the relations of public in the same measure that they adorn

those of private life; this excited by attentions, which to the labourer in literature are always acceptable, more especially when bestowed in the like spirit that they are received, without ostentation on the one hand, or compromise of feeling on the other."

History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France. By Sir William F. P. Napier. 1828-1840.

"To Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington:

"This History I dedicate to your Grace because I have served long enough under your command to feel why the soldiers of the tenth legion were attached to Cæsar."

Life and Services of Horatio Viscount Nelson. By James Stanier Clarke and John M'Arthur. 1840.

"To Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, Bt.G.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the Blue; and Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

"Sir,

"The world will at once understand the propriety of prefacing your name to a *LIFE OF NELSON*: as it was almost the last word he uttered when passing into a glorious immortality, so will it be the first in the recollection of every Briton, in association with his heroic history.

"It is therefore, Sir, a source of the highest gratification, to be permitted the honour of dedicating to YOU this authentic memoir of your illustrious Companion: and, praying that you may, during many added years, enjoy the proud reflection of having been the chosen Friend of him whose name is England's pride, whose example her shield and strength,

"We remain, Sir,

"Your obliged and faithful servants,

"The Publishers."

Hellenics. By Walter Savage Landor. 1847.

"To Pope Pius IX. Never until now, most holy father! did I hope or desire to offer my homage to any potentate on earth; and I now offer it only to the highest of them all.

"There was a time when the cultivators of literature were permitted and expected to bring the fruit of their labour to the Vatican. Not only was incense welcome there, but even the humblest produce of the poorest soil. 'Verbenam, pueri, ponite thuraque.'

"If those better days are returning, without what was bad or exceptionable in them, the glory is due entirely to your Holiness. You have restored to Italy hope and happiness; to the rest of the world hope only. But a single word from your prophetic lips, a single motion of your earth-embracing arm, will overturn the firmest seats of iniquity and oppression. The word must be spoken; the arm must wave. What do we see before us? If we take the best of rulers under our survey, we find selfishness and frivolity: if we extend the view, ingratitude, disregard of honour, contempt of honesty, breach of promise: one step yet beyond, and there is cold blooded idiocy, stabbing the nobles at home, spurning the people everywhere, and voiding its corrosive slaver in the fair face of Italy. It is better to look no farther, else our eyes must be riveted on frozen seas of blood superfused with blood fresh flowing. The same ferocious animal leaves the impression of its broad and heavy foot on the snow of the Arctic circle and of the Caucasus. And is this indeed all that Europe has brought forth, after such long and painful throes? Has she endured her Marats, her Robespierres, her Buonapartes, for this? God inflicted on the latter of these wretches his two greatest curses: uncontrolled power and perverted intellect, and they were twisted together to make a scourge for the nation which revelled in every crime, but above all in cruelty. It was insufficient. She is now undergoing

from a weaker hand a more ignominious punishment, pursued by the derision of Europe. To save her honour, she pretended to admire the courage that decimated her children: to save her honour, she now pretends to admire the wisdom that imprisons them. Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength: Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin, and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions, without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him: he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence.

"Walter Savage Landor."

Westward Ho. By Charles Kingsley. 1855.

"To the Rajah Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., and George Augustus Selwyn, D.D., bishop of New Zealand, this book is dedicated by one who (unknown to them) has no other method of expressing his admiration and reverence for their characters.

"That type of English virtue, at once manful and godly, practical and enthusiastic, prudent and self-sacrificing, which he has tried to depict in these pages, they have exhibited in a form even purer and more heroic than that in which he has drest it, and than that in which it was exhibited by the worthies whom Elizabeth, without distinction of rank or age, gathered round her in the ever glorious wars of her great reign. C. K.

"Feb., 1855."

Life and Correspondence of James Iredell. By Griffith J. McRee. 1857.

"In memory of the Honorable James Iredell, late Governor of the State of North Carolina, senator of the United

States, etc. etc., this record of a father, whose genius he inherited, and whose virtues he emulated; in memory of him to whose parental care I am indebted for the greatest of all blessings—an admirable wife, this volume is affectionately inscribed by

“Griffith J. McRee.”

Ti-Ping Tien-Kwoh; The History of the Ti-Ping Revolution, Including a Narrative of the Author's Personal Adventures. By Lin-le. 1866.

“To Le-Sin-Cheng, the Chung-Wang

‘Faithful Prince’

Commander-in-chief of the Ti-ping forces,

This work is dedicated

if he be living;

and if not, to his memory.”

Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D. 1866.

“The author dedicates this volume to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, ‘Who through faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness.’ ”

Dr. Brown dedicated *Health, Five Lay Sermons to Working People*, “to the memory of the Reverend James Trench, the heart and soul of the Canongate Mission, who, while he preached a pure and fervent gospel to its heathens, taught them also and therefore to respect and save their health, and was the Originator and Keeper of their Liberty and Penny Bank, as well as their Minister.”

Palæontological Memoirs and Notes of the Late H(ugh) F(alconer). Compiled and Edited by Charles Murchison. 1868.

“To Colonel Sir Proby T. Cautley, K.C.B., Member of the Council of India, this volume, embracing the results of those studies of his departed friends and colleagues on the

fossil fauna of the Sewalik Hills, which obtained for them worldwide reputation in science, is dedicated by

"The Author."

Harold. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 1876.

"To his Excellency

"THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

"Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

"My dear Lord Lytton,—After old-world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

"A. Tennyson."

In 1846, Tennyson was bitterly attacked by Lytton Bulwer, because Peel had placed him on the Pension list. Tennyson replied by two poems, published in *Punch*—*The New Timon and the Poets*, and *After-thought*. Of these poems he afterwards wrote: "I never wrote a line against anyone but Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. His lines did not move me to do so. But at the very time he was writing or had written these he was visiting my cousins, the d'Eyncourts, and said to them, 'How much I should like to know your Cousin Alfred'; and I, going in to a book-club in the town where I was then living, found a newspaper turned up and folded so that I could not miss, 'See how Sir Edward tickles up the poetasters and their patrons.' The stupid insignificant paper, and the purpose with which it had been set before me, provoked me." Tennyson added: "I never sent my lines to *Punch*. John Forster did. They were too bitter. I do not think that I should ever have published them."

Lord Lytton acknowledged very cordially the dedication of *Harold* (letter to Tennyson, January 19, 1877): "Memories the tenderest and most cherished of my life are strangely mingled with the hope your generosity has sanctioned, that I may live hereafter on your pages, associated with the name of their great author, to whom in common with all our countrymen, I already owe so much;

and with that of my dear father, to whom I owe life itself, and all great things in life, nor least of all my share in the valued tribute so generously offered to his memory by England's greatest living Poet. In his name and for his sake, I thank you no less warmly than on my own behalf."

The Origin of the World. By John William Dawson. 1877.

"To his excellency, the Right Honourable, the Earl of Dufferin, K.P., K.C.B., etc., Governor-general of Canada; this work is respectfully dedicated, as a slight tribute of esteem to one who graces the highest position in the dominion of Canada by his eminent personal qualities, his reputation as a statesman and an author, and his kind and enlightened patronage of education, literature, and science."

Becket. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 1884.

"To the Lord Chancellor,

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF SELBORNE

"My dear Selborne,—To you, the honoured Chancellor of our own day, I dedicate this dramatic memorial of your great predecessor;—which, altho' not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre, has nevertheless—for so you have assured me—won your approbation.

"Ever yours,

"Tennyson."

Critical Exposition of the "Jihad." By Moulavi Cherágh Ali. C. 1885(?).

"To the honorable Syed Ahmed Khan Bahadur, C. S. I., this book is, without even asking permission, and wholly without his knowledge, dedicated, as a slight but sincere testimony of admiration for his long and various services in the cause of Islam and in respect of his religious and social reforms among the Moslems of India, and of gratitude for much personal kindness and friendship, by

"The Author."

The Old Merchants of New York City. By Walter Barrett (J. A. Scoville). 1885.

"To the memory of John Jacob Astor, one of the first and most prosperous merchants of New York City, this volume is dedicated."

Historical Memorials of Canterbury. By Arthur P. Stanley, D.D. (1887.)

"To the venerable Benjamin Harrison, Archdeacon of Maidstone and Canon of Canterbury, in grateful remembrance of much kindness, these slight memorials of the city and cathedral which he has so faithfully served are inscribed with sincere respect by the author."

Dr. Muhlenberg. By William Wilberforce Newton, D.D. 1890.

"To the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., who, in having before him the large-hearted standards of his venerated Father, recognizes the fact that in the present constructive age the loyal Churchman is beset with problems which, in their complexity, the Fathers of yesterday never knew, this Volume is dedicated with the affection of a friendship which has deepened with time—the sole test of life as it is of truth—in the hope that he may live to see the dream of the saintly Muhlenberg realized, in the true 'emancipation of the Episcopate,' and in the veritable 'Unsectarizing of the Church.' "

Sunrise Stories: A Glance at the Literature of Japan. By Roger Riordan and Tozo Takayanagi. 1896.

"Dedicated to his excellency S. Kurino, His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America, by the authors."

Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience By
Henri Bergson. 1898.

"A Monsieur Jules Lachelier, membre de l'institut, inspecteur général de l'instruction publique, hommage respectueux."

The Life of the Spirit. By **Hamilton Wright Mabie.** 1898.

"To George A. Gordon:

"The race must become partner in the moral enterprise, fellow-worker with the universe at its ethical task, if its heart of rhythm and soul of fire are to stand fully revealed."

St. Thomas of Canterbury: His Death and Miracles. By
Edwin A. Abbott. 1898.

"To the memory of Thomas, once Archbishop of Canterbury, now venerated by some as saint and martyr, by others admired as a hero, by some few vilified as a narrow ecclesiastic, but deserving to be studied by all, whether friends, critics, or enemies, as a conspicuous proof that the spirit may be then first manifested in its full power, when defeat and corruption have triumphed over the flesh."

The World Beautiful. Third Series. By **Lilian Whiting.** 1898.

"To Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, whose sympathetic and uplifting pastorate continues the noble traditions of his parish; who, as priest and friend and citizen, is enshrined in our hearts, these pages are gratefully dedicated by Lilian Whiting."

The first volume of *The World Beautiful* is dedicated to the memory of Phillips Brooks; and the same author's *Outlook Beautiful*, to Archdeacon Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey.

Mornings in the College Chapel. By Francis Greenwood Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. 1899.

"To my beloved and revered colleagues, the preachers to the university, and to the sacred memory of Phillips Brooks, of the first staff of preachers, who being dead yet speaketh among us, in grateful recollection of happy association in the service of Christ and the Church."

John Knox. By Marion Harland. 1900.

"To my friend and pastor, Reverend George Alexander, D.D., whose Scottish ancestors, for three hundred years, bravely kept the Faith he holds and teaches, this Book, written with a willing hand and a full heart, in the Scotland secured to the Protestant Church by John Knox, is affectionately dedicated.

"Marion Harland."

The East of To-day and To-morrow. By Henry Codman Potter, Late Bishop of New York. 1902.

"To John Pierpont Morgan, financier, philanthropist, friend: to whose munificence these opportunities for observation in the East were owing, and whose constructive genius, which upbuilds and never pulls down, has indicated the tasks which await Western civilization in Eastern fields."

A dedication to Mr. Morgan in a very different spirit is that of *Roadtown*, by Edgar Chambers (1910):

"This book is dedicated to J. Pierpont Morgan, a straight player of a crooked game, who, it is said, played his usual rôle in the Wall Street Manipulations of the Central Railroad of Georgia Securities, which adroitly and legally absorbed the small savings and happiness of many unsophisticated investors—an action which, in my case at least, proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it made me suffer first and then made me think. Hence the gratitude and consequent dedication to Mr. Morgan for starting the train of

Roadtown, a plan for side-stepping the crooked game as now played so that henceforth whosoever will may become a straight player of a straight game."

God and Music. By John Harrington Edwards. 1903.

"To Henry Van Dyke, D.D., L.L.D., a master workman in many fields, and in all for the Master."

Central Asia and Thibet towards the Holy City of Lassa.
By Sven Hedin. 1903.

"The English and American editions of this work are dedicated by special permission to his Excellency Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy of India, with gratitude and admiration by the Author."

History of Andrew Jackson. By Augustus C. Buell. 1904.

"To the embodiment in our times of the Jacksonian spirit, Theodore Roosevelt, the author respectfully dedicates these volumes."

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. 1904.

"To Theodore Roosevelt:

"Some of these pages you have seen, some you have praised, one stands new-written because you blamed it; and all, my dear critic, beg leave to remind you of their author's changeless admiration."

The Shade of the Balkans. By Pencho Slaveikoff, Henry Bernard and Dr. R. J. Pillon. 1904.

"TO DR. STROSSMAYER, BISHOP OF DJAKOVO."

"Great Bishop, who didst dedicate thy day
To God and to the Godliness of man,
Who wast not weary thro' the Dark to scan
For the dim promise of a golden ray—

Thy soul was stricken when the Sultan's sway
These children of the mountains overran,
And from Bulgaria's soul 't was thine to fan
What of old music in the Darkness lay.
To thee we dedicate this book of grief
And gladness which informed a people's heart
Saved from those centuries that were too brief
To cast upon them Time's victorious dart,
And from these gloomy Days of unbelief
Whence all delight of music doth depart."

John Knox: The Hero of the Scottish Reformation. By Henry Cowan. 1905.

"To the Right Honourable James Alexander Campbell, P.C., M.P., LL.D., I dedicate this volume in grateful remembrance of many words of wise counsel and many acts of thoughtful kindness received from him during thirty years of friendship; and as a sincere tribute to his private worth and public life-work, as a high-minded and honourable statesman, a loyal and devoted churchman, an effective writer and speaker on religious and ecclesiastical subjects, a liberal benefactor of the universities which he has long represented in Parliament, and a generous friend of missionary and philanthropic enterprise."

The College Man and the College Woman. By Wm. De Witt Hyde. 1906.

"To Theodore Roosevelt, who as a legislator, commissioner, secretary, colonel, author, governor, vice-president, president and peacemaker, has wrought in the world what he was taught in college and shown the power for good a college man can be."

Russia: Travels and Studies. By Annette M. B. Meakin. 1906.

"Dedicated to His Excellency Prince M. Khilkoff, Minister of Ways and Communications at St. Petersburg."

Days Off. By Henry Van Dyke. 1907.

"To my friend and neighbour, Grover Cleveland, whose years of great work as a statesman have been cheered by days of good play as a fisherman, this book is dedicated with warm and deep regards.

"Avalon, July 10th, 1907.

The American Idea. By Lydia Kingsmill Commander. 1907.

"This book—a sincere study of a grave social problem—is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, who first aroused the Nation to the danger of 'race suicide,' and who has been the only American President to recognize officially the supreme importance of those questions that directly concern the family and the home."

When Men Grew Tall, or the Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis. 1907.

"To Theodore Roosevelt, that man of the public for whom I have most regard and from whose future I as an American most hope, this volume is dedicated."

Robert Fulton and the Clermont. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. 1909.

"This volume is affectionately dedicated to my father, the Reverend Robert Fulton Crary, D.D. (eldest grandson of Robert Fulton), for forty years rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, New York, whose services throughout life, no less devoted than those of his illustrious ancestor, have been in the great navy of the Church of God."

The Melting Pot. By Israel Zangwill. 1910.

"To Theodore Roosevelt, in respectful recognition of his strenuous struggle against the forces that threaten to ship-

wreck the Great Republic, which carries Mankind and its Fortunes, this play, is, by his kind permission, cordially dedicated."

The Gift of Sleep. By Bolton Hall. 1911.

"To the memory of the Reverend Dr. John Hall, who preached from the word what I teach from the world."

The Efficient Life. By Luther H. Gulick. 1911.

"To Theodore Roosevelt, who sometimes leads the Simple Life, who often leads the Strenuous Life, but who always leads the Efficient Life."

John Ranon. By Emerson Hough.

"To Woodrow Wilson: one of the leaders in the third war of American Independence."

The Bishop's Shadow. By I. T. Thurston.

"To the beautiful memory of Phillips Brooks."

American Traits. By Hugo Münsterberg.

"To Frederick William Holls, member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, ideal type of the American of German descent."

VI

To Countries, States, Cities, and their Inhabitants

VI

To Countries, States, Cities, and their Inhabitants

A Collection of Scotch Proverbs. By Allan Ramsay. 1736.

"Dedicated to the Tenantry of Scotland, farmers of the Dales, and Storemasters of the Hills.

"Worthy Friends,—

"The following hoard o' *Wise Sayings*, an' observations o' our forefathers, which hae been gathering through mony bygane ages, I hae collected wi' great care, an' restored to their proper sense, which had been frequently tint by publishers that didna understand our landwart language, particularly a late large book o' them, fu' o' errors, in a stile neither *Scots* nor *English*. Having set them to rights, I coudna think them better bestowed than to dedicate them to you wha best ken their meaning moral use, pith an' beauty. Some amang the gentle vulgar, that are *mair nice than wise*, may startle at the broadness, or (as they name it) coarse expressions. But that is nae worth our tenting: a brave man can be as meritorious in hodden-gray as in velvet. . . .

"Since dedicators scantily deserve that name, when they dinna gar the praises o' their patrons flow freely through their propine, I should be reckoned ane o' little havins to be jum in that article, when I hae sic guid ground to work upon, an' leal verity to keep me frae being thought a fletcher; wherefore, since *lacking breeds laziness*, an' *praises breed pith*, I scruple not to tell you that you are the props o' the nation's profit. It is you that are the store-

keepers o' Heaven's bountiths. . . . I could rin on wi' a thousand articles to your commendation, were they not clear to ilka ane whase saul is not sand-blind or purfled wi' pride. . . . I shall conclude wi' wishing you the happy seed-time an' blythe kirn, the plentyfu' increase o' your nowt an' sheep, laiden rigs an' crouded heights, generous an' kindly lairds, an' rowth to pay their rents; peace an' love in your families, wi' a numerous, bonny, an' stout affspring to succeed yoursells, wi' o'ercome to serve their king an' country, by sea an' land, wi' the spirit o' their bauld forbears, wha never fail'd to prove as a brazen dike, in defence o' their nation's independent honours an' ancient renown.

"I am, Men an' Brethren,

"Your affectionate friend an' humble servant,

"Allan Ramsay.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 15, 1736."

Geography made Easy: Being an Abridgement of the American Geography. By Jedediah Morse, A.M., Minister of the Congregation in Charlestown, near Boston. 1791.

"To the Young Masters and Misses throughout the United States, the following Easy Introduction to the useful and entertaining Science of Geography compiled particularly for their Use is dedicated, with his warmest Wishes for their early Improvement in every thing that shall make them truly happy, by their sincere Friend, Jedediah Morse."

Impressions of America during the Years 1833, 1834, and 1835. By Tyrone Power. 1836.

"Dedication to the British public:

"Most persons have a patron, from whose power and influence they have derived support, and of whose favour they feel proud.

"I cannot claim to be of the few who are above this adventurous sort of aid, self-raised, and self-sustained; on the contrary, I have a patron, the only one I ever sought, but whose favour has well repaid my pains of solicitation.

"The patron I allude to is yourself, my Public, much courted, much abused, and commonly accused of being either coldly neglectful or capriciously forgetful of all sort of merit. To me at least you have proved most kind, and hitherto most constant. . . . As an actor, when managers have appeared indifferent, or critics unkind, and my hopes have sunk within me, I have turned to your cheering plaudits, and found in them support for the present and encouragement for the future. . . .

"In presenting this offering to you, I am aware at this the ninth hour, that it abounds in errors; . . . but you also know how my time has been employed since my return to you. Whilst you have nightly laughed with me at the playhouse, I have nightly had the devil (Printer's devil!) waiting for a contribution at home, and he is an imp importunate and insatiable." He begs the public in the end to accept his "crude publication" as the best commodity he has to lay at their feet.

"Bolton Street, May Fair,

"Dec. 23rd, 1835."

Maltravers. By Lord Lytton. 1837.

"To the Great German people, a race of thinkers and of critics, a foreign but familiar audience, profound in judgment, candid in reproof, generous in appreciation, this work is dedicated by an English author."

American Notes. By Charles Dickens. 1842.

"I dedicate this book to those friends of mine in America who, giving me a welcome I must ever gratefully and proudly remember, left my judgment free, and who, loving

their country, can bear the truth, when it is told good-humouredly, and in a kind spirit."

The Works of James Fenimore Cooper. 1859.

"To the American people this illustrated edition of the works of the first American novelist is respectfully dedicated by the publishers.

"W. A. Townsend & Co."

Life of Andrew Jackson. By James Parton. 1860.

"To North Carolina and Tennessee, mother and daughter. One gave Jackson birth, the other opportunity."

The Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo. 1866.

"I dedicate this book to the rock of hospitality and of liberty, to that nook of ancient Norman soil where dwells the noble little nation of the sea: to the Isle of Guernsey, severe yet kind, my present asylum, my probable tomb."

Il Sacco di Roma. By Domenico Orano. 1870.

"To the Comune of Rome of 1870, restored to its historic destiny, these volumes, which will illustrate the Sack of Rome in the year 1527, (are dedicated).

"Domenico Orano."

The Adventures of the Chevalier de la Salle and his Companions. By John S. C. Abbott. 1875.

"To the inhabitants of the Great Valley of the West, whose magnificent realms La Salle and his companions were the first to explore, this volume is respectfully dedicated by John S. C. Abbott."

Rome in the Memory and Imagination of the Middle Ages. By Arturo Graf. 1882-1883.

"To the Eternal City."

The Secret of Death, and Collected Poems. By Edwin Arnold. 1885.

"TO AMERICA"

"Thou new Great Britain! famous, free, and bright,
West of thy West sleepeth my ancient East;
Our sunsets make thy noons: Daytime and Night,
Meet in sweet morning-promise on thy breast.

"Fulfil the promise, Queen of boundless lands!
Where, as thine own, an English singer ranks.
I, who found favour at thy sovereign hands,
Kiss them; and at thy feet lay these, for thanks."

In Ole Virginia. By Thomas Nelson Page. 1887.

"To my people, this fragmentary record of their life is dedicated."

Sir William Johnson and the Six Nations. By William Elliot Griffis. 1891.

"Like my friend, the late Judge John Sanders, of Scotia, Schenectady County, N. Y., who took off his hat when meeting descendants of the heroes of Oriskany, the bloodiest, the most stubbornly contested, and perhaps the decisive battle in the War of the American Revolution, the writer makes his bow to the people of the Mohawk Valley, and to them, and to the memory of their brave ancestors, dedicates this sketch of one of the Makers of America."

John Winthrop. By Joseph Hopkins Twichell. 1892.

"To the City of Hartford, where John Winthrop's priceless Journal was first printed, the Capital of the Commonwealth of which his oldest son was eighteen times chosen governor, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

The Life of George Mason. By Kate Mason Rowland. 1892.

"To Virginia, the illustrious, the dearly loved old dominion, this memoir of one of her sons is dedicated."

The Life and Times of William Lowndes Yancey. By John Witherspoon DuBose. 1892.

"Respectfully inscribed to the American People."

Alle Porte d'Italia. By Edmondo de Amicis. 1893.

"To the town of Pinerolo, the Gateway of Italy, I offer these pages as a tribute of affection and reverence inspired by the beauty of its encircling mountains and the memories of its noble patriotism."

The Dream of Man. By William Watson. 1893.

"TO LONDON, MY HOSTESS"

"City that waitest to be sung,—
 For whom no hand
 To mighty strains the lyre hath strung
 In all this land,
 Though mightier theme the mightiest ones
 Sang not of old,
 The thrice three sisters' Godlike sons
 With lips of gold,—
 Till greater voice thy greatness sing
 In loftier times,
 Suffer an alien muse to bring
 Her votive rhymes.

"Yes, Alien in thy midst am I,
 Not of thy brood;
 The nursling of a norland sky
 Of rougher mood:

To me, thy tarrying guest, to me,
 'Mid thy loud hum,
Strayed visions of the moor or sea
 Tormenting come,
Above the thunder of the wheels
 That hurry by.
From lapping of lone waves there steals
 A far-sent sigh;

“And many a dream-reared mountain crest
 My feet have trod,
There where thy Minster in the West
 Gropes toward God.
Yet from thy presence if I go,
 By woodlands deep
Or ocean fringes, thou, I know,
 Will haunt my sleep;
Thy restless tides of life will foam
 Still, in my sight;
Thy imperturbable dark dome
 Will crown my night.

“O sea of living waves that roll
 On golden sands,
Or break on tragic reef or shoal
 'Mid fatal lands;
O forest wrought of living leaves
 Some filled with Spring,
Where joy life's festal raiment weaves
 And all birds sing,—
Some trampled in the miry ways,
 Or whirled along
By fury of tempestuous days,—
 Take thou my song!

"For thou hast scorned not heretofore
 The gifts of rhyme
 I dropped half faltering at thy door,
 City sublime;
 And though 't is true I am but guest
 Within thy gate,
 Unto thy hands I owe the best
 Awards of fate.
 Imperial hostess! thanks from me
 To thee belong;
 O living forest, living sea,
 Take thou my song!"

Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us. By William Elliot Griffis. 1894.

"Dedicated to that large number of American people who, whether they know it or not, have in their veins 'Nederlandsche Bluet.' "

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Paul Sabatier. 1894.

"To the Strasburghers.

"Friends!

"At last here is this book which I told you about so long ago. The result is small indeed in relation to the endeavor, as I, alas, see better than anyone. The widow of the Gospel put only one mite into the alms-box of the temple, but this mite, they tell us, won her Paradise. Accept this mite that I offer you to-day as God accepted that of the poor woman, looking not at her offering, but at her love. *Feci quod potui, omnia dedi.*

"Do not chide me too severely for this long delay, for you are somewhat its cause. Many times a day at Florence, at Assisi, at Rome, I have forgotten the document I had to study. Something in me seemed to have gone to flutter at your windows, and sometimes they opened. One evening

two years ago at St. Damian I forgot myself and remained long after sunset. An old monk came to warn me that the sanctuary was closed. 'Per Bacco,' he gently murmured as he led me away all ready to receive my confidences, 'sognava d'amore o di tristitia?' Well, yes, I was dreaming of love and sadness, for I was dreaming of Strasbourg."

The Letters of Junius. Dedication to the English Nation.

I dedicate to you a Collection of Letters, written by one of yourselves for the common benefit of us all. They would never have grown to this size, without your continued encouragement and applause. To me they originally owe nothing but a healthy, sanguine constitution. Under *your* care they have thriven. To *you* they are indebted for whatever strength or beauty they possess. When Kings and Ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are felt only in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity. When you leave the unimpaired hereditary freehold to your children, you do but half your duty. Both liberty and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them. This is not the language of vanity. If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle. I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.

If an honest, and, I may truly affirm, a laborious zeal for the public service, has given me any weight in your esteem, let me exhort and conjure you, never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures, and, where they

do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy. Be assured that the laws which protect us in our civil rights, grow out of the constitution, and they must fall or flourish with it. This is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain. Although the King should continue to support his present system of government, the period is not very distant, at which you will have the means of redress in your own power. It may be nearer, perhaps, than any of us expect; and I would warn you to be prepared for it. The King may possibly be advised to dissolve the present Parliament a year or two before it expires of course, and precipitate a new election, in hopes of taking the nation by surprise. If such a measure be in agitation, this very caution may defeat or prevent it.

* * * * *

The inattention or indifference of the nation has continued too long. You are roused at last to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. If *Junius* lives, you shall often be reminded of it. If, when the opportunity presents itself, you neglect to do your duty to yourselves and to posterity, to God, and to your country, I shall have one consolation left, in common with the meanest and basest of mankind:—Civil liberty may still last the life of Junius.

Twelve Indian Statesmen. By George Smith. 1897.

"To all my Countrymen who care for India, and especially to the young whose lot is to be cast in it; to show how possible and good it is to unite the Statesman with the Soldier, the Philanthropist with the Patriot, and the Christian with all, in the Government of a Subject Race."¹

Forty-One Years in India from Subaltern to Commander-in-chief. By Field Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. 1898.

"To the country to which I am so proud of belonging, to the army to which I am so deeply indebted, and to my wife, without whose loving help my 'Forty-one Years in India' could not be the happy retrospect it is,—I dedicate this book."

Legends of Switzerland. By H  l  ne Adeline Guerber. 1899.

"Dedicated to Switzerland, in grateful memory of happy summers spent within its borders."

The Life and Letters of Admiral Dewey. By Adelbert M. Dewey. 1899.

"To the American people, to whom George Dewey, of Vermont, is a most illustrious example, and to the many thousands of noble men and women in this haven for the oppressed of all the world, in whose veins courses the blood of Thomas Dewey, the Settler, this book is most respectfully dedicated by the author."

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 1900.

"To Italy, the beloved and beautiful, instructress of our past, delight of our present, comrade of our future:—The heart of an Englishwoman offers this book."

¹ (Written by Sir Herbert Edwardes as the Dedication for his "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," which he did not live to complete.)

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis. 1903.

"To the young men of America."

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. 1903.

"To the electors of the Montrose burghs, I beg leave to inscribe this book in grateful recognition of the confidence and friendship with which they have honoured me."

James Oglethorpe. By Harriet C. Cooper. 1904.

"To the children of Georgia."

The Aftermath of Slavery. By William A. Sinclair. 1905.

"To all Americans who believe that the flag shall be the symbol of liberty under law and of equal rights before the law for all Americans."

India and her People. By Swami Abhedânanda. 1906.

"To the People of India, with deep fellow-feeling and earnest prayers for the restoration of their ancient glory and national freedom."

The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. 1906(?).

"To the Men of Glengarry, who in patience, in courage, and in the fear of God, are helping to build the empire of the Canadian West, this book is humbly dedicated."

Chinatown Ballads. By Wallace Irwin. 1906.

"To the City of Dreams that has passed again to the magic box of the Dreamer, this collection of rhymed memories is affectionately dedicated."

The Lower Niger and its Tribes. By Major Arthur Glyn Leonard. 1906.

DEDICATION

"To the Natives of Southern Nigeria in particular, and of West Africa in general, this Work is dedicated, in all true

sincerity and sympathy, not only as a small memento of ten years' personal touch, but in the best and truest interests of themselves, and of Humanity, by one who has always endeavoured to labour on their behalf with the strenuous and untiring energy of a sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

"Further, as one who voluntarily and unselfishly devoted some of the best years of her life in the same good cause, it is in all esteem and respect dedicated to the memory of Miss MARY KINGSLEY, and to the African Society that emanated therefrom, the object and motive of which is to advance the glorious cause of civilisation and progress."

John Sherman: His Life and Public Services. By Winfield S. Kerr. 1908.

"To the People of Ohio, whose confidence and support so honoured him, and whom he so honoured in his public services, this *Life of John Sherman* is dedicated."

An Interpretation of India's Religious History. By Robert A. Hume. 1911.

"To my Indian Brothers, Christian and non-Christian, with love and hope."

The English and English Influence in Italy in the XVIII Century. Torino, 1911.

"To the English Nation, worthy of its destinies."

Panama, Past and Present. By Farnham Bishop. 1913.

DEDICATION

"To the Old Admiral, white and frail,
Red Indian, swarthy Cimaroon,
Conquistadores brave in mail,
Beneath the blaze of tropic noon,
To Morgan's swaggering bucaners,
To gallant Nuñez and his men;
To Goethals and his engineers,
Who cleft the peaks of Darien."

Sally. By Hugh Clifford.

"TO MY BRETHREN IN MALAYA"

"The grim Recording Angel turns the pages of the Book,
 And the days are thrust behind us past recall—
 All the sorrows that we tasted, all the pleasures that we
 took
 In that life we shared together, Brothers all!
 But to-day the forest whispers and to-day the ungkas
 whoop,
 While the big, slow river lumbers down to meet the sun-
 lit sea,
 And the village drones and drowzes where the palm-
 fronds lift or droop,
 For the old life glideth onward still—with ne'er a place
 for me!

.

"Ye are far, too far, my Brothers, gnarled brown faces that
 I know—
 Men who dealt with me aforetime, friend with friend
 and heart with heart,—
 Our paths lie worlds asunder, since the Fates would have
 it so,
 For behold 'The Order reached me,'¹ and today, old
 Friends, we part.
 Yet you will not quite forget me, O my Brothers over sea—
 Let me keep that fond illusion, it will help me on my
 way—
 And I pray you tell the little ones who gather round
 your knee
 Of the days we saw together in the Land of the Malay.

¹ Noto sudale sampaihuknen—"The order hath come!"—a Malay euphemism for Death, wherein there is a great bitterness.—H. C.

“And my thanks are yours, my Brothers, for a thousand
acts of grace,
For the trust wherewith you trusted, for the love where-
with you loved,
For your honest, open greetings, outstretched hand and
friendly face—
For the kindness that ye dealt me when through all your
land I roved.
It was mine to toil and struggle, it was mine to war with
wrong,
It was mine to labour for you, aye to sorrow, hope and
yearn;
But I'll shout it on the house-tops from Barbados to
Hong-Kong—
If to you I rendered service, I from you had most to
learn!

“Hugh Clifford.”

General Gordon: A Christian Hero. By Major Setin
Churchill. (n.d.)

“Dedicated to the young men of England, with the
earnest desire that some of the noble, Godlike charac-
teristics of this Christian soldier and hero may be
reproduced in future generations.”

VII

To Armies and Navies

VII

To Armies and Navies

The Kedge-Anchor; or, Young Sailor's Assistant. By William Brady, Sailing-master, U. S. N. 1849.

"Dedicated to the United States Navy and Merchant Service."

The Life and Adventures of Rear-Admiral John Paul Jones, Commonly Called Paul Jones. By John S. C. Abbott. 1874.

"To the officers and seamen of the United States Navy this volume, commemorative of the heroic achievements of one of the most illustrious of their number, is respectfully dedicated by John S. C. Abbott.

"Fair Haven, Conn., 1874."

Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant. 1885.

"These volumes are dedicated to the American soldier and sailor.

"U. S. Grant.

"New York City

"May 23rd, 1885."

General Johnston. By Robert M. Hughes. 1893.

"I take pride in dedicating to the Army of Tennessee, as a tribute to its constancy and valor, this sketch of the great captain who led it in its palmy days, and with whose renown it is inseparably associated."

General Thomas. By Henry Coppée. 1893.

"To the memory of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland who fell while fighting with Thomas, and to the noble survivors who contributed to his renown and cherish his memory."

General Lee. By Fitzhugh Lee. 1894.

"I dedicate this book to the memory of the soldiers who fought and fell under the wave of Robert E. Lee's sword, and are 'sleeping in unbroken ranks, with the dew on their brows and the rust on their mail.' "

George Washington Day by Day. By Elizabeth Bryant Johnston. 1895.

"To the Children of my Country,—the Army which Washington said could never be conquered."

On Many Seas. The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor. By Frederick Benton Williams. 1897.

"To the sailors who have made the American flag known and respected in every harbour of the world."

A Gunner Aboard the "Yankee." From the Diary of Number Five of the After Port Gun. The Yarn of the Cruise and Fights of the Naval Reserves in the Spanish-American War. Edited by H. H. Lewis, with Introduction by Rear-Admiral Sampson. 1898.

"To the naval reserve organizations throughout the United States, who have made such an enviable record during the Spanish-American War, and before whom such a glorious future opens, this book is respectfully dedicated."

The Rough Riders. By Theodore Roosevelt. 1899.

"On behalf of the Rough Riders I dedicate this book to the officers and men of the five regular regiments which,

together with mine, made up the cavalry division at Santiago.

"Theodore Roosevelt.

"Executive Mansion, Albany, N. Y.

"May, 1899."

The Rescue of Cuba. By Andrew S. Draper. 1899.

"To the heroic youth of our country, who at the call of duty do not hesitate to offer their lives for freedom and the flag."

The Gathering at Santiago. By John H. Parker.

"To the enlisted members of the detachment, who by their devotion, courage, and endurance made its success possible, this volume is dedicated as a token of esteem by the author."

The Life of Wellington. By the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. 1900.

"To the British Army in profound admiration for its past and equal confidence in its future, this Memoir of its Great Example is dedicated by the Author."

Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy. By Augustus C. Buell. 1900.

"To Charles Henry Cramp, builder of navies, the author inscribes this history of Paul Jones, founder of a navy."

David G. Farragut. By John Randolph Spears. 1905.

"To the men of the American Navy, good and true, every one, who believe with Admiral Farragut that 'the best Protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns.'"

Robert E. Lee, the Southerner. By Thomas Nelson Page. 1908.

"To the memory of 'as gallant and brave an army as ever existed:' the Army of Northern Virginia: on whose imperishable deeds and incomparable constancy the fame of their old Commander was founded."

The American Battleship and Life in the Navy. Also Humorous Yarns as Told by a Bluejacket. By Thomas Beyer. 1908.

"To the relatives and friends of the American Bluejackets and all who are interested in the great United States Navy, this book is respectfully dedicated."

Grant, the Man of Mystery. By Colonel Nicholas Smith. 1909.

"Dedicated to the memory of Ulysses S. Grant, and to the soldiers and sailors of the Grand Army of the Republic."

The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States. By Francis Vinton Greene. 1911.

"To the officers and men, those now living and those who have gone before, of the United States Army, who have carried its colors to victory on many fields and in many climes, have compelled the surrender of its armed foes at Saratoga and Yorktown, Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, Donelson, Vicksburg, Appomattox and Durham's Station, Santiago and Manila, and who in the intervening years of peace have subdued the savage, explored the wilderness, prepared the great West for the teeming millions who now inhabit it, contributed to the advancement of science, abated the tropical pestilence, directed the nation's public works, constructed the Panama Canal,—this book is, with profound admiration and warm-hearted affection, respectfully dedicated."

Middle Watch Musings. By Q. F. C. Guns and Phyl Theeluker. 1911.

"To our many naval friends who can claim to come under the category of 'cheerful souls,' this book is respectfully dedicated by the authors."

The British Battle Fleet. By Fred T. Jane. 1912.

"To those who in all ages built the ships of the British Navy, and to the unknown men who have worked those ships and so made possible the fame of many admirals."

VIII

To Institutions and Societies

VIII

To Institutions and Societies

Volpone, or The Fox. By Ben Jonson. 1605.

“To the most noble and most equal sisters, the two famous Universities, for their love and acceptance shewn to his poem in the presentation, Ben Jonson, the grateful acknowledger, dedicates both it and himself.”

In the long address that follows, on the worthiness of the poet's calling, Jonson admits the degradation of much of the stage-poetry of the day, but denies that “all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell;” for himself, he says, he can “affirm that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness.” He concludes with a fine paragraph that reads in part: “For the present (most revered sisters) as I have cared to be thankful for your affections past, and here made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits: wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world.”

Via Devia: The By-Way: Misleading the Weake and Unstable into Dangerous Paths of Error, by Colourable Shews of Apocryphall Scriptures, Unwritten Traditions,

Doubtful Fathers, Ambiguous Councells, and Pretended Catholike Church. Discovered by Humphrey Lynde, Knight. 1630.

"To the Ingenuous and Moderat Romanists of this Kingdome: H. L. wisheth the knowledge of the Safe Way,¹ that leadeth to eternall Happinesse.

"Christian is my name, and Catholique is my Sirname: the one I challenge from my baptism in Christ's Church; the other from my profession of All-saving Trueth in God's Word. If you question this my right or claime, I will produce my Evidence out of ancient and undoubted Records and joyne issue with you upon the marks of your owne Church; and if I proove not the Faith which I profess to bee Ancient, and Catholike, I will neither refuse the name nor punishment due to Heresie." The fifty-five page Epistle concludes: "The cause is God's, the labour is mine; if you wil reade it impartially and can shew me any error clearly, faithfully, and moderately, I wil make a work of Retractions, and profess openly with righteous Job: O that mine adversary would write a Booke against mee, I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a Crown unto me.

"H. L."

Hebreisches Wörter Buch. By Ludwig Christoph Schefer, Berlenburg. 1720.

"To the True Members of the Philadelphian Community which The Lord in our times has been pleased to cause to appear, and to which He will give an open door, through which it attains a knowledge of the secrets and also of the signs of its times, in order that His approach may draw ever nearer, to judge the living and the dead, with His

¹In 1628, "H. L." wrote *Via Tuta, or the Safe Way leading all Christians to the true ancient and catholique faith now professed in the Church of England.*

appearing and with His Kingdom. Let me wish Grace, Peace, Light and Love from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

A New and Complete Illustration of the Celestial Science of Astrology. By Ebenezer Sibley. 1784-1788.

"To the ancient and honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

"Gentlemen and Brethren,

"The Antiquity of your excellent Fraternity, the universality of its plan and the moral rectitude and purity of its design, claim a decided pre-eminence over every other Bond of Society into which mankind have ever formed themselves for the mutual welfare and happiness of each other. The nobleness of soul which first prompted to its institution, and the benevolence of heart which has ever since prevailed throughout all its members, will remain a subject of lasting admiration!

"To you, therefore, as the promoters of liberal sentiment, and the guardians of every useful science, I commit this venerable pile of ancient Astrology; a fabric obviously constructed by the Great Architect of the World, primeval with the Ordination of Nature, and inseparable from one of the grand subjects of your official contemplation.

"This Science, by being little known, and less understood, may meet with censure and disapprobation from that description of learned, as well as of illiterate, men, whose rule of faith uniformly keeps pace with their own arbitrary conceptions. But the dispassionate part of mankind, with every good Mason, will candidly weigh the evidence 'by the balance of the Sanctuary,' and reserve their sentence till after a fair and impartial trial.

"Sheltered, therefore, under the wing of your fraternal regard, and patronized by every sober admirer of the secret works of Nature, I shall attempt to lay the Foundation Stone of an illustrious Building, sacred to Urania, upon

which some more able and ingenious Workman, sanctioned by your patronage and protection, may hereafter raise the edifice to out-top the skies, and, like Jacob's ladder, pierce the starry regions, leading the intellectual faculties of the soul to the most sublime contemplations of God and Nature.

"I have the honour to profess myself, with unequivocal attachment and esteem,

"Gentlemen,

"Your Accepted Brother,

"And Faithful Servant,

"E. Sibly.

"Portsmouth Common,

"In the Year of Masonry, 5784."

This has also a three-page dedication "to the young student in astrology."

The Diversions of Purley. By John Horne Tooke. 1786.

"To the University of Cambridge,

"ONE of her grateful sons—who always considers acts of voluntary justice towards himself as Favours,—dedicates this humble offering. And particularly to her chief ornament for virtue and talents, the reverend doctor Beadon, master of Jesus college."

Dictionary of the Chinese Language. By the Reverend Robert Morrison. 1815.

"To the honorable the Court of Directors of the United East India Company, at whose sole expense the following work is printed, it is most respectfully dedicated by their much obliged and very obedient humble servant, the Author."

Force and Nature: Attraction and Repulsion. By Charles Frederick Winslow. 1869.

"To the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and to the scientific students of the United States

of America, the following pages are respectfully dedicated by the Author.

"London, August, 1868."

The Progress of the World in Arts, Agriculture, Commerce . . . since the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.
By Michael G. Mulhall. 1880.

"To the press of Great Britain, which so zealously promotes the moral and material progress of the age, this work is respectfully dedicated by the author."

Sermons. By the Reverend Phillips Brooks. 1880.

"To the three parishes which it has been his privilege to serve,—the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, and Trinity Church, Boston,—these sermons are affectionately dedicated by their friend and minister."

A. H. Currier dedicates the *Life of Constans L. Goodell* to the *two* churches he served in his ministry. The enumeration of churches seems a not uncommon form of dedication in the case of a minister's biography.

The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. 1881.

"To the Women of the Confederacy,—whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war; whose fortitude sustained them under all privations to which they were subjected; whose annual tribute expresses their enduring grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead; and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires;—these pages are dedicated by their countryman

"Jefferson Davis."

The Light of Asia. By Sir Edwin Arnold. 1890.

"This volume is dutifully inscribed to the Sovereign, Grand Master, and Companions of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, by the Author."

The Pleroma. A Poem of the Christ. By the Reverend Ezra Porter Chittenden. 1890.

"Dedicated to The Church which is the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

History of the American Pianoforte. By Daniel Spillane. 1890.

"To the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, which has exercised such a potent influence upon the early history of the American Pianoforte and the kindred arts, this work is respectfully dedicated."

Abraham Coles: Biographical Sketch, Memorial Tributes, etc. Edited by his son, Jonathan Ackerman Coles. 1892.

"Dedicated to the Evangelical Alliance, 'an association for the defence of Religious Liberty and promoting the Unity of all believers in the essentials of Christianity and their Co-operation for its Progress.'"

Bernard of Clairvaux. By Richard S. Storrs. 1892.

"To the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, New York:

"Trained by God's grace, in its own happy work, till its freedom has become the helper of faith, its devoutness the teacher of catholic sympathy, the beauty of holiness its commanding ideal, the victory of Christ its supreme expectation,—long service which has been rich in reward,—these lectures, written in its library, and sketching a life of singular lustre, are affectionately inscribed."

Don Quixote. 1892.

"To the Royal Academy of Spain.

"Most esteemed Sirs:

"This edition would have been incomplete without the generous assistance which the Royal Academy has lent to the undersigned, granting the reproduction of the most valuable steel plates which adorn the rich editions published by so learned a body in 1780 and 1819.

"Profoundly grateful for so marked a favor, this edition is dedicated to you.

"Ceferino Gorchs."

(From the Spanish.)

The Book of the Lifeboat. With a Complete History of the Lifeboat Saturday Movement, Numerous Original Illustrations, and Thrilling Narratives, Written by Eyewitnesses of Shipwrecks and Lifeboat Rescues on the Coasts of the British Isles. The Dangers and Excitements Set forth by Members of the Lifeboat Crews Engaged in the Work. Edited and Arranged by James C. Dibdin and John Ayling. 1894.

"Dedicated by special permission to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and to the Secretary, Mr. Charles Dibdin."

Life of General Thomas Pinckney. By the Reverend Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. 1895.

"To the Society of the Cincinnati in the United States of America, this sketch of the fourth President General of our order is respectfully dedicated by their fellow-member Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, President of the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of South Carolina."

The Peoples and Politics of the Far East. By **Henry Norman.** 1895.

"Præsidi Sociisque Harvardianis. Τροφεία."¹

Colonial Days in Old New York. By **Alice Morse Earle.** 1896.

"To the Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York, this book is dedicated by a loyal and loving member.

"The Author."

The Tale of the Spinning-Wheel. By **Elizabeth Cynthia Barney Buel.**

"Dedicated in grateful affection to the Mary Floyd Tallmadge Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, whose ready sympathy and enthusiasm have never failed in work for 'home and country.'"

An American's Patriotic Catechism. By **Elizabeth Sedgwick Vaill.** 1896.

"Dedicated to Mrs. Livingstone K. Miller, Regent of the Liberty Pole Chapter of Englewood, New Jersey, and to all Sons and Daughters of Revolutionary descent."

Henry Knox, a Soldier of the Revolution. By **Noah Brooks.** 1900.

"To the Society of the Cincinnati, whose enduring patriotic influence and beneficence justify the wisdom of its originators, this memorial of one of its most illustrious founders is respectfully dedicated."

Israel Putnam. By **William Farrand Livingston.** 1901

"To my Alma Mater, Williams College, founded by the gallant soldier, Colonel Ephraim Williams, under whose command Israel Putnam marched into his first battle."

¹ To the President and Fellows of Harvard. Τροφεία signifies payment due to a nurse or rearer.

The Hall of Fame. By Henry M. MacCracken. 1901.

"To the one hundred Electors of the Hall of Fame, dwelling in forty-two States of America, whose patriotic aid has given to this foundation national character and influence, this volume is gratefully dedicated."

The Orchestra and Orchestral Music. By William James Henderson. 1902.

"To the Philharmonic Society of New York, which has maintained through fifty-seven years its existence as an orchestra devoted to the performance of artistic music."

Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College 1766-1773. By One of the Class of 1763, William Paterson. Edited by W. Jay Mills. 1903.

"To all lovers of Princeton University and its illustrious past, this book is dedicated in memory of William Paterson, 3d."

Life of Robert Edward Lee. By Henry E. Shepherd. 1906.

"To the Women of the Confederacy, whose faith has never faltered, whose zeal has never grown cold, even though men have proved recreant to the Cause; whose heroism elicited the highest admiration of Lee, I dedicate this Volume, in the hope that it may live with the Memory of their Glory and the Eternity of his Fame."

Footsteps in a Parish. An Appreciation of Maltbie Davenport Babcock as a Pastor. By John Timothy Stone. 1908.

"To the loyal people of Brown Memorial Church, whose love and faithfulness have caused those who have ministered to them to rise up and call them blessed."

The Call of the City. By Charles Mulford Robinson. 1908.

"Affectionately dedicated to the Humdrum Club, Rochester, New York."

The Life of Principal Rainy. By P. Carnegie Simpson. 1909.

"To the Church which is yet to arise in Scotland, united, national, and free."

The Japanese Nation, its Land, its People and its Life. With Special Consideration to its Relations to the United States. By Inazo Nitobé, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D. 1912.
(President of the first National College, Japan; Professor in the Imperial University at Tokio; Exchange Professor from Japan to American Universities.)

"To the Universities of Brown, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Illinois, Minnesota, under whose auspices were delivered the lectures which gave it birth, I dedicate this book in grateful remembrance."

Organized Labor. By A. J. Portenar. 1912.

"TO ORGANIZED LABOR."

"Reflecting every human frailty;
Reflecting every human virtue;
Liberal, generous, tyrannical, arrogant,
Working injustice while crying for justice;
Working for justice while suffering injustice;
More good than evil, more sinned against than sinning,
This book is dedicated in the hope that it may be of service."

IX

To Lovers of Mankind

IX

To Lovers of Mankind

The Percy Anecdotes: Original and Select. By Sholto and Reuben Percy. 1821.

"To Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the female Howard of her times, these anecdotes of beneficence are respectfully inscribed by her most devoted and obedient humble servants.

"Sholto Percy

"Reuben Percy."

This is the dedication of the *Anecdotes of Beneficence* in Volume I of the collection. Mrs. Fry herself is the subject of one of the anecdotes in this section, and of another in the *Anecdotes of Humanity* in the same volume; and the appropriateness of the dedication will be evident from a few quotations. "The great pattern of active goodness, to whom these *Anecdotes of Beneficence* are inscribed, was so early inspired with a desire to be of use to her fellow creatures that in her eighteenth year she prevailed on her father, Mr. John Gurney of Earlham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, to convert one of the apartments of Earlham Hall into a school-room. Here Mrs. Fry daily received four and twenty poor children to whom she read and explained the Bible. . . . In 1800, she married Mr. Fry, who, far from opposing her benevolent labours, does everything to facilitate them." The work that establishes her right to be called a "female Howard" was the alleviation of the conditions of women prisoners in Newgate. After visiting Newgate at the instance of the Society of Friends, and noting the frightful conditions that prevailed there, Mrs. Fry formed a committee of Friends (about 1816) and was given the authority to bring about reforms. "After a year of unceasing labour on the part of Mrs. Fry and the other members of the Committee, they had the noble satisfaction

of exhibiting one of the most amazing transformations which was perhaps ever effected in the condition of a number of human beings. 'Riot, licentiousness, and filth . . . were exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness, in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of the prisoners. There was no more to be seen an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no longer resounded with obscenity and imprecations and licentious songs. To use the strong but just expression of one who knew the prison well, this hell upon earth exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well-regulated family.' "

Fisher's New System of Society. Philadelphia, 1826.

"To Robert Owen and those other members of the community who are anxious to ameliorate the Condition of Society, the following pages are Respectfully inscribed.

"By W. L. Fisher."

Fort's Medical Practise. By Tomlinson Fort. 1849.

"To the physicians of the State of Georgia: Gentlemen,—

"I dedicate to you this Dissertation on the practise of medicine, as a grateful acknowledgement of the kindness, respect, and confidence, which I have experienced at the hands of every one of you with whom I have had the honour of becoming acquainted; and to show that I have great reliance in your ready acquiescence in this attempt to give to the science of Medicine a wider range in the mental operations of the age.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

"Tomlinson Fort.

"Milledgeville, Ga., January 23, 1849."

Life and Public Services of John Quincy Adams. By William H. Seward. 1855.

"To the friends of equal liberty and human rights throughout the world, this volume is respectfully inscribed."

Social Reform in England. By Lucien Davesiès de Pontès.
Translated by the Widow of the Author. 1866.

"To her own and her departed husband's dear and honoured friend, Matthew Davenport Hill, to whose unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity the improvements of penal discipline in England are in a great degree due, this volume is dedicated by the widow of the author."

Elements of Art Criticism. By George Whitefield Samson.
1867.

"To W. W. Corcoran, whose intelligent culture at home and abroad, whose appreciative patronage of art, and whose generous benefactions in every charity, have made him a representative American in devotion to 'the true, the beautiful, and the good,' and especially the national patron of art at the metropolis of the American Union, this volume is respectfully dedicated by his friend, the author."

The Charities of New York, Brooklyn, and Staten Island.
By Henry J. Cammann and Hugh N. Camp. 1868.

"To the Reverend William A. Muhlenberg, D.D., the honoured founder and pastor of St. Luke's Hospital; who, by his unaffected piety and winning kindness, has drawn to his work of love and charity many a willing heart, many a liberal hand; this book is respectfully dedicated by the Authors."

Underwoods. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1887.

"There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not unfrequently; the artist rarely; rarer still, the clergyman; the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower (such as it is) of our civilisation; and when that stage of man is done

with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practice an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heraclean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sick-room, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing.

“Gratitude is but a lame sentiment; thanks, when they are expressed, are often more embarrassing than welcome; and yet I must set forth mine to a few out of many doctors who have brought me comfort and help: to Dr. Willey of San Francisco, whose kindness to a stranger it must be as grateful to him, as it is touching to me, to remember; to Dr. Karl Ruedi of Davos, the good genius of the English in his frosty mountains; to Dr. Herbert of Paris, whom I knew only for a week, and to Dr. Caissot of Montpellier, whom I knew only for ten days, and who have yet written their names deeply in my memory; to Dr. Brandt of Royat; to Dr. Wakefield of Nice; to Dr. Chepmell, whose visits make it a pleasure to be ill; to Dr. Horace Dobell, so wise in counsel; to Sir Andrew Clark, so unwearied in kindness; and to that wise youth, my uncle, Dr. Balfour.

“I forget as many as I remember; and I ask both to pardon me, these for silence, those for inadequate speech. But one name I have kept on purpose to the last, because it is a household word with me, and because if I had not received favours from so many hands and in so many quarters of the world, it should have stood upon this page alone: that of my friend Thomas Bodley Scott of Bourne-mouth. Will he accept this, although shared among so many, for a dedication to himself? and when next my ill-fortune (which has thus its pleasant side) brings him hurrying to me when he would fain sit down to meat or lie down

to rest, will he care to remember that he takes this trouble for one who is not fool enough to be ungrateful?

"R. L. S.

"Skerryvore,
"Bournemouth."

Rifted Clouds. By Bella Cooke. (n. d.)

"Dedicated to Miler W. Palmer, M.D., who for fifty-nine years was Bella Cooke's beloved physician." (Volume III.)

Bella Cooke was an invalid, and very poor, and her physician treated her for years without pay.

Stephen Hislop, Pioneer Missionary and Naturalist in Central India from 1844-1863. By George Smith. 1888.

"To John Campbell White, Overtown, whose life illustrates the spiritual law of Thomas Chalmers, that foreign missions act on home missions not by exhaustion but by fermentation."

The Apostle of Burma: A Missionary Epic in Commemoration of the Centennial of the Birth of Adoniram Judson. By William C Richards. 1889.

"TO EDWARD JUDSON, D.D."

"Dear Friend, to thee, thy noble father's son,
May I, with fitness unimpeachable,
These humble lays inscribe, which seek to tell
What he in Gautama's great realm had done,
What sought to do, what suffered, and what won
Of guerdons, such as dauntless Paul befell,
Seeking in lesser Asia to dispel
Like heathen glooms thy great sire gazed upon.

“Apostles of the Gentiles both, their names
At the far ends of nineteen centuries ring;
And thine with Timothy’s I ’m fain to match,
Since thou hadst grace (as he from Paul) to catch
His zeal and spirit, of whose worth I bring
These echoes of the Christian world’s acclaims.”

Honda the Samurai, a Story of Modern Japan. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. 1890.

“To the Noble Band of Missionaries, living and dead, who have done so much to make the new Japan that is, and the Christian Japan that is to be, the Author dedicates this work in profound appreciation.”

City Government in the United States. By Alfred R. Conkling. 1894.

“To the founders of the City Club of New York, whose zealous devotion to the cause of good government is heartily appreciated by all public-spirited citizens, these pages are sincerely inscribed.”

The New Acts of the Apostles, or the Marvel of Modern Missions. By Arthur T. Pierson. 1894.

“As a grateful offering to the memory of the Reverend Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D., who beyond most other men of this century of missions contributed to the new chapters of its missionary history; and who, having served his own generation by the will of God, ‘being dead, yet speaketh’; and as an affectionate tribute to the Reverend Andrew Thomson, D.D., F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh, Scotland, senior member of the directory of the lectureship, who, having passed four score years, at his advanced age still holds forth the word of life, preaching the message of the Gospel, and urging the Church of Christ to greater fidelity in her mission to mankind, this volume is inscribed by the author.”

"Dr. Duff was a man distinguished alike by his fine genius, his glowing eloquence, and his Christian zeal,—a man whose name, familiar as a household word in many parts of India at the present day, stands in the front rank of those great missionaries who have been incalculable blessings to India during recent generations."
(From the introduction to this book by the Reverend A. Thomson.)

A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology. By Andrew D. White. 1898.

"To the memory of Ezra Cornell I dedicate this book."

Pulmonary Tuberculosis. By S. A. Knopf, M.D. 1899.

"To the hygienists, statesmen, and philanthropists, and the many noble men and women inside and outside of the medical profession, who labor and have labored in behalf of tuberculous invalids, and who have helped to demonstrate that consumption is a preventable and curable disease."

A Study of Christian Missions. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. 1900.

"To the pastors of America."

Men of Might in India Missions; the Leaders and their Epochs, 1706-1899. By Helen H. Holcomb. 1901.

"To the young men and maidens whose hearts God has touched, and who in life's fair morning, looking out over the world's great harvest-field, are asking, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' this volume is dedicated with the prayer that some of those who read these pages, hearing the voice of the Lord saying as He did to His prophet Isaiah, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' may answer, as did the prophet, 'Here am I, send me.' "

Queen of the Woods. By Chief Simon Pokagon. 1901.

"As a token of sincere appreciation, I, Pokagon, hereby inscribe *Queen of the Woods* to all societies and individuals,

benefactors of our race,—who have so bravely stood for our rights, while poisoned arrows of bitter prejudice flew thick and fast about them,—boldly declaring to all the world that ‘the white man and the red man are brothers, and that God is the Father of All.’ ”

The Story of My Life. By Helen Keller. 1903.

“To Alexander Graham Bell, who has taught the deaf to speak and enabled the listening ear to hear speech from the Atlantic to the Rockies, I dedicate this story of my life.”

The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson. By Thomas E. Watson. 1903.

“Because he has consecrated his wealth, talent, and energies to the improvement of the conditions under which the masses of our people live; because he has shown an earnest, fearless, and consistent interest in the cause of the weak and oppressed; because he is today working with splendid ability along the same lines which Mr. Jefferson marked out a hundred years ago, I dedicate this book to William Randolph Hearst.”

Islam and the Oriental Churches. By William Ambrose Shedd. 1904.

“Dedicated to the memory of Benjamin Woods Larabee, who met a cruel death, Salmas, Persia, March Ninth, MCMIV, a true friend and a devoted missionary.”

On the Trail of the Immigrant. By Edward A. Steiner. 1906.

“This book is affectionately dedicated to ‘The Man at the Gate,’ Robert Watchorn, United States Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, who, in the exercise of his office, has been loyal to the interests of his coun-

try, and has dealt humanely, justly and without prejudice, with men of 'every kindred and tongue and people and nation.' "

The Life of Henry George. By Henry George, Jr. 1906.

"To all who strive for the reign of justice."

The Study of Stellar Evolution. By George Ellery Hale. 1907.

"These volumes are dedicated to the men and women of our time and country who, by wise and generous giving, have encouraged the search after truth in all departments of knowledge."

Daybreak in Turkey. By James L. Barton, D.D. 1908.

"To the revered memory of that noble company of men and women of all races and creeds who have toiled and sacrificed and died that Turkey might be free, this volume is dedicated."

Gillette's Industrial Solution: World Corporation. By Melvin L. Severy. 1908.

DEDICATION

"For all those who suffer—love, sympathy and hope. For those who, comfortable themselves, would yet rejoice in the alleviation of their brothers' pain—greeting, a mission and Godspeed. For those great sou's who cannot accept a selfish peace, or find an individual happiness, in the midst of general misery—enthusiasm, the right hand of fellowship, and enlistment in the cause of human uplift—the cause beside which all others are lost in insignificance."

Christian Epoch-Makers. By Henry C. Vedder. 1908.

"To William Ashmore, who for fifty golden years by precept and example has taught China the Gospel, and America the worth of foreign missions."

Haremlik: Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women.
By Demetra Vako Brown (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). 1909.

"To Kenneth Brown, who has not crossed the threshold of a Harem, but without whose help these friends of mine would never have crossed theirs."

Social Service and the Art of Healing. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. 1909.

"To the Social Workers of the Massachusetts General Hospital, whose fruitful labors this book lamely but most gratefully describes."

Visiting Nursing in the United States. By Yssabella Waters. 1909.

"To Lillian D. Wald, founder of the Nurses' settlement, New York City, whose work has been an inspiration to so many nurses."

Through the work of this settlement, over sixty thousand patients among the poor are cared for every year.

Florence Nightingale. By Laura E. Richards. 1909.

"To the Sister Eleanor of the Sisterhood of Saint Mary, herself through many long years a devoted worker for the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful, this brief record of an heroic life is affectionately dedicated."

Morris Ketchum Jessup. A Character Sketch. By William Adams Brown. 1910.

"To those who love their kind and prove their love by service."

Regeneration: Being an Account of the Social Work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain. By H. Rider Haggard. 1910.

"I dedicate these pages to the Officers and Soldiers of the Salvation Army, in token of my admiration of the self-

sacrificing work by which it is their privilege to aid the poor and wretched throughout the world."

The Laws of Japanese Painting. By Henry P. Bowie. 1911.

"To the memory of Kubota Beisen, a great artist and a kindly man, whose happiness was in helping others, and whose triumphant career has shed enduring lustre upon the Art of Japanese Painting."

Congo Life and Folklore. By the Reverend John H. Weeks. 1911.

"To my colleagues, living and dead, whose arduous labours and faithful lives have redounded to the glory of Christ, and to the establishment of His Kingdom in Congo-land; and to those co-workers in the home-land whose generosity, prayers and kindly words have supported, strengthened and encouraged them all these years, this book is respectfully dedicated."

Is that Lamp Going Out? The Crimean Veteran Tells how the Lady Lit the Lamp. 1911.

"To the heroic memory of Florence Nightingale, 'the Lady with the Lamp.' In grateful recognition of those who have worked in the light of her Lamp for the wounded in the Battle of Life, and in the hope that some who read may spare a drop of oil, so that her Lamp may shine more brightly until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Replanning Small Cities. By John Nolen. 1912.

"To the public-spirited men and women who have helped to demonstrate to town and city governments the value of better methods of planning."

Spinal Treatment. By Alva A. Gregory, M.D. 1912.

"This volume is dedicated with professional courtesy to Professors of the Healing Art, my co-laborers in combating the inroads of disease and in relieving humanity of pain and suffering, by the Author."

The Last Cruise of the Saginaw. By George H. Read. 1912.

"This book is dedicated to the memory of the noble men who lost their lives in the effort to obtain relief for their shipwrecked comrades."

A Story Garden for Little Children. By Maud Lindsay.

"To Lulie Jones, the founder of the Florence Free Kindergarten and a lover of little children everywhere."

The New Freedom. By Woodrow Wilson. 1913.

"To every man or woman who may derive from it, in however small a degree, the impulse of unselfish public service."

The Divine Origin of Christianity, Indicated by its Historical Effects. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL. D. 1884.

"To the memory of William Adams, D.D., LL.D., honored and beloved for his admirable powers, for his many accomplishments, for his large usefulness, for the wisdom of his counsels, the grace of his engaging courtesy, the unfailing fidelity of his friendship; most of all, for the beauty and strength of his Christian faith, these lectures, prepared at his urgent invitation, and afterward rewarded by his approval, are affectionately inscribed."

X

To Teachers and Students

X

To Teachers and Students

Theocritus: Idylls. Aldine Press. 1495.

"Aldus Manutius, Roman, to Baptista Guarinus, his teacher, gives very cordial greeting.

"To thee, most learned master, the *Theogonia* of Hesiod, which thou dost ask of us to interpret in behalf of thy pupils. We have added the *Scutum* of the same poet and the books of the *Georgics* and besides the *Idylls* of Theocritus, or the thirty little works. Also I am selecting the morals in verse of Theognis, the very ancient poet of whom both Plato in his laws and Isocrates in his orations makes mention. Nor is Phocylides absent whom in his ancient lethographs(?) Isocrates considers equal to Demonicus. It also seemed worth while to add the interpretation of that book of the very great Planudius which begins 'When I had considered'—which is reported to have been by Cato himself—but whichever it was, he was learned and worth reading, even though it was full of his sentiment (i.e. Cato's). Planudius in Greek even, has translated the reading in hexameter verse, learnedly and indeed elegantly. This interpretation written on parchment 300 years ago and by so much more, among letters so nearly defaced by time that they could scarcely be deciphered, was turned over to me to see by Franciscus Roscius, a young man, perfectly reliable and learned in Greek and especially in Latin, nor is this astonishing for he was born, and himself sprung, from your fortunate Verona, which is the mother and nurse, as it always has

been, of the most learned men. We are also attending to certain other things that must be useful to students, which should be seen in the printed form of a book.

"If, however, you read unconnected things, oh most learned teacher, as much here as in the rest of the books, which I am taking care to have printed for the common use of all students (for that it is in some way so I do not deny), do not impute it to me but to the copies. Indeed, I do not pretend to be a corrector of books, for in certain ones it might be a task if *Œdipus* were interpreter, so indeed, certain others are mutilated and altered so that not even the one who composed them, if he came to life again, could correct them. I have rather with the greatest study taken care that they be printed more correctly than even the copy itself,—as we did in the case of *Apollonius*, the grammarian, so in this book, in these selections, which we have added: to make a thing valid is more satisfactory than nothing. That which is incorrect, if it be hidden, rarely or never is corrected. If, in truth, it goes out in public, there will be many to set it right, at least for a long time.

"So in *Fabius Quintilianus*, so in *C. Plinius*, grandson, so in several others, do we see the act. These daily correct, daily come nearer to pristine elegance and simplicity. But they are very unfair and ungrateful if there are those who accuse me—I call nothing down upon them—except that they themselves might some day undertake the printing of Greek books. They might feel certainly far otherwise. But this is enough.

"In truth, this book to you we dedicate, oh excellent teacher: first because of my friendship toward the Veronese (for I owe very much to the Veronese: for by *Gaspar* of Verona, the very distinguished grammarian, I dedicated Latin compositions at Rome, and by thee, forsooth, both Latin and Greek compositions at Ferrara); then because nearly all this book is about morals. Indeed, what is more proper than to write about morals to one who is most

adorned of all men with morals. Thou art, indeed, in our age another Socrates. Nor do I fear lest you think I flatter you, for thou knowest that these things are most desired. But I would that you forbear with me since I have written these things to thee about thyself. We did this that all may know how much we know is in thyself.

"Thinking of me, fare thee well.

"Venice, 1495."

Dictionum Græcium. Aldine Press, Venice, 1497.

"Aldus Manutius, Roman, to all students gives very cordial greeting.

"I had been getting up 'The lexicons of the Greeks' (Greek) which in Latin we may call 'dictionaries,' not prepared for publication in our type but rather that I might have them in fullest and purest form. But, although I knew it to be exceedingly difficult not only for me, hindered by family affairs and the printing business, but even for any one well versed and experienced in both languages (i.e. Latin and Greek), the liberal arts, in medicine and all the sciences, I have changed my mind. As it surely is necessary to understand the whole and to translate all the expressions 'correctly' (Greek), I do not know whether anybody in our time can take this upon himself except one or another who even though he keeps his Greek and Latin learning pretty well, nevertheless with the many years elapsing, has let it lie idle until now. Who is well acquainted with the liberal arts? Who is well schooled in the simple things for which there is need in medicine? Alas! It is a shame to say it, but we scarcely know lettuce, cabbage, and the grass which makes its presence evident even to the blind! When I consider this, if I am unable to be very joyful, nevertheless not only do I not succumb to grief, but so do I strive night and day to give aid with unceasing labor, that things may soon hope to be that the

men of today may be versed in all the fine arts, and in medicine, also, and that whoever is very studious, unless he is deficient, may be worthy to vie with the ancients.

"Let them grieve, let them malign, let them oppose as much and as often as they wish,—the envious, the ignorant, and the uncultured ones. 'Very well' (Greek).

"Now then accept what, in accordance with our present means, we are giving double measure, in one volume of dictionaries where one may see what is included in the front of the book. If, perchance, these are rather well done, find this out by reading and look for a great etymology.

"Watch for Sudas, Pollux, Pausanias, Stephanus, and other good ones which we purpose with care to publish shortly: all the best Greeks successively. Now, with our funds, the ten comedies of Aristophanes with the best commentaries are being undertaken. Likewise, we are soon beginning Sudas, and all the letters of the greatest scholars in one volume; the Rhetoric of Hermogenes and the Pro-gymnasmata of Aphthonius, and in addition to these and Aristotle's Commentaries, all that is extant in medicine of Galenus.

"But although I know certainly, that very many will mention, when they read these promises of ours, the Ovidian *Illud* of Pollices, 'Whoever will, assumes to be rich,' nevertheless I bear it calmly, since indeed, with the will of Jesus Christ, our very good and great lord, these and much greater works will be seen which I am preparing and constructing.

"Meanwhile it is your affair, oh students, friends, and patrons of our province: if you desire your *ALDUS* as a strength for yourselves for a learning that is passing away, to be published more easily with funds for the printing,—with *your* funds, show your appreciation of our books, nor spare the expense. So, in short, at one and the same time will we be giving to each other. And remember what the most noble poet Hesiod says. This is, 'Give when anyone

shall have given to you, when anyone shall not have given, do not give. To the one giving, everyone has given, and to him who gives not, no one has given.' "

The Well-Bred Scholar, or Practical Essays on the Best Methods of Improving the Taste, and Assisting the Exertions of Youth in their Literary Pursuits. By William Milns. New York, 1797.

"To the Superintendents of Schools. Gentlemen, in dedicating to you the following essays on polite literature, I am influenced by a stronger motive than the mere propriety of such an address. Aware of the prejudices usually conceived by the ignorant, the envious, and the illiberal, against every new attempt to render the way to learning either shorter, or smoother, I wish to submit the sketches of my plan to the judgment of those only who are best qualified to decide on its reasonableness, without considering whether it has long use for its authority or not. Such persons well know that men would differ very little from brutes, and soon be at a stand in their attainments, if they did not derive from experience some helps for accelerating the progress of the human mind, and correcting the injudicious methods of those who went before them. *Hoary-headed error*, said an eloquent statesman, *is not on that account venerable, nor has long-continued absurdity any prescriptive claim to respect* (Edmund Burke).

"Such are the principles, on which I have ventured to leave the beaten track, and to oppose in many instances the prevalence of custom. My design, however, is not to write strictures on the established modes of public or private instruction, but simply to explain those which I have found most successful in real practice. Should they prove serviceable to other teachers in the discharge of some of the most important duties of society, I shall think my humble la-

bours very amply rewarded. I remain, Gentlemen, with sincere respect, your most obedient Servant,

“William Milns.”

**Gradus ad Cantabrigiam: or, A Dictionary of Terms, . . .
Used at the University of Cambridge. Anonymous.
London, 1803.**

DEDICATION

“To all to whom this Gradus may come, Greeting: in an especial manner, to all young Gentlemen Freshmen of the most ancient and renowned University of Cambridge.”

**The History of Harvard University. By Josiah Quincy.
1840.**

“To the Alumni of Harvard University this work is respectfully dedicated by the author.”

The Atomic Theory. By Charles Daubeny. 1850.

“To the memory of John Dalton, F.R.S., Late President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of the Royal Institute of France, and Honorary D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, the framer of a theory with respect to the mode of combination between bodies, which stands foremost among the discoveries of the present age, for the universality of its applications, and the importance of its practical results; holding the same kind of relation to the science of chemistry, which the Newtonian system does to that of mechanics; and throwing light, not only upon all the ordinary subjects of mechanical investigation, but even upon those more speculative questions with respect to the constitution of matter, which seem to lie beyond the reach of experimental inquiry; this essay, which in a less mature form was honored by his approval, is now inscribed, as a

slight tribute to his posthumous reputation by his former friend and devoted admirer, the Author."

The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse by John Stuart Blackie. 1850.

"To his Excellency, the Chevalier Bunsen, and to Edward Gerhard, Royal Archæologist, Berlin, the friends of his youth, and the directors of his early studies, these pages are dedicated by the translator."

A Natural History of British Grasses. By Edward Joseph Lowe. 1858.

"To J. Dalton Hooker, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., of the royal gardens, Kew; so eminently distinguished for his knowledge of botany, and so universally esteemed for the assistance he is ever willing to render to his fellow-laborers, the present work on the *Grasses of Great Britain* is with permission respectfully dedicated by the author."

The Roman and the Teuton: A Series of Lectures Delivered before the University of Cambridge. By Charles Kingsley. 1864.

"Dedicated to the gentlemen of the University who did me the honour to attend these lectures."

Alttestamentliche Theologie. By Hermann Schultz. Frankfort, 1869.

"To the Reverend Theological Faculty of the Georgia Augusta in Göttingen, this book is dedicated by the author as an expression of thanks for the Degree of Doctor in Theology, conferred upon him, December 30, 1865."

Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. By Charles Frederick Hartt. 1870.

"To Professor Louis Agassiz, Director of the Thayer Expedition.

"My dear Sir:

"I have the honour to offer you this volume on the *Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil* as a summary of the scientific results of my explorations as an attaché of the Thayer Expedition, together with those of a second private expedition,—the natural outgrowth of the former,—made to continue investigations which I had been obliged to leave unfinished.

"I take this opportunity of acknowledging my deep indebtedness to you for the interest you have taken in my scientific studies, for your constant wise counsel and advice, and for a thousand kindnesses received at your hands. With the highest consideration and respect, I have the honor to be, my dear Sir,

"Your former pupil,

"Charles Frederick Hartt.

"Cornell University,

"May 30, 1870."

Heat, a Mode of Motion. By John Tyndall. 1870.

"To his friend and teacher, Robert Bunsen, this book is dedicated by John Tyndall."

Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat. By John Tyndall. 1873.

"To Henry Bence Jones, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Hon. Sec. R. I.

"If unswerving devotion to the Royal Institution, firstly, and above all, as a school of original enquiry, and secondly as an organ for the diffusion of scientific knowledge, merit the grateful recognition of its Members and its Professors, then justice ought to require no stimulus from friendship, in associating these researches with your name.

"They were one and all conducted on the spot whence, during sixty years, issued in unbroken succession the labours

of Young, Davy, and Faraday. Would that they were worthy of their immortal antecedents!

“John Tyndall.

“Royal Institution,

“May, 1872.”

Modern Heroes of the Mission Field. By W. Pakenham Walsh, D.D. 1879.

“To the young men of our day and generation, and more especially to the students of our Universities, this volume is affectionately inscribed.”

Flowers and Flower Lore. By the Reverend Hilderic Friend. 1884.

“As a proof of gratitude and in admiration of his profound erudition, this book is dedicated (by kind permission) to F. Max Müller, M.A., professor of comparative philology at Oxford,” etc.

Poverty and the State, or Work for the Unemployed. By Herbert V. Mills. 1886.

“To my friend, Professor Adamson, M.A., of the Victoria University, Manchester, who first awoke within me a passion for the science of human economy, this book is gratefully dedicated.”

The Discovery of America. By John Fiske. 1892.

“To Edward Augustus Freeman:

“A scholar who inherits the gift of Midas, and turns into gold whatever subject he touches, I dedicate this book, with gratitude for all that he has taught me.”

The Dialogues of Plato. Translated into English by Benjamin Jowett. 1892.

“To my former pupils in Balliol College and in the University of Oxford, who during thirty years have been the

best of friends to me, these volumes are inscribed, in grateful recognition of their never failing attachment."

The Geology and Palæontology of Queensland and New Guinea. By Robert L. Jack and Robert Etheridge. 1892.

"Dedicated to the memory of three worthy pioneers in Australian geology, Samuel Stutchbury, William Branwhite Clarke, and Richard Daintree."

The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch. By Charles A. Briggs. 1893.

"To Francis Brown, DD., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, pupil, colleague, successor, and true yoke-fellow, this book is dedicated in trust and love."

From the Greeks to Darwin. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. 1894.

"To my revered teacher in philosophy, James McCosh, Ex-President of Princeton College."

Open-Air Studies. By Grenville A. J. Cole. 1895.

"To Richard Whately Dickinson.

"This little book was in my mind all the time that we were studying together. So I dedicate it to you and to all those who like seeing things for themselves in the open air."

Thomas Cranmer. By Arthur James Mason. 1898.

"To the reverend and learned, the Master and Fellows of Jesus College, I offer this slight acknowledgment of the extreme kindness with which they have welcomed me into the society of which Cranmer was twice fellow."

The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick. 1898.

"To Frederick James Furnivall, Ph.D.

"Founder and Director of the Chaucer and Early English Text Societies, this popular edition of the Poet for whom he has done so much is dedicated in gratitude and esteem."

Another Decade in the History of Union Theological Seminary. By the Reverend George Prentiss, D.D. 1899.

"Dedicated to all true lovers of the divinely given rights and liberties of Christian thought and scholarship."

Can I Believe in God the Father? By William Newton Clarke. 1899.

"To my eager fellow-students, the members of the first Harvard Summer School of Theology."

The Gospel for a World of Sin. By Henry Van Dyke. 1899.

"To James Ormsbee Murray, Dean of Princeton University, a teacher of literature and life, a preacher of righteousness and love, a servant of humanity and Christ,—this book is dedicated in grateful affection."

The Students' Life of Jesus. By the Reverend George H. Gilbert. 1900.

"To all earnest students of the Immortal Theme."

The Great Epic of India. By Edward Washburn Hopkins. 1901. (Yale Bicentennial Publications.)

"This series of volumes is respectfully dedicated to the Graduates of the University."

Cherry. By Booth Tarkington. 1903.

"To the diligent and industrious members of the class of '93 at Nassau Hall, also to the idler spirits who wasted

the Golden Hours of Youth in profitless playing of toss-the-ball; and even to those more dissolute ones who risked the tutor's detection at pitch-the-penny and carved their names on Adam's table,—in brief, to all of that happy class is dedicated this heroic tale of the days when Commencement came in September."

Architectural Shades and Shadows. By Henry McGoodwin. 1904.

"To Professor Francis W. Chandler, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose kindly influence has long been an aid and an inspiration to hundreds of those young architects who are engaged in the effort to fitly establish their art in America, and to excel in it, this book is respectfully inscribed."

Christian Theology in Outline. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. 1906.

"To my students, past and future, in gratitude and hope."

Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By the Reverend Charles A. Briggs, D.D. 1906.

"To John Crosby Brown, Esq., and D. Willis James, Esq., President and Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary, this work is dedicated in recognition of their eminent services to theological education, and to liberty of Christian scholarship during the thirty-three years of the author's professorate."

The Mikado's Empire. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. 1906.

"To Japanese lovers of knowledge in every age: the dead, who first kindled the sacred fire, who passed on the torch; the martyrs, who suffered death for their loyalty, patriotism,

devotion to national unity, restoration, and regeneration; the students, who, in noble thirst for truth, found honoured graves in alien soil; the living, with whom rests the future of their beautiful land,—this sketch of their country and people, made in the interest of truth, and set down without extenuation or malice, is, with fraternal regard, dedicated by their comrade and friend, the Author."

A History of Chemical Theories and Laws. By Matthew Moncrieff Pattison Muir. 1907.

"To the memory of the Master Antoine Laurent Lavoisier I dedicate this history of parts of the science which it was his glory to form from the materials gathered by himself and by many who went before him during more than two thousand years."

The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1900. Chosen and Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. 1907.

"To the president, fellows and scholars of Trinity College, Oxford, a house of learning, ancient, liberal, humane, and my most kindly nurse."

The Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley. By Irving Wilson Voorhees. 1907.

"To Henry Van Dyke, teacher of literature and life, lover of philosophy and friendship, this book is gratefully inscribed by his former pupil, the Author."

Rara Arithmetica: A Catalogue of the Arithmetics Written before the Year MDCI, with a Description of those in the Library of George Arthur Plimpton of New York. By David Eugene Smith. 1908.

"To the learned and distinguished man, George Arthur Plimpton, Master of Arts, lover of the older books, friend of authors, companion of the learned, loving patron of letters."

(From the Latin.)

Against the Current. By Edward A. Steiner. 1910.

"To President John Hanson Thomas Main, the embodiment of the ideals of Grinnell College, who, although of different race and lineage, is to me a friend and brother,—I dedicate this book on the anniversary of our first meeting."

Seven Great Statesmen. By Andrew D. White. 1910.

"To Goldwin Smith, scholar, historian, statesman, in remembrance of his self-sacrificing championship of the American Union in its time of peril, of his inspiring teachings at Oxford and at Cornell, and of his long life devoted to truth, justice, rational liberty, and right reason."

Characteristics of Existing Glaciers. By William Herbert Hobbs. 1911.

"To Professor Victor Goldschmidt of the University of Heidelberg, a leader in scientific research, a gifted and inspiring teacher, and a noble and generous friend, this book is affectionately dedicated by the author."

The Progress of Physics during Thirty-three Years (1875-1908). Four Lectures Delivered to the University of Calcutta. By Arthur Schuster. 1911.

"This volume is dedicated to the honourable Mr. Justice Asutosh Mukhopadhyaya, Saraswati, C.S.I., M.A., D.L., D.Sc., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta, in acknowledgment of the services he has rendered to university education in India."

An Outline of the History of Christian Thought since Kant. By Edward Caldwell Moore. 1912.

"To Adolf Harnack, on his sixtieth birthday, by his first American pupil."

Literature of the New Generation. By Gyofū Sōma. 1912.

"To my honored teacher, Professor Hogetsu Shimamura, is this volume dedicated."

The dedication of books is a custom borrowed very recently by the Japanese from the West, and is used only by Christian writers or by those non-Christians who have studied in the West and become imbued with the spirit of Western literature.

The Scott Originals. By William S. Crockett. 1912.

"To Daniel Aitkenhead, schoolmaster-emeritus of Earlston.

"Dear Maister—From the A B C
To Greek and grand Latinity
You drave the lessons into me.

"Old Homer strung his lyre langsyne,
Quintus Horatius sang divine,
In that lore-haunted school of thine.

"Back in those thirty years ago
Heard I the call of *Marmion*
And claimed the Wizard for my own.

"And all the great heart-stirring lays
Filled up the fountain of your praise,
Ambition in my breast to raise.

"You led your Scholar up the hill
Of learning, with a joyous will—
His heart is with the Maister still."

Dedications to Teachers and Students seem to invite to solemnity of utterance. There is one dedication to students, of less serious tone: *English as She is Spoke*—"Who then the little book for the care of what we wrote him and for her typographical corrections, intended for the studious youth, at whom we dedicate him particularly."

XI
To Authors

XI

To Authors

Alcilia. Philoparthen's Loving Folly. By Samuel Page. 1619.

"To my approved and much respected friend, Iz[aac] Wa[lton]:

"To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,
I too unworthy of so great a blisse;
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being cause it is now as it is,
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in oblivion's night.

"If they were pleasing, I would call them *thine*,
And disavow my title to the verse;
But being bad, I needs must call them *mine*,
No ill thing can be clothed in *thy* verse.
Accept them then, where I have offended
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended."

(Quoted from *Prefaces, Dedications, Epistles*, by Henry Huth, 1874.)

She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. 1773.

"To Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

"Dear Sir,

"By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived

many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

"I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking of a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw the piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

"I am, dear Sir, your most sincere friend, and admirer,
"Oliver Goldsmith."

Colman, the manager, had been most dilatory in making arrangements for the play, and it was Dr. Johnson who finally persuaded him, by the exercise of "a kind of force," to promise that it should be produced. He continued to regard it as a dangerous experiment, however, even going so far as to announce its expected failure in the box-office. Johnson and other friends of Goldsmith went in force to support the play; but their efforts were not needed, for it was "prodigiously" successful. "All eyes," says Cumberland, "were upon Johnson, who sate in a front row of a side-box, and when he laughed, everybody thought themselves warranted to roar." Goldsmith, walking about disconsolately outside, was prevailed upon to go in only at the opening of the last act, just in time to hear a solitary hiss. Colman, glad to have some excuse for his forebodings, told the alarmed author not to be afraid of a squib, "when we have been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder."

The Giaour: A Fragment of a Turkish Tale. By Lord Byron. 1813.

"To Samuel Rogers, Esq. As a slight but most sincere token of admiration for his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship, this production is inscribed by his obliged and affectionate servant, Byron.

"London, May, 1813."

Poems. By John Keats. 1817.

"TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ."

"Glory and loveliness have passed away;
For if we wander out n early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and young, and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these,
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings, a man like thee."

"On the evening when the last proof-sheet was brought from the printer, it was accompanied by the information that if a 'dedication to the book was intended it must be sent forthwith.' Whereupon he [Keats] withdrew to a side-table, and in the buzz of a mixed conversation, . . . he composed and brought to Charles Ollier, the publisher, the Dedication Sonnet to Leigh Hunt." (Quoted from *Recollections of Writers* by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, in Volume IV of Buxton Forman's edition of Keats.)

The first sonnet in Leigh Hunt's *Foliage*, etc. (1818) is in a manner a reply to this dedication:

"TO JOHN KEATS."

"'T is well you think me truly one of those,
Whose sense discerns the loveliness of things;
For surely as I feel the bird that sings
Behind the leaves, or dawn as it up grows,
Or the rich bee rejoicing as he goes,
Or the glad issue of emerging springs,
Or overhead the glide of a dove's wings,
Or turf, or trees, or midst of all, repose;

And surely as I feel things lovelier still,
 The human look, and the harmonious form
 Containing woman, and the smile in ill,
 And such a heart as Charles's, wise and warm,—
 As surely as all this, I see, ev'n now,
 Young Keats, a flowering laurel on your brow."

Endymion: A Poetic Romance. By John Keats. 1818.

"Inscribed to the Memory of Thomas Chatterton."

The original dedication, which was rejected, together with the original preface, by Keats, upon the unfavorable verdict of Reynolds and other friends, was as follows:

"Inscribed, with every feeling of pride and regret and with 'a bowed mind,' to the memory of the most English of poets except Shakespeare, Thomas Chatterton."

To this dedication, the rejected preface referred in these terms: "One word more—for we cannot help seeing our own affairs in every point of view—should anyone call my dedication to Chatterton affected I answer as followeth:

"'Were I dead, sir, I should like a Book dedicated to me.'"

In regard to the preface, Keats wrote to Reynolds, April 9, 1818, "Since you all agree that the thing is bad, it must be so"; and in the same letter he gave the simpler dedication as the one to be published.

The Cenci. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1819.

"To Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"My dear Friend,—I inscribe with your name, from a distant country, and after an absence whose months have seemed years, this the latest of my literary efforts.

"Those writings which I have hitherto published have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.

"Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet, himself more free from evil; who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, *in* the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew; and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.

"In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture which the tenor of your life has illustrated, and which, had I health and talents, should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

"All happiness attend you!

"Your affectionate friend,

"Percy B. Shelley.

"Rome, May 29, 1819."

In offering this dedication to Hunt, Shelley wrote: "I have written something and finished it, different from anything else, and a new attempt for me; and I mean to dedicate it to you. I should not have done so without your approbation, but I asked your picture last night, and it smiled assent. If I did not think it in some degree worthy of you, I would not make you a public offering of it."

Sardanapalus: A Tragedy. By Lord Byron. 1821.

"To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe. The unworthy production which the author ventures to inscribe to him is entitled *Sardanapalus*."

Byron had been greatly pleased with the praise Goethe bestowed on *Manfred* (1817), in his *Kunst und Allherthum*. Of this dedication Goethe wrote:

"Well knowing myself and my labors, in my old age, I could not but reflect with gratitude and diffidence on the expressions contained in this dedication, nor interpret them but as the generous tribute of a superior genius, no less original in the choice than inexhaustible in the materials of his subjects."

Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest. By John Ayrton Paris. 1827.

"To Miss Maria Edgeworth.

"Madam,

"To whom can a work, which professes to blend amusement with instruction, be dedicated with so much propriety, as to one, whose numerous writings have satisfactorily demonstrated the practicability and value of such a union;—to one who has stripped Romance of her meretricious trappings, and converted her theatre into a temple worthy of Minerva? Justly has it been observed, that to the magic pens of Madame d'Arblay, and yourself, we are indebted for having the Novel restored to its consequence, and, therefore, to its usefulness; and I may be allowed to add, that your Harry and Lucy have shown how profitably and agreeably, the machinery of fiction may be worked for the dissemination of truth.

"That a life which has been so honourable to yourself, and so serviceable to the Commonwealth, may be long extended, and deservedly enjoyed, is the fervent wish of the author."

Don Quixote. Paris, 1827.

"To the happy writer, the chosen of the muses, to the all-famous, the wonderful and nimitable author of the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, is erected and dedicated this little monument of modern typography and chalcography by his passionate admirer, Joaquin Maria de Ferrer."

Eugene Aram: A Tale. By Lord Lytton. 1831.

"To Sir Walter Scott, Bart., etc. etc.

"Sir,

"It has long been my ambition to add some humble tribute to the offerings laid upon the shrine of your genius. At each succeeding book that I have given to the world, I have paused to consider if it were worthy to be inscribed with your great name, and at each I have played the procrastinator, and hoped for that morrow of better desert which never came. But *defluat amnis*, the time runs on—and I am tired of waiting for the ford which the tides refuse. I seize, then, the present opportunity, not as the best, but as the only one I can be sure of commanding, to express that affectionate admiration with which you have inspired me in common with all your contemporaries, and which a French writer has not ungracefully termed 'the happiest prerogative of genius.' As a Poet, and as a Novelist, your fame has attained to that height in which praise has become superfluous; but in the character of the writer there seems to me a yet higher claim to veneration than in that of the writings. The example your genius sets us, who can emulate?—the example your moderation bequeaths to us, who shall forget? That nature must indeed be gentle which has conciliated the envy that pursues intellectual greatness, and left without an enemy a man who has no living equal in renown.

"You have gone for a while from the scenes you have immortalized, to regain, we trust, the health which has been impaired by your noble labors, or by the manly struggles with adverse fortunes, which have not found the frame as indomitable as the mind. Take with you the prayers of all whom your genius, with playful art, has soothed in sickness—or has strengthened, with generous precepts, against the calamities of life.

“‘Navis quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium—
Reddas incolumem!’

“You, I feel assured, will not deem it presumptuous in one, who, to that bright and undying flame which now streams from the grey hills of Scotland,—the last halo with which you have crowned her literary glories,—has turned from his first childhood with a deep and unrelaxing devotion: you, I feel assured, will not deem it presumptuous in him to inscribe an idle work with your illustrious name:—a work which, however worthless in itself, assumes something of value in his eyes when thus rendered a tribute of respect to you.

“The Author of ‘Eugene Aram.’

“London, December 22, 1831.”

This was written at the time of Scott's visit to Italy, after the great blows to his health and his fortune.

The Music of Nature, or an Attempt to Prove that what Is Passionate and Pleasing in the Art of Singing, Speaking, and Performing upon Musical Instruments, is Derived from the Sounds of the Animated World. By William Gardiner. 1832.

“To Thomas Moore, Esq.

“My dear Sir,

“In dedicating this work to you, I am well aware that the sanction of your name will confer upon it an honor much above its merits; but to whom could I address my performance with so much propriety, as to our greatest Lyric Poet, who has united the *Music of Nature* to his verse, with a success unattained by any other writer of the present age.

“I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

“Your obliged and faithful Servant,

“William Gardiner.

“Leicester, June 4th, 1832.”

Bells and Pomegranates. No. I. Pippa Passes. By Robert Browning. 1841.

"Two or three years ago I wrote a play, about which the chief matter I much care to recollect at present is, that a Pitfull of good-natured people applauded it: ever since, I have been desirous of doing something in the same way that should better reward their attention. What follows, I mean for the first of a series of Dramatical Pieces, to come out at intervals; and I amuse myself by fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear, will for once help me to a sort of Pit-audience again. Of course such a work must go on no longer than it is liked; and to provide against a too certain and but too possible contingency, let me hasten to say now—what, if I were sure of success, I would try to say circumstantially enough at the close—that I dedicate my best intentions most admiringly to the Author of *Ion*—most affectionately to Sergeant Talfourd.

"Robert Browning."

After the first performance of *Ion*, in 1835, there was a gathering at Talfourd's house; and Talfourd included Browning—known then only as the author of *Pauline* and *Paracelsus*—with Wordsworth and Landor, who were present, in a toast to the "poets of England."

Colombe's Birthday. By Robert Browning. 1844.

"No one loves and honours Barry Cornwall more than does Robert Browning; who, having nothing better than this play to give him in proof of it, must say so."

Luria. By Robert Browning. 1846.

"I dedicate this last attempt for the present at Dramatic Poetry to a Great Dramatic Poet; 'Wishing what I write may be read by his light'; if a phrase originally addressed, by not the least worthy of his contemporaries, to Shakespeare, may be applied here, by one whose sole privilege is in a grateful admiration, to Walter Savage Landor."

Landon's *Lines to Robert Browning* had appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* for November 22, 1845:

"There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone,
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song."

Life and Works of Thomas Cole. By Louis L. Noble. 1853.

"To Wm. Cullen Bryant, Esq., whose Pen, with the pencil of Cole, is alike identified with American Scenery, this volume is respectfully inscribed."

Songs of the Cavaliers. By Walter Thornbury. 1857.

"To Douglas Jerrold, the Dramatist, Satirist, and Novelist, these verses are dedicated by the author, from one who is struggling and hopes to win, to one who has struggled and has won."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by the Reverend Alexander Dyce. 1857.

"To John Forster, Esq., Historian, Biographer, and Critic, this edition of Shakespeare, in grateful acknowledgment of the zeal with which he promoted its publication, is inscribed by his friend,

"Alexander Dyce."

The Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin. By David F. Jamison. 1864.

"To W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., LL.D.

"My dear Sir:

"In looking abroad for one to whom I might inscribe this volume, I know of no one to whom I can more worthily dedicate it than to you—to you, my nearest neighbour and one of my oldest friends; to you, who first suggested the work as one suited to my capacity, my tastes, and to what little learning I possessed; who watched over its progress with scarcely less interest than if it had been your own; and who cheered me on, through the years of labour it has cost me, to its final completion now.

"To me it will be a pleasing reflection that we, who have lived under the same sky, who have looked to Heaven for the same refreshing rains, and for its grateful sunshine; that we, who have so long interchanged our thoughts on questions of deep interest, and who have sympathized in each other's joys and sorrows,—should have our names associated in the minds of men, when we shall no longer be affected either by their praise or their censure—

"*Inque sepulchro,
Sinon urna, tamen junget nos littera. Sinon
Ossibus ossa meis, at nomen nomine tangam.*"

"Ever most truly yours,

"D. F. Jamison.

"Burwood, Feb. 17, 1862."

Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. 1872.

"Dedicated to Alfred Tennyson.

"In Poetry—illustrious and consummate;
In Friendship—noble and sincere."

Myths and Myth Makers. By John Fiske. 1872.

"To my dear friend, William Dean Howells, in remembrance of pleasant autumn evenings spent among werewolves and trolls and nixies, I dedicate this record of our adventures."

Darwinism and Other Essays. By John Fiske. 1879.

"To Thomas Henry Huxley, in remembrance of three happy days at Petersham, among the Blue Hills of Massachusetts, and of many pleasant fireside chats in London, I dedicate this little book."

The Bay of Seven Islands. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1882.

"To my friend and neighbor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose poems have lent a new interest to our beautiful river valley.

"From the green Amesbury hill which bears the name
Of that half mythic ancestor of mine
Who trod its slopes two hundred years ago,
Down the long valley of the Merrimac,
Midway between me and the river's mouth,
I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,
Crowning the crag on which the sunset breaks
Its last red arrow. Many a tale and song,
Which thou hast told or sung, I call to mind,
Softening with silvery mist the woods and hills,
The out-thrust headlands and inreaching bays
Of our northeastern coast-line, trending where
The Gulf, midsummer, feels the chill blockade
Of icebergs stranded at its northern gate.

"To thee the echoes of the Island Sound
Answer not vainly, nor in vain the moan

Of the South Breaker prophesying storm.
And thou hast listened, like myself, to men
Sea-periled oft where Anticosti lies
Like a fell spider in its web of fog,
Or where the Grand Bank shallows with the wrecks
Of sunken fishers, and to whom strange isles
And frost-rimmed bays and trading stations seem
Familiar as Great Neck and Kettle Cove,
Nubble and Boon, the common names of home.
So let me offer thee this lay of mine,
Simple and homely, lacking much thy play
Of color and of fancy. If its theme
And treatment seem to thee befitting youth
Rather than age, let this be my excuse:
It has beguiled some heavy hours and called
Some pleasant memories up; and, better still,
Occasion lent me for a kindly word
To one who is my neighbor and my friend."

**Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere. By Henry Cuyler
Bunner. 1884.**

"TO BRANDER MATTHEWS: BY THE HEARTH.

"The night is late; your fire is whitening fast,
Our speech has silent spaces and is low;
Yet there is much to say before I go—
And much is left unsaid, dear friend, at last.

"Yet something may be said. This fading fire
Was never cold for me; and never cold
Has been the welcoming glance I knew of old—
Warm with a friendship usage could not tire.

"Take these, the gathered songs of striving years,
And many fledged and warmed beside your hearth;
Not for whatever they may have of worth—
A simpler tie, perchance, my work endears.

"With them this wish: that when your days shall close,
 Life, a well-used and well-contented guest,
 May gently press the hand I oft have pressed,
 And leave you by Love's fire to calm repose."

Poems of the Principal Foreign Authors Rendered into Spanish. By Jaime Marti-Miquel. Madrid, 1885.

"To Victor Hugo:

"Your name has issued from my pen and my lips many times; on the other hand, your recognition will never go out from my memory.

"Accepting this offering, you will prove to me that I do you justice, confiding in your benevolence.

"The grain of sand, if it does not aspire to fuse itself in the sun, ought not to solicit the heat of its rays."

Tiresias and Other Poems. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 1885.

"To my good friend, Robert Browning, whose genius and geniality will best appreciate what may be best and make most allowance for what may be worst, this volume is affectionate'y dedicated."

"It is characteristic of a certain shyness in Tennyson that he never told Browning of the dedication, and it was not until the book was in the hands of the public, that the latter learned the circumstance from a friend." (*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, by Arthur Waugh, 1893.)

Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century. By John Tulloch. 1885.

"To Mrs. Oliphant, Author of 'The Chronicles of Carlingford,' 'A Beleaguered City,' 'Life of Edward Irving,' 'The Literary History of England, 1790-1825,' etc.

"My dear Mrs. Oliphant,

"It is a great pleasure to me to be allowed to associate your name with these Lectures. Slight as they are, I have

been reminded more than once, during their preparation, of a large subject which used to engage our discussion many years ago, and in the treatment of which you were to bear what would have proved by far the most interesting part. This, like many other projects, is not now likely to be attempted; but the thought of it has brought you and our long friendship much to my mind.

"If I were to express all the admiration I feel for your genius, and still more all the esteem I have learned to cherish for your character, I should use language which I know you would refuse to read; but I may at least be allowed to say thus publicly, that I know of no writer to whose large powers, spiritual insight, and purity of thought, and subtle discrimination of many of the best aspects of our social life and character, our generation owes so much as it does to you.

"Always faithfully yours,

"John Tulloch.

"University, St. Andrews,

"August 1885."

Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell. 1888.

"To Lawrence Sterne, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—

"We never should have ventured to address you, had we not noticed of late that Mr. Andrew Lang has been writing to Dead Authors, not one of whom—to our knowledge,—has taken offence at this liberty. Encouraged by his example, we beg leave to dedicate to you this history of our journey, laying it with the most respectful humility before your sentimental shade, and regretting it is without that charm of style which alone can make it worthy.

"And as, in our modesty, we would indeed be unwilling to trouble you a second time, we must take advantage of this unhopèd-for opportunity to add a few words of explan-

ation about our journey in your honor. It is because of the conscientious fidelity with which we rode over the route made ever famous by you, that we have included ourselves in the class of Sentimental Travellers, of which you must ever be the incomparable head. To other sentiment, dear Sir, whatever we may have thought in the enthusiasm of setting out, we now know we can lay no claim. Experience has taught us that it depends upon the man himself, and not upon his circumstances or surroundings. Nowadays the manner of travelling through France and Italy is by rail, and mostly on Cook's tickets, and chaises have become a luxury which we at least cannot afford. The only vehicle by which we could follow your wheel-tracks along the old post-roads was our tricycle, an ingenious machine of modern invention, endeared to us, because without it, our Sentimental Journey would have been an impossibility. In these degenerate days, you, Sir, we are sure, would prefer it to a railway carriage, as little suited to your purposes as to those of Mr. Ruskin—an author whose rare and racy sayings you would no doubt admire, were you still interested in earthly literature. Besides, in a tandem, with its two seats, there would be nothing to stir up a disagreeable sensation within you. You would still have a place for 'the lady.'

"Because it was not possible to follow you in many ways, we have spared no pains to be faithful in others. We left out not one city which you visited, and it was a pleasure to learn that the world is still as beautiful as you found it, though to-day most men of culture care so little for what is about them, they would have us believe all beauty belongs to the past. . . . And again, dear Sir, as it was your invariable custom to borrow the thoughts and words of any writer who particularly pleased you—a custom your enemies have made the most of—we have not hesitated to use any pictures of other men, or any descriptions and expressions in your works, that seemed appropriate to the record

of our journey. More honest than you, Sir, we have given credit to the artists, that their names may enhance the value of our modest offering. But as you will recognize your own words without our pointing them out, we have not even put them into quotation marks, an omission which you of all men can best appreciate.

"In conclusion: we think you may be pleased to hear something of your last earthly resting-place in the burying-ground belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square. We made a pilgrimage to it but a few Sundays ago. Though your grave was neglected until the exact spot is no longer known, the stone, since raised near the place, is so often visited that, though it stands far from the path, a way to it has been worn in the grass by the feet of the many who have come to breathe a sigh or drop a tear for poor Yorick. . . .

"We have the honor to be, dear Sir, your most obedient and most devoted and most humble servants,

"Joseph Pennell

"Elizabeth Robins Pennell."

In and Out of Three Normandy Inns. By Anna Bowman Dodd. 1892.

"To Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"My dear Mr. Stedman:

"To this little company of Normandy men and women, you will, I know, extend a kindly greeting, if only because of their nationality. To your courtesy, possibly, you will add the leaven of interest, when you perceive—as you must—that their qualities are all their own, their defects being due solely to my own imperfect presentment.

"With sincere esteem,

"Anna Bowman Dodd."

The Sin-Eater and Other Tales. By Fiona Macleod (William Sharp). 1895.

"To George Meredith, in gratitude and homage, and because he is Prince of Celtdom."

Firdausi in Exile, and Other Poems. By Edmund Gosse.
1896.

DEDICATION TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

“Neighbour of the near domain,
Stay awhile your passing wain!
Though to give is more your way,
Take a gift from me to-day!
From my homely store I bring
Signs of my poor husbanding;—
Here a spike of purple phlox,
Here a spicy bunch of stocks,
Mushrooms from my moister fields,
Apples that my orchard yields,—
Nothing,—for the show they make,
Something,—for the donor’s sake;
Since for ten years we have been
Best of neighbours ever seen.
We have fronted evil weather,
Nip of critic’s frost together;
We have shared laborious days,
Shared the pleasantness of praise;
Brother not more kind to brother,
We have cheered and helped each other;
Till so far the fields of each
Into the other’s stretch and reach,
That perchance when both are gone
Neither may be named alone.”

The Pursuit of the House-Boat, being Some Further Account of the Divers Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq. By John Kendrick Bangs. 1899.

“To A. Conan Doyle, Esq., with the author’s sincerest regards, and thanks for the untimely demise of his great detective, which made these things possible.”

A Boy I Knew, Four Dogs, and Some More Dogs. By Laurence Hutton. 1900.

"To Mark Twain, the creator of Tom Sawyer, one of the best boys I ever knew."

The Ways of Men. By Eliot Gregory. 1900.

TO EDITH WHARTON

"I have not lacked thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise.' "

Donegal Fairy Stories. By Seumas MacManus. 1900.

"It is a humble disciple who dedicates with great reverence this little book to the memory of those Gaelic shanachies who have kept alive for us—through love of country and love of story-telling only—the fine ancient tales of our race, from age to age and from generation to generation."

Poems. By John B. Tabb. 1900.

"AVE, SIDNEY LANIER "

"Ere Time's horizon-line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet came wandering here.
And now, that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee there."

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. By Bertram C. A. Windle. 1902.

"To the onlie begetter of this Wessex, Thomas Hardy,
—these."

Letters from a Son to his Self-made Father. By Charles Eustace Merriman. 1903.

"To Mark Twain, a ready-made wit."

Side-Lights on Charles Lamb. By Bertram Dobell. 1903.

"To E. V. Lucas, Esq., editor of *The Works* of Charles and Mary Lamb.

"A pleasant and a grateful task is thine,
Filling thy days with self-rewarding toil,
And nights with dreams wherein two spirits shine
Scarce freer *now* than *then* from earthly soil.
Happy are they thy loving care to gain,
Happy art thou whom fortune so has blest:
They would have loved thy cord'al heart and brain,
And kinship to themselves in thee confessed.

"Unlovely traits that cannot daylight bear
Too oft deep search in seeming goodness shows:
But thou mayst fearless seek, since only fair
Actions and thoughts thy delvings can disclose:
From every shadow of dishonor free,
Clear is their fame, and clear shall ever be."

The Book of Camping and Woodcraft. By Horace Kephart. 1906.

"To the Shade of Nessmuk in the Happy Hunting Ground."

A few lines from the *Foreword* explain the dedication: "I owe much, both to the spirit and the letter of that classic in the literature of outdoor life, the little book on *Woodcraft* by the late George R. Sears, who is best known by his Indian-given title of Nessmuk. . . . It is but fitting that I should dedicate to the memory of its author this humble pendant to his work."

Lady Baltimore. By Owen Wister. 1906.

"To S. Weir Mitchell, with the affection and memories of all my life."

The Industrial Republic. By Upton Sinclair. 1907.

"To H. G. Wells, 'the next most hopeful.' "

La Cena delle Beffe. By Sem. Benelli. 1910.

"This jesting poem is dedicated to Giulio-de-Frenzi, beloved Brother, who on the shifting sands of Art knows well how to trace and design with h's sorrowful and ready pen the limits of our i ls, eternal and unvarying, unbounded and monotonous."

Seven Short Plays. By Lady Augusta Gregory. 1911.

"To you, W. B. Yeats, good praiser, wholesome dispraiser, heavy-handed judge, open-handed helper of us all, I offer a play of my plays for every night of the week, because you like them, and because you have taught me my trade.

"Abbey Theatre,
May 1, 1901."

The Creeping Tides. By Kate Jordan. 1913.

"To John Masefield:

"An expression of appreciation, and because years ago, when shipwrecked in New York, he drifted to harbor among the old streets of Greenwich village, where this story is laid.

" 'The tide! the tide! The tide be coming for some on us. It 'ave someone every time . . . an' it come up. It comes nearer . . . and then it spreads. . . . On it comes with a rush! With a roar! And the claws stretching at you. . . . Oh, it takes them! And it goes over them. Over them. One roaring rush!'

" 'The Tragedy of Man'

"John Masefield."

XII
To Women

XII

To Women

This chapter was originally planned to contain only dedications to groups of women, such as that to "Lady Needleworkers," since those to individual women were naturally included under *Friends, Relatives*, or some other heading. But a few individual women could not easily be classified in these sections,—women chosen for the honor of a dedication because of their intellectual or artistic eminence, their heroism in some crisis, or their devotion to some cause. Dedications to such women as Sarah Bernhardt, and Lady Constance Lytton, have therefore been placed here.

The Ladies Dictionary: Being a General Entertainment for the Fair-Sex: a Work Never Attempted Before in English. By N. H. 1694.

"To the Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Others of the Fair Sex the Author Humbly Dedicates this following Work. Ladies,—This Project of composing a DICTIONARY for the use of the FAIR SEX (which may serve as a SECRET ORACLE to Consult in all difficult Cases) being the First Attempt of this kind that has appeared in English, 't is hoped 't will meet with a Courteous Reception from all, but more Especially from you, for whose sakes 't was undertaken; and if it receives any Favour at your Hands, I shall Attribute its Success in the World, to the ILLUSTRIOUS SUBJECT it Treats on; viz. The Virtues and Accomplishments of your Sex; which are so many and Admirable, that no Volume can contain them in their full Extent. . . . I could not therefore but conclude it the highest of Injuries,

that whereas the Actions of Men, had met with so ample and so many memorials, YOUR SEXES being not inferior to them, should meet with so slender and so few, and that to Erect this monument to their lasting Glory, would be a piece of justice great as their misfortune, in not having a more Judicious Recorder of their Worths then

“Ladies,

“Your Very Humble

“Servant,

“N. H.”

The Tea-Table Miscellany: A Collection of Choice Songs, Scots and English. By Allan Ramsay. 1724.

DEDICATION

“To ilka lovely British lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
Wha dances barefoot on the green.

“Dear Lasses,
“Your most humble slave,
Wha ne’er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this small propine.

“Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu’ notes:
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising saftly through your throats.

“The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

"While kettles dringe on ñngles dour,
Or clashes stay the lazy lass;
Thir sangs may ward you frae the sour,
And gaily vacant minutes pass.

"E'en while the tea 's filled reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

"May happiness had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires.

"A. Ramsay.

"Edinburgh, Jan. 1, 1724."

Treasures in Needlework; Comprising Instructions in Knitting, Netting, Crochet, Point Lace, Tatting, Braiding, and Embroidery. By Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Cullan. (1855?)

"To Lady Needleworkers throughout the world this book is dedicated by the authors, in the hope that it may aid in the production of those ornamental and useful articles that add elegance to the boudoir and yield a profit to the Fancy Fair."

Woman's Work in the Civil War. By L. P. Brockett and Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan. 1868.

"To the loyal Women of America, whose patriotic contributions, toils, and sacrifices, enabled their sisters, whose history is here recorded, to minister relief and consolation to our wounded and suffering heroes; and who by their devotion, their labors, and their patient endurance of privation and distress of body and spirit, when called to

give up their beloved ones for the Nation's defense, have won for themselves eternal honor, and the undying remembrance of the patriots of all time,—we dedicate this volume."

Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions. By Florence Nightingale. 1871.

"To the Midwife Phænarate:

"If I may dedicate, without 'permission,' these small *Notes* to the shade of Socrates' mother, may I likewise, without presumption, call to my help the questioning shade of her son, that I who write may have the spirit of questioning aright, and that those who read may learn, not of me, but of themselves? And further has he not said, 'The midwives are respectable women and have a character to lose?' "

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Mary and Martha, the Mother and the Wife of George Washington. By Benson J. Lossing. 1886.

"To my young countrywomen this brief sketch of the lives of two of the most illustrious exemplars of true womanhood is dedicated by the Author."

Poems on Several Occasions. By Austin Dobson. 1889.

"To you I sing, whom towns immüre,
And bonds of toil hold fast and sure;—
To you across whose aching sight
Come woodlands bathed in April light,
And dreams of pastime premature.

"And you, O Sad, who still endure
Some wound that only Time can cure,—
To you, in watches of the night,
To you I sing!

"But most to you with eyelids pure,
Scarce witting yet of love or lure;—
To you with birdlike glances bright,
Half paused to speak, half-poised in flight;
O English Girl, divine, demure,
To *you* I sing!"

Plain Tales from the Hills. By Rudyard Kipling. 1890.

"To the wittiest woman in India I dedicate this book."

The American Revolution. By John Fiske. 1891.

"To Mrs. Mary Hemenway, in recognition of the rare foresight and public spirit which saved from destruction one of the noblest historic buildings in America, and made it a centre for the teaching of American history and the principles of good citizenship, I dedicate this book."

The Old South Meeting-House in Boston was preserved through Mrs. Hemenway's efforts. In 1879-81, John Fiske gave a course of lectures at the Meeting-House in aid of the fund for its preservation.

Le Mariage de Loti-Rarahu. By Pierre Loti. 1892.

"To Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

"Madame,

"To you, O shining one on high, the obscure author of *Aziyadé* humbly dedicates this simple story of tropical island life. Perchance from you may fall a ray, which will illuminate the story with some of your own poetic charm.

"The author was very young when he wrote the book, and he places it at your feet, Madame, begging you to judge it with your kindest indulgence."

Woman's Share in Primitive Culture. By Otis Tufton Mason. 1894.

"To all good women, living or dead, who with their brains or by their toil have aided the progress of the world, I dedicate this book."

The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony. By Ida Husted Harper. 1899.

"To Women, for whose freedom Susan B. Anthony has given fifty years of noble endeavor, this book is dedicated."

A later edition, published after Miss Anthony's death, is dedicated to her memory.

The Woman Beautiful: A Practical Treatise on the Development and Preservation of Woman's Health and Beauty. By Ella Adelia Fletcher. 1900.

"To the lovely women, sixty years young, whose noble womanhood wins beauty from the passing years, this book is inscribed in loving esteem and admiration."

The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood. By Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller. 1900.

"To the Christian women of India, England and America who owe all they have and all they are to our Lord Jesus Christ in whom 'there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female,' but in whom all are one, is this volume lovingly dedicated."

Woman in the Golden Ages. By Amelia Gere Mason. 1901.

"To the Representative Women of today."

Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. By John Allan Wyeth, M.D. 1901.

"To Emma Sanson.

"A woman worthy of being remembered by her countrymen as long as courage is deemed a virtue, who rode with General Forrest in the engagement at Black Creek, May 2, 1863, and by guiding his men to an unguarded ford, enabled him to capture Colonel A. D. Streight and his entire command,—this volume is dedicated as a token of admiration and respect."

Francesca da Rimini. By F. Marion Crawford. 1902.

"To Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who by her magic creation has after six hundred years reincarnated the Soul of Francesca, 'Che piange e dice.' "

A Self-made Man's Wife: Her Letters to Her Son. Being the Woman's View of a Certain Famous Correspondence. 1905.

"To the Inconspicuous Wives of Conspicuous Men this book is sympathetically dedicated."

The Incoming Millions. By Howard B. Grose. 1906.

"To the Christian Women of America, whose mission it is to help save our country by evangelizing the alien women, teaching the ideals of the American Home."

The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. By George Herbert Palmer. 1908.

"ALICE FREEMAN PALMER."

"When fell, to-day, the word that she had gone,
Not this my thought: Here a bright journey ends,
Here rests a soul unresting; here, at last
Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—
For all her life was giving. Rather this
I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang):
Hence, on a new quest starts an eager spirit—
No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
With asking eyes; pure as the bodiless souls
Whom poets vision near the central throne
Angelically ministrant to man;
So fares she forth with smiling, Godward face;
Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—
Save that we mortal are, and needs must mourn."

"Richard Watson Gilder.

"December 2, 1902."

The Position of Women in Indian Life. By Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and S. M. Mitra. 1911.

"To Indian women this work is dedicated. 'Women must solve the problems of humanity.' Ibsen."

Woman and Labor. By Olive Schreiner. 1911.

"DEDICATED TO CONSTANCE LYTTON"

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she;
Give her the glory of going on and still to be."
"Tennyson."

"De Aar, Cape of Good Hope,
"South Africa, 1911."

On page 28 of the Introduction, the author says of Lady Lytton: "I have inscribed it to my friend, Lady Constance Lytton; not because I think it worthy of her, nor yet because of the splendid part she has played in the struggle of the women fighting to-day in England for certain forms of freedom for all women. It is, if I may be allowed without violating the sanctity of a close personal friendship so to say, because she, with one or two other men and women I have known, have embodied for me the highest ideal of human nature, in which intellectual power and strength of will are combined with an infinite tenderness and a wide human sympathy." One incident of Lady Lytton's career as a militant suffragist is evidence of her democratic spirit: believing that her rank and connections had brought her special consideration, during a few days of imprisonment for her share in a demonstration, she disguised herself as a seamstress, under the name of Jane Warton, took part in another demonstration, was re-arrested, and had a prison experience of much greater hardship.

The Ladies' Battle. By Molly Elliot Seawell. 1911.

"To those of my countrywomen who think for themselves this little book is dedicated."

Woman in Modern Society. By Earl Barnes. 1912.

"This volume is dedicated to a woman endowed by her ancestors with health and strength, reared by a wise mother, trained to earn her own living, and university bred, at one time an independent wage-earner and now equal partner in the business of a home, a social force in the life of her community, member of a woman's club, a suffragist, the devoted and intelligent mother of a group of fine children, and the center of a family which loves and reverences her and finds the deepest meaning of life in her presence."

Votes for Women. Edited by Frederick and Emmeline Pethick Lawrence. 1913.

DEDICATION

"To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper."

This paper was the official organ of the Women's Social and Political Union of Great Britain, until the editors withdrew from the extreme party among the militant suffragists. It advocates forms of militant action without violence, and its spirit is well expressed by this dedication.

XIII
To Children

XIII

To Children

A Treatise on the Astrolabe. By Geoffrey Chaucer. C. 1391.

"Litel Lowis my sone, I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilite to lerne sciencez touchinge noumbres and proporciouns; and as wel considere I thy bisy preyere in special to lerne the Tretis of the Astrolabie. Than, for as mechel as a filosofre seith, 'he wrappeth him in his frend, that condescendeth to the ightful preyers of his frend,' ther-for have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie as for oure orizonte, compowned after the latitude of Oxenford; upon which, by mediacion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche thee a certein nombre of conclusions appertening to the same instrument."

Fables. By La Fontaine. 1668.

"TO MONSEIGNEUR THE DAUPHIN"

"I sing the heroes of old Æsop's line
Whose tale, though false when strictly we define,
Containeth truths it were not ill to teach.
With me all natures use the gift of speech;
Yea, in my work, the very fishes preach,
And to our human selves their sermons suit.
'T is thus to come at man, I use the brute.

"Son of a Prince the favourite of the skies,
 On whom the world entire hath fix'd its eyes,
 Who hence shall count his conquests by his days,
 And gather from the proudest lips his praise,
 A louder voice than mine must tell in song
 What virtues to thy kingly line belong.
 I seek thine ear to gain by lighter themes,
 Slight pictures, deck'd in magic nature's beams;
 And if to please thee shall not be my pride,
 I'll gain at least the praise of having tried."

The Dauphin, Louis, was at this time a little over six years old
 —a very beautiful and intelligent child, according to a contempor-
 ary account.

**The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes; Otherwise Called,
 Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes. With the Means by which
 she Acquired her Learning and Wisdom, and in Conse-
 quence thereof her Estate; set Forth at Large for the
 Benefit of those,**

Who from a State of Rags and Care,
 And having Shoes but half a Pair;
 Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
 And gallop in a Coach and Six.

See the Original Manuscript in the *Vatican* at *Rome*, and
 the Cuts by *Michael Angelo*. Illustrated with the Com-
 ments of our great modern Critics. The Third Edition.
 London: Printed for J. Newbery, at the *Bible* and *Sun* in
St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1766.

"To all Young Gentlemen and Ladies Who are good, or
 intend to be good, This Book is inscribed by Their old
 Friend in St. Paul's Church-yard."

Many authorities believe this book to have been written by Oliver
 Goldsmith.

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. 1863.

"To my youngest son, Grenville Arthur, and to all other good little boys.

"Come, read me my riddle, each good little man:
If you cannot read it, no grown-up folks can."

The Ethics of the Dust: Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. By John Ruskin. 1865.

"To the real little Housewives, whose gentle listening and thoughtful questioning enabled the writer to write this book, it is dedicated with his love.

"Christmas, 1865."

A few words from the Preface to the first edition explain the dedication: "The following lectures were really given in substance at a girls' school (far in the country); which, in the course of various experiments on the possibility of introducing some better practise of drawing into the modern scheme of female education, I visited frequently enough to enable the children to regard me as a friend."

Through the Looking-Glass, and what Alice Found There. By Lewis Carroll. 1871.

"Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

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"A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing—
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing—
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say 'forget.'

"Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
 With bitter tidings laden,
 Shall summon to unwelcome bed
 A melancholy maiden!
 We are but older children, dear,
 Who fret to find our bedtime near.

"And though the shadow of a sigh
 May tremble through the story,
 For 'happy summer days' gone by,
 And vanished summer glory—
 It shall not touch with breath of bale
 The pleasance of our fairy-tale."

Eight Cousins. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1874.

"To the many boys and girls whose letters it has been impossible to answer, this book is dedicated as a peace-offering by their friend, L. M. A."

The Hunting of the Snark. By Lewis Carroll. 1876.

"Inscribed to a dear child in memory of golden summer hours and whispers of a summer sea.

"Girt with a boyish garb for boyish task,
 Eager she wields her spade: yet loves as well
 Rest on a friendly knee, intent to ask
 The tale he loves to tell.

"Rude spirits of the seething outer strife,
 Unmeet to read her pure and simple spright,
 Deem, if you list, such hours a waste of life,
 Empty of all delight!

"Chat on, Sweet Maid, and rescue from annoy,
 Hearts that by wiser talk are unbeguiled.
 Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
 The heart-love of a child.

"Away fond thoughts, and vex my soul no more!
 Work claims my wakeful nights, my busy days,—
 Albeit bright memories of that sunlit shore
 Yet haunt my dreaming gaze!"

La Sœur de Gribouille. By the Comtesse de Ségur. 1880.

"To my grand-daughter, Valentine de Ségur-Lamoignon.

"Dear child, I offer to you, charming, loved and protected, the story of a poor half-imbecile boy, unloved, and deprived of everything. Compare his life to yours, and thank God for the difference."

Ballads and Other Poems. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 1880.

"TO ALFRED TENNYSON, MY GRANDSON."

"Golden-hair'd Ally, whose name is one with mine,
 Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,
 Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
 O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
 Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
 Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.
 May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!"

The Prince and the Pauper. By Mark Twain. 1881.

"To those good-mannered and agreeable children, Susie and Clara Clemens, this book is affectionately inscribed by their father."

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1884.

"To S. L. O., an American gentleman, in accordance with whose classic taste the following narrative has been designed, it is now, in return for numerous delightful hours, and with the kindest wishes, dedicated by his affectionate friend, the Author."

The formality of this dedication becomes amusing, when one learns that it was addressed to Stevenson's thirteen-year-old stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, for whom he wrote *Treasure Island*. "No women in the story—Lloyd's orders," wrote Stevenson in one of his letters.

Treasure Island also contains an address or dedication "To the Hesitating Purchaser":

"If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly, in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of to-day,

"So be it, and fall on. If not,
If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave;
So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie."

Davy and the Goblins. By Charles E. Carrye. (1885.)

"TO GUY"

"Dear little Boy, upon these pages find
The tangled fancies of thy Father's mind,
Born of the hours when thou, a little child,
Throned on his knee, in breathless rapture smiled,
Hearing entranced the marvels that were told
Of Fay and Goblin in the days of old.
Would that the glamour of those cloudless days
Might cheer thee still, what time the toilsome maze
Of ripper years hath banished fairy lore—
And blithesome youth had fled to come no more!"

Midshipman Bob. By E. L. Dorsey. 1887.

"To boys in general, but particularly to those who are pluckily fighting their way against the world, the flesh, and the devil, towards a manhood worthy of their faith, their country, and themselves, this volume is cordially dedicated."

Hygiene of the Nursery. By Louis Starr. 1888.

"To my little patients, some of whom, in the rapid passing of time, may soon assume parental duties, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

A White Umbrella in Mexico. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 1889.

"I dedicate this book to the most charming of all the Señoritas I know: the one whose face lingers longest in my memory while I am away, and whose arms open widest when I return; the most patient of my listeners, the most generous of my critics, my little daughter Marion."

Kindergarten Chimes. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"To the hundreds of little children who have clustered round my knee, this book is lovingly dedicated, in the hope that when yellow hair shall have changed to silver, and the dimples give place to wrinkles, there will still be an echo in their hearts of the rhymes and songs of their childhood days."

Children of Wilton Chase. By Elizabeth Thomas Meade Smith. 1891.

"This story is dedicated with affection to Marjory, a child who, possessing a spirit of love and service, has inspired the idea of that other Marjory who appears in these pages."

The Garden Behind the Moon. By Howard Pyle. 1895.

"To the little boy in the Moon Garden, this book is dedicated by his Father."

A Garden of Pleasure. By E. V. B. 1895.

"To my eldest grandchild, Cecil Albinia Arbuthnot, whose delight is in the garden, and who made it the Eden of her childhood."

The Hiawatha Primer. By Florence Holbrook. 1898.

"To the Many Children who have yet to unlock the storehouse of the World's great literature, this book is dedicated by the author in the hope that it may serve them as one of many keys."

The Arkansaw Bear, a Tale of Fanciful Adventure, Told in Song and Story by A. B. Paine, in Picture by F. Ver Beck. 1898.

"Dedicated to Master Frank Ver Beck, for whose bedtime entertainment the Arkansaw Bear first performed."

Little Pussy Willow. By Harriet B. Stowe. 1898.

"To Mary, Emily, Nellie and Charlotte, and all my little girl friends.

"Here is Pussy Willow in a book, just as I have promised you she should be. I send her to you as a Christmas and New Year's Present, and I hope that you will all grow up to be nice good girls like her, with bright healthy faces and cheerful hearts, and the gift of always seeing 'The Bright Side of Everything.'"

The Lively City O'Ligg. By Gelett Burgess. 1899.

"To Arnold's sensitive taste and Robin's adventurous spirit, these headlong fancies are fearfully dedicated."

Marigold Garden. By Kate Greenaway. 19—(?).

“You little girl,
 You little boy,
 With wondering eyes,
 That kindly look,
 In honour of
 Two noble names
 I send the offering
 Of this book.”

What Katy Did. By Susan Coolidge. 1900.

“TO FIVE”

“Six of us, my darlings, played together
 Beneath green boughs, which faded long ago,
 Made merry in the golden summer weather,
 Pelted each other with new fallen snow.

“So darlings, take this little childish story,
 In which some gleams of the old sunshine play,
 And, as with careless hands you turn the pages,
 Look back and smile, as here I smile today.”

The Little Colonel's Holidays. By Annie Fellows Johnston. 1901.

“Dedicated to ‘The Little Captain’ and his sisters, whose proudest heritage is that they bear the name of a Nation's hero.”

Another *Little Colonel* story is dedicated:

“To one of Kentucky's dearest little daughters, The Little Colonel herself, this remembrance of a happy summer is affectionately inscribed.”

Young Folks Library, Vol. II., The Merry Maker. 1902.
 (Edited by Joel Chandler Harris.) Funny Leaves for the
 Younger Branches. By Baron Krakemsides of Burste-
 nondelafen.

"Younger Branches:—

"He who creates laughter creates happiness; come then
 and laugh at my doings and appreciate me! For where one
 is found willing and capable to do so, thousands are found
 whose only pleasure is to make you cry!

"Laughter is your privilege! Come then and enjoy it,
 ring a chime of merry little laughs that shall be heard after
 afar off, and cheer the hearts of those that love you! I love
 you! I therefore dedicate my pen to you and in this my
 book draw upon you for thousands of laughs! And be sure
 you honor my draughts as you all have a great fund at
 your disposal.

"Yours affectionately,

"Krakemsides,

"Castle of Burstenondelafen."

More about Live Dolls. By Josephine S. Gates. 1903.

"Dedicated to all the wee Madonnas wherever they
 may be, whose pure sweet mother love for their dolls is to
 me a sacred thing, and whose hunger for them to be alive
 is most pathetic."

The Better Way. By Charles Wagner. 1903.

"To Pierce Wagner, Paris, Feb. 24, 1884. Montana,
 Sur-Seine, August 20, 1899.

"My child, I began this book by your bed of pain and
 in my lonely walks on the mountain.

"Many a time I interrupted the writing to go and do for
 you one of those innumerable little services 'at once so sad
 and so sweet'; and away from you in the Alpine pathways,

in the high pastures and solitary midlands, my aching heart was filled with your image.

"To you, then, I dedicate these pages. May they be offered you not as sad tokens of what no longer is, but as an eternal pledge between our inseparable souls and as an act of homage, that I would were purer and fuller of consolation, rendered from the midst of a transitory world to that which never dies."

A Round Dozen. By Susan Coolidge. 1904.

"TO VVVVV "

"Five little buds grouped round the parent stem,
Growing in sweet airs, beneath gracious skies,
Watched tenderly from sunrise to sunrise,
Lest blight, or chill, or evil menace them.
Five small and folded buds, just here and there
Giving a hint of what the bloom may be,
When to reward the long close ministry
The buds shall blóssom into roses fair,—
Soft dews fall on you, dears, soft breezes blow,
The noons be tempered and the snows be kind,
And gentle angels watch each stormy wind,
And turn it from the garden where you grow."

Bold Robin and his Forest Rangers. By Caroline Brown. 1905.

"To four merry men, Robert and Richard, Lewis and William, lovers of the greenwood and faithful henchmen of Bold Robin Hood, this book is inscribed."

Jesus Christ and the Christian Character. By Francis G. Peabody. 1905.

"My darling boy, so early snatched away,
From arms still seeking thee in empty air,

That thou shouldst come to me I do not pray,
Lest, by the coming, heaven should be less fair.

"Stay, rather, in perennial flower of youth,
Such as the Master looking on, doth love:
And send to me the spirit of the Truth,
To teach me of the wisdom from above.

"Beckon to guide my thoughts, as stumblingly,
They seek the kingdom of the undefiled:
And meet me at its gateway with the key:
The unstained spirit of a little child."

Occupations for Little Fingers. By Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley. 1905.

"To the many little people who will find joy through expression."

Concerning Paul and Fiammetta. By Mrs. L. Allen Harker. 1906.

"TO MORRIS AND LINDSEY PULLAR"

"At bed-time when the lights were low,
To your bedside I used to go,
And tell this tale at night.
There in your little beds you lay,
The sea was green, the sky was gray
And both your quilts were white."

Dan Beard's Animal Book. By Dan Beard. 1907.

"To my son, Daniel Bartlett Beard, the most enjoyable pet and interesting specimen I have ever been fortunate enough to possess."

Jock of the Bushveld. By Sir Percy Fitzgerald. 1907.

"It was the youngest of the High Authorities who gravely informed the inquiring Stranger that 'Jock belongs to the Likkle People!' That being so, it is clearly the duty, no less than the privilege, of the mere narrator to dedicate the Story of Jock to those keenest and kindest of critics, best of friends, and most delightful of comrades, 'The Likkle People.' "

Suppressed Plates, Wood Engravings, etc. By George Somes Layard. 1907.

"I dedicate this book to my two boys, John and Peter, who, I sincerely hope, will not have so many useless Hobbies as their affectionate father."

Sing-Song. A Nursery Rhyme Book. By Christina Rossetti. Edition of 1907.

"Rhymes dedicated without permission to the Baby who suggested them."

Toys of Other Days. By Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson. 1908.

"To the Children of To-day we dedicate this story of the Toys of Yesterday."

Merrylips. By Beulah Marie Dix. 1910.

"To every little girl who has wished for an hour to be a little boy, this story is dedicated by her friend the Author."

Flower Children: the Little Cousins of the Field and Garden. By Elizabeth Gordon. 1910.

"To every child-flower that blooms within the glorious garden that we call Home, this little book is lovingly dedicated."

Studies in Invalid Occupation. By Susan E. Tracy. 1910.

"To William Maxwell Houghton, in loving recognition of great lessons taught by a little child."

Astronomy from a Dipper. By Eliot C. Clarke. 1910.

"Dedicated to my grand-daughter, Alice de Vermandois Ware, a Nova, who first graced the celestial universe with her presence on the day that this monumental astronomical work was accepted by its publishers."

There is a picture of a sleeping baby, with the inscription:

"NOVA BOSTONIÆ.

"From observation 24 hours after first appearance."

Mother Westwind's Children. By Thornton W. Burgess. 1911.

"To all the little friends of Johnny Chuck and Reddy Fox, and to all who love the green meadows and the smiling pool, the laughing brook, and the merry little breezes, this little book is dedicated."

In Chimney Corners. By Seumas MacManus. 1911.

"To our brave boys and girls, who have fared forth from their homes, travelling away and away, for further than I could tell you, and twice further than you could tell me, into the Strange Land Beyond, to push their fortune."

The Complete Nonsense Book. By Edward Lear. (Edition of 1912.)

"To the great-grandchildren, grand-nephews, and grand-nieces of Edward, 13th Earl of Derby, this book of drawings and verses (the greater part of which were originally made and composed for their parents) is dedicated by their author,
"Edward Lear."

A Sunny Life. By Isabel C. Barrows. 1913.

“To little June, in memory of the dear grandfather whose arms were never about him, but whose warm heart and sunny soul he has inherited. That he may serve his fellowmen as faithfully is the prayer of ‘Nonna.’ ”

XIV

To Friends

XIV

To Friends

Commentary on Isaiah. By Heinrich Bullinger. Zurich, 1567.

"To Mr. Wolfgang Haller, fellow-priest and brother, also faithful steward for the students, Heinrich Bullinger gave (this book)."

Bullinger was for over forty years the Protestant leader in German Switzerland. In 1555, Haller had been made *æconomus* or *præpositus* of the Gross Munster Foundation at Zurich.

The Knowledge of the Heavens and the Earth Made Easy, or the First Principles of Astronomy and Geography. By Isaac Watts. 1725.

"To my learned friend, Mr. John Eames, Fellow of the Royal Society:

"Dear Sir,

"It would be mere trifling to say anything to you of the Excellency and great Advantage of these Sciences, whose first Rudiments I have here drawn up. Your Acquaintance with these Matters hath given you a just Relish of the Pleasure of them, and well informed you of their solid Use." But, as Watts goes on, the unlearned need to be apprised of the necessity and use of this sort of learning—and no one is more qualified to give this information than his friend. The long dedication concludes: "Farewell, dear Sir, and forgive the Trouble that you have partly devolv'd on yourself by the too favourable Opinion you have conceived both

of these Sheets and of the Writer of them, who takes a pleasure to tell the World that he is with great Sincerity, Sir,

“Your most obedient Servant,

“Isaac Watts.

“Theobalds in Hartfordshire, June 11, 1725.”

Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools. By William Cowper. 1784.

“To the Rev. William Cawthorne Unwin, Rector of Stock in Essex, the tutor of his two sons, the following Poem, recommending private tuition in preference to an education at School, is inscribed, by his affectionate friend, William Cowper.”

The Works of Charles Lamb. 1818. Rosamund Gray, Essays, Letters, etc.

“TO MARTIN CHARLES BURNEY, ESQ.”

“Forgive me, Burney, if to thee these late
And hasty products of a critic pen,
Thyself no common judge of books and men,
In feeling of thy worth I dedicate.
My *verse* was offered to an older friend;
The humbler *prose* has fallen to thy share:
Nor could I miss the occasion to declare,
What spoken in thy presence must offend—
That, set aside some few caprices wild,
Those humorous clouds that flit o’er brightest days,
In all my threadings of this worldly maze,
(And I have watched thee almost from a child)
Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.”

The poetry in this volume of Lamb’s collected works was dedicated to Coleridge—the “older friend.” Southey, writing to Cole-

ridge on June 11, 1804, describes Burney: "The captain hath a son—begotten, according to Lamb, upon a mermaid; and thus far is certain, that he is the queerest fish out of water. A paralytic affection in childhood has kept one side of his face stationary, while the other has continued to grow, and the two sides form the most ridiculous whole you can imagine; the boy, however, is a sharp lad, the inside not having suffered." Burney is a familiar figure in Lamb's biography.

The Pilot. By James Fenimore Cooper. 1823.

"To William Branford Shubrick, Esq., U. S. Navy.

"My dear Shubrick:

"Each year brings some new and melancholy chasm in what is now the brief list of my naval friends and former associates. War, disease, and the casualties of a hazardous profession, have made fearful inroads in the limited number; while the places of the dead are supplied by names that to me are those of strangers. With the consequences of these sad changes before me, I cherish the recollection of those with whom I once lived in close familiarity, with peculiar interest, and feel a triumph in their growing reputations, that is but little short of their own honest pride.

"But neither time nor separation has shaken our intimacy; and I know that in dedicating to you this volume, I tell you nothing new, when I add, that it is a tribute paid to an enduring friendship, by

"Your old Messmate,

"The Author."

Vivian Grey. By Lord Beaconsfield. 1826.

"To the Best and Greatest of Men, I dedicate these volumes. He for whom it is intended, will accept and appreciate the compliment. Those for whom it is not intended, will do the same."

Eugénie Grandet. By Honoré de Balzac. 1834.

“To Maria:

“May your name, that of one whose portrait is the noblest ornament of this work, lie on its opening page like a branch of sacred box, taken from an unknown tree, but sanctified by religion, and kept ever fresh and green by pious hands to bless the house.”

Home Influence. By Grace Aguilar. 1847.

“To Mrs. Herbert Townshend Bowen:

“My dear friend,—

“Independent of the personal feelings which urged the dedication of this unpretending volume to you, I know few to whom a story illustrative of a mother’s solemn responsibilities, intense anxiety to fulfil them, and deep sense of the Influence of Home could, with more justice, be tendered. Simple as is the actual narrative, the sentiments it seeks to illustrate are so associated with you,—have been so strengthened from the happy hours of unrestrained intercourse I have enjoyed with you,—that, though I ought, perhaps, to have waited until I could have offered a work of far superior merit to a mind like yours, I felt as if no story of mine could more completely belong to you. Will you, then, pardon the *unintentional* errors which I fear you, as an earnest Protestant, *may* discern, and accept this little work as a slight tribute of the warm affection and sincere esteem with which you have been so long regarded by

“Your truly attached Friend,

“Grace Aguilar.”

Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. By William Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1847.

“To the Rev. Adam Sedgwick:

“When I showed you the last sheet of my *History of the*

Inductive Sciences in its transit through the press, you told me that I ought to add a paragraph or two at the end, by way of Moral to the story; and I replied that the Moral would be as long as the story itself. The present work, the Moral which you then desired, I have, with some effort, reduced within a somewhat smaller compass than I then spoke of; and I cannot dedicate it to anyone with so much pleasure as to you. It has always been my wish that, as far and as long as men might know anything of me by my writing, they should hear of me along with the friends with whom I have lived, whom I have loved, and by whose conversation I have been animated to hope that I too might add something to the literature of our country." The dedication concludes with a reference to the college to which they both belong—"and in which we have lived together so long and so happily."

The Seaside and the Fireside. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1850.

DEDICATION

"As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

"So walking here in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

"If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

"Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

"Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

"The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

"Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance;
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live forever young in my remembrance.

"Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!
Your gentle voices will flow on forever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

"Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

"Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand majestic symphonies of ocean.

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

Pendennis. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 1850.

"To Dr. John Elliotson.

"My dear Doctor:

"Thirteen months ago, when it seemed likely that this story had come to a close, a kind friend brought you to my bedside, whence, in all probability I never should have risen but for your constant watchfulness and skill. I like to recall your great goodness and kindness (as well as acts of others, showing quite a surprising friendship and sympathy) at that time, when kindness and friendship were most needed and welcome.

"And as you would take no other fee but thanks, let me record them here in behalf of me and mine, and subscribe myself,

"Yours most sincerely and gratefully,

"W. M. Thackeray."

Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade. 1852.

"To T. Taylor, Esq., my friend and coadjutor in the comedy of *Masks and Faces*, to whom the reader owes much of the best matter in this Tale; and to the Memory of Margaret Woffington, falsely 'summed up' until today, this Dramatic Story is inscribed by Charles Reade."

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. 1853.

"Dedicated as a remembrance of our friendly union to my companions in the Guild of Literature and Art."

The object of this Guild (organized in 1851) was to create a provident fund whereby impecunious authors and artists might be benefited. Bulwer-Lytton was associated with Dickens in the inauguration of the

Guild, and the Duke of Devonshire offered his mansion in Piccadilly for theatrical representations in aid of the design. But after some years, the scheme proved a complete failure.

For Righteousness' Sake. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1855.

"Inscribed to friends under arrest for treason against the slave power."

Prue and I. By George William Curtis. 1856.

"To Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow, in memory of the happy hours at our castles in Spain."

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa. By David Livingstone. 1858.

"To Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, this work is affectionately offered as a token of gratitude for the kind interest he has always taken in the Author's pursuits and welfare; and to express admiration of his eminent scientific attainments, nowhere more strongly evidenced than by the striking hypothesis respecting the physical conformation of the African continent, promulgated in his Presidential address to the Royal Geographical Society in 1852, and verified three years afterward by the Author of these travels."

Amy Wentworth. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1862.

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD

"As they who watch by sick-beds find relief
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief
And anxious care, in fantasies outwrought
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or caught
From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or why
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou and I,

Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,
And trusting God against the universe,—
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened eyes,
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
Who give their loved ones for the living wall
'Twixt law and treason,—in this evil day
May haply find, through automatic play
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,
And hearten others with the strength we gain.
I know it has been said our times require
No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,
But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with these
Some softer tints may blend, and milder keys
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us keep sweet,
If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat
The bitter harvest of our own device
And half a century's moral cowardice.
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,
And through the war-march of the Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
So let the household melodies be sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung,—
So let us hold against the hosts of night
And slavery all our vantage ground of light.
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake
From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,

Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,
And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of man,
And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull
By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull,—
But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease,
(God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of peace:
No foes are conquered who the victors teach
Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

“And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear
Of the great common burden our full share,
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.
Thus, while the east-wind keen from Labrador
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar
Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky
Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try
To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled bounds,—
A song for oars to chime with, such as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay
On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)
Something it has—a flavor of the sea,
And the sea’s freedom—which reminds of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,
I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought from pain.”

Sordello. By Robert Browning. 1863.

"To J. Milsand, of Dijon.

"Dear Friend,—Let the next poem be introduced by your name, therefore remembered along with one of the deepest of my affections, and so repay all trouble it ever cost me. I wrote it twenty-five years ago for only a few, counting even in these on somewhat more care about its subject than they really had. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either? I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since; for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might—instead of what the few must—like; but after all, I imagined another thing at first, and therefore leave as I find it. The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so,—you, with many known and unknown to me, think so,—others may one day think so; and whether my attempt remain for them or not, I trust, though away and past it, to continue ever yours.

"R. B.

"London: June 9, 1863."

It was for the reprint of *Sordello* in 1863 that Browning wrote the above dedication. A pleasant article on Browning by M. Joseph Milsand, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1851, led to the formation of a lasting friendship. This article, wrote Mrs. Browning to Miss Mitford (November 12, 1851), was "so highly appreciatory as well nigh to satisfy me."

Life of William Hickling Prescott. By George Ticknor. 1864.

"To William Howard Gardiner and William Amory. We are more than once mentioned together in the last testamentary dispositions of our friend, as persons for whom he

felt a true regard, and to whose affection and fidelity he, in some respects, intrusted the welfare of those who were dearest to him in life. Permit me, then, to associate your names with mine in this tribute to his memory.

“George Ticknor.”

Life of Mendelssohn. By W. A. Lampadius. Translated by W. A. Gage. 1865.

“To John S. Dwight, whose enthusiastic admiration first made the letters of Mendelssohn accessible to American readers, and whose tastes are so fully in harmony with the purity of Mendelssohn’s genius and life, this translation is dedicated, as a slight expression of thanks for judicious counsel and timely encouragement.”

Hereward the Wake. By Charles Kingsley. 1866.

“To Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A., etc.

“My dear Wright:

“Thus does Hereward, the hero of your youth, reappear at last in a guise fitted for a modern drawing-room. To you is due whatever new renown he may win for himself in that new field. You first disinterred him, long ago, when scarcely a hand or foot of him was left standing out from beneath the dust of ages. You taught me, since then, how to furbish his rusty harness, botch his bursten saddle, and send him forth once more, upon the ghost of his gallant mare. Truly he should feel obliged to you; and though we cannot believe that the last infirmity of noble minds endures beyond the grave, or that any touch of his old vanity still stains the spirit of the mighty Wake; yet we will please ourselves—why should we not?—with the fancy that he is as grateful to you as I am this day.

“Yours faithfully,

“C. Kingsley.”

The Guardian Angel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1867.

"To James T. Fields, a token of kind regard from one of many writers who have found him a wise, faithful, and generous friend."

The Man with the Broken Ear. Translated from the French of Edmond About by Henry Holt. 1867.

"Dear Leypoldt:

"You have not forgotten that nearly two years ago, before our business connection was thought of, this identical translation was 'respectfully declined' by you with that same courtesy, the exercise of which in frequent similar cases each one of us now tries so hard to shove on the other's shoulders. I hope that your surprise on reading this note of dedication will not interfere with your forgiving the pertinacity with which, through it, I still strive to make the book *yours*.

"H. H.

"451 Broome Street,
"May 16, 1867."

Under the Willows. By James Russell Lowell. 1868.

"TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON"

"The wind is roistering out-of-doors,
My windows shake and my chimney roars;
My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,
As of old, in their moody, minor key,
And out of the past the hoarse wind blows,
As I sit in my arm-chair and toast my toes.

"I sit and I dream that I hear, as of yore,
My Elmwood chimneys' deep-throated roar.

If much be gone, there is much remains;
 By the embers of loss I count my gains,
 You and yours with the best, till the old hope glows
 In the fanciful flame as I toast my toes," etc.

Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller. 1869.

"To the memory of Baron Bunsen, my friend and benefactor.

"'And the further thou art from me, the more I long and yearn for thee.' (*Terence, Heautontimorumenos*)."

Roughing It. By Mark Twain. 1871.

"To Calvin H. Higbie of California, an honest man, a genial comrade, and a steadfast friend, this book is inscribed by the author in memory of the curious time when we two were millionaires for ten days."

The story of the brief period when a supposed lucky "strike" made them millionaires in prospect is told in Volume I, chapter xl, of *Roughing It*, with their plans for extensive European travel, and Mark Twain's uneasy recollection of an unpaid six-dollar butcher's bill.

A Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary. By Mary Clemmer Ames. 1873.

"To Alice Cary Clymer (Little Alice) who, to their last earthly hour, gave to her aunts a daughter's tenderest love and devotion, this memorial of their lives is affectionately dedicated by her friend and theirs.

"Mary Clemmer Ames."

Callista. By Cardinal Newman. 1873.

"To Henry William Wilberforce. To you alone, who have known me so long, and who love me so well, could I venture to offer a trifle like this. But you will recognize the author in his work, and take pleasure in the recognition."

German Universities: A Narrative of Personal Experience.**By James Morgan Hart. 1874.**

"To George Haven Putnam, whose steadfast wish has been father to the author's thought, this book is inscribed, in friendly remembrance of the GEORGIA AUGUSTA, 1861-2."

Baddeck. By Charles Dudley Warner. 1874.

"To my comrade, Joseph H. Twichell, Summer and Winter Friend, whose companionship would make any journey a delightful memory, these notes of a sunny fortnight in the Provinces are inscribed."

Poems. By Elizabeth H. Whittier. 1874.

Originally published in the volume entitled *Hazel Blossoms*, and accompanied by the following prefatory note and dedication:

"I have ventured, in compliance with the desire of dear friends of my beloved sister, ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, to add to this little volume the few poetical pieces which she left behind her. As she was very distrustful of her own powers, and altogether without ambition for literary distinction, she shunned everything like publicity, and found far greater happiness in generous appreciation of the gift of her friends than in the cultivation of her own. Yet it has always seemed to me, that had her health, sense of duty and fitness, and her extreme self-distrust permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers. These poems, with perhaps two or three exceptions, afford but slight indications of the inward life of the writer, who had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, or of her tenderness of sympathy, chastened mirthfulness, and pleasant play of thought and fancy, when her shy, beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion. In the lines on Dr. Kane her friends

will see something of her fine individuality,—the rare mingling of delicacy and intensity of feeling which made her dear to them. This little poem reached Cuba while the great explorer lay on his death-bed, and we are told that he listened with grateful tears while it was read to him by his mother. I am tempted to say more, but I write as under the eye of her who, while with us, shrank with painful deprecation from the praise or mention of performances which seemed so far below her ideal of excellence. To those who best knew her, the beloved circle of her intimate friends, I dedicate this slight memorial.

“J. G. W.

“Amesbury, 9th mo., 1874.”

Home Pastorals. By Bayard Taylor. 1875.

“Ad amicos:

“From that wide air, whose greedy silence swallows
So many voices, even as mine seemed lost,
I hear you speak, and sudden glory follows,
As from a falling tongue of Pentecost.

“So heard and hailed by you, that, standing nearest,
Blend love with faith in one far-shining flame,
I hold anew the earliest gift and dearest—
The happy Song that cares not for its fame.”

Practical Cooking. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. 1876.

“To my friend, Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman, a lady who studies the comforts of her household, these receipts are affectionately dedicated.”

Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives. By John W. Dawson. 1880.

“To his friend, Peter Redpath, Esq., of Montreal, this work is dedicated by the author, in commemoration of practical kindness, and of aid liberally rendered to science education in Canada.”

The Sisters. By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. 1880.

"To Herr Edward von Hallberg:

"Allow me, my dear friend, to dedicate these pages to you. I present them to you at the close of a period of twenty years during which a warm and fast friendship has subsisted between us, unbroken by any disagreement. Four of my works have first seen the light under your care and have wandered all over the world under the protection of your name. This, my fifth book, I desire to make especially your own; it was partly written in your beautiful home at Tutzing, under your hospitable roof, and I desire to prove to you by some visible token, that I know how to value your affection and friendship and the many happy hours we have passed together, refreshing and encouraging each other by a full and perfect interchange of thought and sentiment.

"Faithfully your friend,

"Georg Ebers."

A Book of Strife in the Form of the Diary of an Old Soul.
By George Macdonald. 1880.

"Sweet friend, receive my offering. You will find

Against each worded page a white page set:—

This is the mirror of each friendly mind,

Reflecting that, in this book we are met.

"Make it, dear hearts, of worth to you indeed:—

Let your white page be ground, my print be seed,

Growing to golden ears, that faith and hope shall feed.

"Your old soul."

John Inglesant. By J. Henry Shorthouse. 1880.

"To Rawdon Levett, Esq.

"My dear Levett, I dedicate the volume to you, that I may have an opportunity of calling myself your friend.

"J. Henry Shorthouse.

"Lansdowne, Edgbaston,

"June 17, 1880."

Pastoral Days. By W. Hamilton Gibson. 1881.

"To one whose close companionship has wrought that harmony and peace of mind from which this book has sprung, and to whom its every page recalls a reminiscence of the past identified with memories of my own, this memoir is lovingly inscribed 'Our Souvenir.' "

Colonel Gordon in South Africa. From Original Letters and Documents Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. 1881.

"To Miss Gordon, this record of her brother's beneficent rule over the wild tribes of Central Africa is dedicated with every feeling of respect by her faithful servant, the editor."

The Jeffersons. By William Winter. 1881.

"This memorial of the Jeffersons is dedicated by its author to their famous kinsman, William Warren, actor, scholar, and comrade, whose quaint and tender genius in dramatic art has given happiness to thousands, and whose exalted virtues and gentle life have made him an example and an honor to the stage and the community."

Helen of Troy. By Andrew Lang. 1882.

"To all old Friends; to all who dwell
Where Avon dhu and Avon ghel
Down to the western waters flow
Through valleys dear from long ago;
To all who hear the whisper'd spell
Of Ken; and Tweed like music swell
Hard by the Land Debatable,
Or gleaming Shannon seaward go,—
To all old Friends!

"To all that yet remember well
What secrets Isis had to tell,

How lazy Cherwell loitered slow
Sweet aisles of blossom'd May below—
Whate'er befall, whate'er befell,
To *all* old Friends!"

Tristram of Lyonesse. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 1882.

"To my best friend, Theodore Watts, I dedicate in this book the best I have to give him.

"Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,
That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound,
Since here we first together saw and heard
Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word
Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned
Here with the best one thing it ever found,
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

"There is a friend that, as the wise man saith,
C'eaves closer than a brother; nor to me
Hath time not shown, through days like waves at strife,
This truth more sure than all things else but death,
This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
That washes towards your feet these waifs of life.
"The Pines, April, 1882."

Terra Vergine. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. 1883.

"To Giovanni Chiarini, native of the Abruzzi, who lies far from here beneath a bamboo hut in the heart of Africa."

A Voyage in the Sunbeam. By Lady Brassey. 1884.

DEDICATION

"To the friends in many climes and countries, of the white and coloured races, and of every grade in society, who have made our year of travel a year of happiness, these pages are dedicated by the ever-grateful author."

Surrey Belles and London Bell Founders. By J. C. Stahl-schmidt. 1884.

"This book (undertaken at his instance) is dedicated in affectionate remembrance of Thomas North, F.S.A., one who, like Enoch, 'walked with God, and was not, for God took him.' "

The Old Merchants of New York City. By Walter Barrett. Vol. II. 1885.

"To Archibald Gracie, Esq.

"You were really the first merchant that the author ever met, and it was to you that he was indebted for his first knowledge of the rudiments of commerce, and his early acquaintance with the names and persons of the leading merchants of the period, among whom none ranked higher than yourself.

"The author also came upon the stage sufficiently early to know *that* Archibald Gracie, Senior, your venerable father, who, about the period of the passing of the last into the present century, was among the first merchants of this or any other country, his ships visiting every port of the world. When, in writing in these chapters of 'Old Merchants,' about the loftiest commercial integrity, spotless private character, the innocence of a child, of grand commercial views bounded only by the latitude and longitude of the globe, the dignified presence, the philosopher in overwhelming misfortune, patience in waiting through long weary years for the wrong to be made right, the venerable white hairs and the soul of goodness,—to write correctly of all, the author had only to recall to memory that same father of yours, whose remains he saw placed in the family vault more than a third of a century ago in St. Thomas's churchyard.

"What, then, more proper, than that the author should respectfully dedicate this volume to yourself, bearing a name doubly honored in mercantile annals?"

William Lloyd Garrison. The Story of his Life Told by his Children. 1885.

"To Samuel May, of Leicester, Massachusetts, who freed from toil and care the declining years of William Lloyd Garrison, this work is gratefully and affectionately inscribed. *Nobis hæc otia fecit.*"

Mensonges. By Paul Bourget. 1887.

"To Louis Ganderax.

"The greater part of this book has been composed, my dear Louis, in England, while seated in the angle of a bow window. It reminded me of our summer together in Shanklin in 1880, when from just such a window in our common salon, we overlooked a broad expanse of green lawn.

"Now in my solitude across the channel, I have been working at a book of doubt and sad analysis, and often as I have thought of those happy days with you, the current of my somber thoughts has been diverted into more cheerful channels. I seem to see again the quiet maid—devout, pale-faced as a Burne-Jones saint, moving hither and thither quietly as a spirit.

"And again I see our charming hosts welcoming us in the poetic Rylstone. I see the ravine through whose thick shade we caught glimpses of the blue sea beyond and the tall ferns raising their graceful heads, so living and so delicate. But above all, my dear Louis, there come to my mind thoughts of you and your faithful friendship, which has brought me so much comfort since those far away days.

"Accept then, this romance which I dedicate to you as a testimonial, though inadequate, of affection which I offer you in return, an affection which at least is not a lie.

"Paris, Oct. 23, 1887."

Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa M. Alcott. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. 1889.

"To Mrs. Anna B. Pratt:

"The sole surviving sister of Louisa M. Alcott, and her never failing help, comforter, and friend from birth to death, this memoir is respectfully and tenderly dedicated by Ednah D. Cheney.

"Jamaica Plain, June, 1889."

The Story of Patsy. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 1889.

"To H. C. A., in remembrance of gladness given to sorrowful little lives."

Asolando. By Robert Browning. 1890.

"To Mrs. Arthur Bronson.

"To whom but you, dear friend, should I dedicate verses—some few written, all of them supervised, in the comfort of your presence, and with yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me since so many a year,—adding a charm even to my residences at Venice, and leaving me little regret for the surprise and delight at my visits to Asolo in bygone days.

"I unite, you will see, the disconnected poems by a title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient Secretary of Queen Cornaro whose palace-tower still overlooks us! *Asolare*—‘to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random.’ The objection that such a word nowhere occurs in the works of the Cardinal is hardly important—Bembo was too thoroughly a purist to conserve in print a term which in talk he might possibly toy with: but the word is more likely derived from a Spanish source. I use it for love of the place, and in requital of your pleasant assurance that an early poem of mine first attracted you

thither [*Pippa Passes*]*—*where and elsewhere, at La Mura as Cà Alvisi, may all happiness attend you.

"Gratefully and affectionately yours,

"R. B.

"Asolo, Oct. 15, 1889."

Our Recent Actors. By Westland Marston. 1890.

"To Joseph Knight, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-law.

"My dear friend:

"It may probably have occurred to you, as it has done to myself, to glance in leisure moments at the dedications which were published a century or two ago. I confess to having read them with considerable amusement, and, perhaps, with a slight feeling of contempt; for the poet's praise of his patron was usually in such superlatives that he often evinced more imagination in his dedication than in his poem. Were the patron a warrior, he was at least an Achilles; were he a poet, one would think that Homer and Shakespeare ought to hold up his train; were he a legislator, Solon or Lycurgus would be eclipsed; while in the event of the book being inscribed to a lady, the three Goddesses who contended for the Golden Apple were at once superseded in their respective attributes by the modern divinity. One naturally reproaches such clients, to use the old phrase, with insincerity and servility.

"And yet I have at length learned, from experience, some toleration for them, for *you* have taught me that seeming hyperbole may well consist with truth. Of the man whose imaginative sympathy and refinement have not only endeared him to some of our best poets, but made him a poet himself; of the critic whose rare discernment has been in nothing more conspicuous than in his quick detection of merit; of the friend who has rejoiced in the successes of others as if they had been his own, while their misfortunes have called forth his untiring devotion—'Victrix

causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni'—of such a man, I draw a portrait which, though absolutely faithful, may be regarded by those who do not know him as purely ideal. Accept from me these Recollections touching an art in which we are both deeply interested, and believe, dear Knight, in the profound and grateful affection of yours always,

"Westland Marston."

Essays Speculative and Suggestive. By John Addington Symonds. 1890.

"To Miss Margot Tenant, in memory of long dark winter nights at Davos, made luminous by witty conversation."

Sermons Preached in English Churches. By the Reverend Phillips Brooks. 1891.

"To many friends in England, in remembrance of their cordial welcome, I inscribe these sermons."

An Old Maid's Love. By Maarten Maartens. 1891.

"To Reginald Stanley Faber, the author offers the dedication of this book, as a recognition of kindness in the past and a plea for future friendship."

Pelléas et Mélisande. By Maurice Maeterlinck. 1892.

"To Octave Mirbeau, as a testimony of deep friendship, admiration, and gratitude."

A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 1892.

"To my out-door friends everywhere: My good Espero, whom I love: Manual and his sweetheart: little Lucette with the velvet eyes, big-hearted captain Joe, and even Isaacs—Isaacs, the unfaithful, who is watching to fleece me again when next I visit Constantinople."

Four Lectures on Henrik Ibsen. By Philip H. Wicksteed. 1892.

"To Fröken Valborg Platou these studies are dedicated in grateful recognition of her unwearied zeal in helping English visitors to enjoy and to appreciate Norway and her poets."

Ivar the Viking. By Paul du Chaillu. 1893.

"To George W. Childs.

"My dear Childs:

"Years of our unbroken friendship, going back more than a quarter of a century, have passed away, and the recollection of all your kindness during that time comes vividly before my mind. Many a time your home in Philadelphia, at the sea-side, or at Wootton has been my home, and many of the happy days of my life have been spent with you and your kind wife. Three years ago, I lay on a sick-bed at your house, and all that tender nursing, the skill of the physician, and loving hands could do that winter was done for me, and for all that I am indebted to you and to Mrs. Childs. Now a twenty miles' walk day after day does not fatigue me. *Ivar the Viking* was partly written after my recovery, under the shade trees of Wootton and in the midst of the perfume of its flowers. To you, my dear old friend, I dedicate the book as a token of the esteem and high regard I have for your noble character, and in grateful remembrance of all you have done for me.

"Paul Du Chaillu.

"New York, September, 1893."

Wagner and His Works. By Henry T. Finck. 1893.

"To Anton Seidl, of whom Wagner wrote in his last letter, 'Seidl delights me greatly' and who first made Americans acquainted with the greatest of Wagner's music-dramas, 'Tristan and Isolde,' 'Die Meistersinger,' and the

Nibelung Tetralogy, this book is dedicated by the author as a slight return for the pleasure so often received from his poetic and inspired interpretations."

The Garden That I Love. By Alfred Austin. 1894.

"To Madeleine and Dorothy Stanley.

"Dear Madeleine and Dorothy,

"Do you remember how, when first you saw the Garden that I Love, inexorable clouds, as though of opinion your presence was sunshine enough, came drifting from the south, and fitful showers drenched border and flower-bed? But young enthusiasm, and in part perhaps inherited amiability, allowed you to see nothing save unqualified beauty, and even on that morose forenoon you bestowed on them panegyrics they hardly deserve even in their most unclouded moments.

"After you were both gone, I said to myself, 'Some day they will have a garden of their own, and they too will love it.' But what is Love? Love, says Veronica's Poet somewhere,

'Is observation, patience, vigilance,

And heartfelt understanding. Love is wisdom

In tender operation.'

"But it is neither wise, nor tender, nor loving, to remit to others, however expert, the supreme care of one's garden. You will tend yours with your own hands, and discover its needs with your own heart; and if, in doing so, you have to withdraw yourselves sometimes, more than accords with modern wont, into rural seclusion, your social instincts will not thereby be starved, nor your share in the graces and charities of life thereby be curtailed. You will find much resemblance between flowers and human beings; for they too grow reserved under coldness or maltreatment, and respond with almost feminine alacrity to every sympathetic endeavor to apprehend them. But, most of all, the cultiva-

tion of a garden tends to foster that sense of kinship with the lowly in which you have been trained; since there are none who love their garden so tenderly as the poor. Is it not a consoling thought that what, after human affection, is, I think, the deepest and most abiding of all pleasures, is well within the reach of the humblest cottager? Only yesterday I saw, in a little village garden, a cluster of Crown Imperials that put to shame the best I can boast; and I know full well their higher beauty was but the stalk and blossom of deeper devotion.

"You therefore, I know, will tend your own flowers, even as already, in some degree, you tend them at your dear Arlington; bestowing them on your friends, with them decorating the Sanctuary, and ofttimes carrying them—'lilies, lilies bearing'—to the window sills of the suffering and the pallets of the poor. That is why, more even than for the friendship you and yours have shown me, I ask you to accept the dedication of this little volume.

"Believe me always,

"Yours affectionately,

"Alfred Austin.

"Swinford Old Manor,

"Mayday 1894."

A House-Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. 1895.

"To Henry Loomis Nelson, through whose acquiescence these pages were first inflicted upon a long-suffering public, this book is dedicated with the hope that it may be some weeks before he becomes eligible for membership among the Associated Shades."

The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. 1896.

"To my people in grateful recognition of their charity, loyalty, and patience."

Following the Equator. By Mark Twain. 1897.

"This book is affectionately inscribed to my young friend Harry Rogers, with recognition of what he is, and apprehension of what he may become unless he form himself a little more closely upon the model of The Author."

Friendship. By Hugh Black. 1898.

"To my friend Hector Munro Ferguson and to many other friends who have made life rich."

Wisdom and Destiny. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. 1898.

"To Mme Georgette Leblanc:

"I dedicate to you this book, which is, as it were, your work. There is a collaboration loftier and more real than that of the pen; it is the collaboration of thought and example. And thus I have not been compelled laboriously to imagine the thoughts and actions of an ideal sage, or to frame in my heart the moral of a beautiful but shadowy dream. I had only to listen to your words, and to let my eyes follow you attentively in life; for then they were following the words, the movements, the habits, of wisdom itself."

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand. 1898.

"It was my intent to dedicate this poem to the soul of Cyrano, but since that soul has entered into thy soul, Coquelin, I dedicate it to thee."

A Duet. By A. Conan Doyle. 1899.

"To Mrs. Maude Crosse.

"Dear Maude:

"All the little two-oared boats which put out into the great ocean have need of some chart which will show them how to lay their course. Each starts full of happiness and

confidence, and yet we know how many founder, for it is no easy voyage, and there are rocks and sandbanks upon the way. So I give a few pages of your own private log, which tell of days of peace and days of storm,—such storms as seem very petty from the deck of a high ship, but are serious for the two-oared boats. If your peace should help another to peace or your storm console another who is storm-tossed, then I know that you will feel repaid for this intrusion upon your privacy. May all your voyage be like the outset, and when at last the oars fall from your hands, and those of Frank, may other loving ones be ready to take their turn of toil—and so, *bon voyage!*

“Ever your friend,

“The Author.

“January 20, 1899.”

Ship of Stars. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 1899.

“To Leonard Henry Courtney.

“Lord make men as towers”—

“All towers carry a light.”

“Although for you heaven has seen fit to darken the light, believe me, it shines outwards over the waters, and is a help to men; a leading light tended by brave hands.

“We pray Sir—we who sail in little boats—for long life towers and the unfaltering lamp.”

History of the Christian Church. By George Park Fisher. 1900.

“Dedicated as a token of friendship to Charles and Arthur Scribner with affectionate recollections of their father and brother.”

Wild Life at Home. By Richard Kearton. 1901.

“To a host of dear old comrades, toiling within sound of the beloved hum of Fleet Street.”

Poems. By Philip Henry Savage. 1901.

"To Citriodora [i. e., "lemon-verbena"].

"I turn and see you passing in the street.
When you are not, I take another way,
Lest missing you the fragrance of the day
Exhale, and I know not that it is sweet,
And marking you I follow and when we meet
Love laughs to see how sudden I am gay:
Sweetens the air with fragrance like a spray
Of sweet verbena, and bids my heart to beat.

"Love laughs, and girls that take you by the hand,
Know that a sweet thing has befallen them:
And women give their hearts into your heart.
There is, I think, no man in all the land,
But would be glad to touch your garment's hem.
And I, I love you with a love apart."

A Woman's Hardy Garden. By Helen Rutherford Ely. 1903.

"To the best friend of my garden, who, with heart and hands, has helped to make it what it is."

My Old Maid's Corner. By Lillie Hamilton French. 1903.

"To Helen Naomi Salomon, a well-beloved 'Sister in the Bond.'"

Art Out of Doors. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. 1903.

"To the friends in Brookline, who taught me to care for the art which stands nearest to nature."

That Printer of Udell's. By Harold Bell Wright. 1903.

"To that Friend whose life has taught me many beautiful Truths; whose words have strengthened and encouraged

me to live more true to my God, my fellows and myself; who hoped for me when others lost hope; who believed in me when others could not; who saw good when others looked for evil; To that Friend whoever he is, wherever he may be, I affectionately dedicate this story."

Our National Parks. By John Muir. 1904.

"To Charles Sprague Sargent, steadfast lover and defender of our country's forests, this little book is affectionately dedicated."

Matthew Arnold. By George William Erskine Russell. 1904.

"Offered to Matthew Arnold's children with affectionate remembrance 'of that unreturning day.'"

The Joy of Life. By Lillie Hamilton French. 1905.

"To Janet Emmet Griswold, whose joy is that of St. Francis, this book is dedicated in gratitude and affection."

Children of Good Fortune. By C. Hanford Henderson. 1905.

DEDICATION

"To those gracious spirits who in life and in literature are helping me to discover in what good fortune consists."

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton. Recorded by Isabel Moore. 1905.

"To Joseph Jefferson, the best of men; the best of friends; and the only player in his own group.

"L. H."

**The Poetry of Tennyson. By Henry Van Dyke. 1905.
10th edition.**

"To a young woman of an old fashion, who loves art not for its own sake, but because it ennobles life; who reads poetry, not to kill time, but to fill it with beautiful thoughts; and who still believes in God and duty and immortal love—I dedicate this book."

**Mornings in the College Chapel. Second Series. By
Francis G. Peabody. 1907.**

"TO G. A. G.

"Twenty years ago we were set to keep the light;
Five of us shared watch through the first long winter's
night:
One, our captain, sank in duty's pitiless foam,
Two, our veterans, wait by the shore for their summons
home.
The years and the faces pass, and the keepers come and go,
Like the sea of life beneath them, with its ceaseless ebb
and flow.
Still at your post you stand, high up in the lighthouse
tower,
Guarding the way of life, speaking the word of power;
Resolute, tender, wise, free in the love of the truth,
Tending the flame of the Christ, as it marks our channel
of youth.
And the task we were set, my brother, has it failed in
these twenty years,
Has the light gone out in the night of doubt, or the smothering
fog of fears?
Thank God, in the shifting tides of life, the tower of prayer
still stands,
And in His home the undimmed flame is fed by loyal
hands.

What shall we pledge to the College which trusted us so,
my friend,
But a loving prayer, and a constant care to serve her to
the end?"

The Way to Happiness. By Thomas R. Slicer. 1907.

"This book is dedicated to every friend who along the
way has added 'Sunshine to daylight.'"

**The Servant in the House. By Charles Rann Kennedy.
1908.**

"To Walter Hampden:

"'There's a lot o' brothers knockin' abaht as people
don't know on, eh what? See wot I mean?'"

Poems. By Francis Thompson. 1908.

"Dedication to Wilfred and Alice Meynell.

"If the rose in meek duty
May dedicate humbly
To her grower the beauty
Wherewith she is comely;
If the mine to the miner
The jewels that pined in it,
Earth to diviner
The springs he divined in it;
To the grapes the wine-pitcher
Their juice that was crushed in it;
Viol to its witcher
The music lay hushed in it;
If the lips may pay Gladness
In laughter she wakened
And the heart to its sadness
Weeping unslakened;

If the hid and sealed coffer
Whose having not his is,
To the losers may proffer
Their finding—here this is;
Their lives if all livers,
To the Life of all living,—
To you, O dear givers,
I give your own giving!"

The Meynells befriended Francis Thompson when he was practically in the gutter, and pulled him up and out, so that the spirit of gratefulness is beautiful as well as the verse.

Ocean Life in the Old Sailing-Ship Days. By John D. Whidden. 1908.

"To Captain Joseph W. Clapp of Nantucket:

"Dear Old Boy:—Although nearly fourscore years have silvered your head, you yet retain your mirth and sense of humor, as evidenced by your frequent letters, which have been to me a source of inspiration. To you, then, in memory of the pleasant days passed in genial companionship in old Montevideo, S. A., upwards of forty years ago, this work is affectionately dedicated by the author."

The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. By Jane Addams. 1909.

"To my dear friend, Louise de Koven Bowen, with sincere admiration for her understanding of the needs of the city children and with warm appreciation of her service as President of the Juvenile Protection Association of Chicago."

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. By A. M. Broadley. 1909.

"To my loyal friend, James Penderel-Brodhurst, a Staffordshire man both by birth and affection, a lineal

descendant of Humphrey Penderel of Boscobel and a kinsman of one of Samuel Johnson's early friends and contemporaries, this volume is inscribed."

Our Village. By Joseph C. Lincoln. 1909.

"TO S. E. H.

"Who knew and loved Our House,
And those who dwelt therein."

The Immigrant Tide, Its Ebb and Flow. By Edward A. Steiner. 1909.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Henry, Americans:

"In whom blend all the nobler strains which made the past illustrious, and who are awake to the peril and the opportunities of the hour, this book is cordially inscribed."

What's Wrong with the World. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. 1910.

"To C. F. G. Masterman, M.D.

"My dear Charles:—

"I originally called this book 'WHAT IS WRONG,' and it would have satisfied your sardonic temper to note the number of social misunderstandings that arose from the use of the title. Many a mild lady visitor opened her eyes when I remarked casually, 'I have been doing *What is Wrong* all this morning.' And one minister of religion moved quite sharply in his chair when I told him (as he understood it) that I had to run upstairs and do what was wrong, but would be down again in a minute. Exactly of what occult vice they silently accused me I cannot conjecture, but I know of what I accuse myself; and that is, of having written a very shapeless and inadequate book, and one quite unworthy to be dedicated to you. As far as literature goes, this book is wrong, and no mistake.

"It may seem a refinement of insolence to present so wild a composition to one who has recorded two or three of the really impressive visions of the moving millions of England. You are the only man alive who can make the map of England crawl with life; a most creepy and enviable accomplishment. Why then should I trouble you with a book which, even if it achieves its object (which is monstrously unlikely) can only be a thundering gallop of theory?

"Well, I do it partly because I think you politicians are none the worse for a few inconvenient ideals; but more because you will recognize the many arguments we have had; those arguments which the most wonderful ladies in the world can never endure for very long. And, perhaps, you will agree with me that the thread of comradeship and conversation must be protected because it is so frivolous. It must be held sacred, it must not be snapped, because it is not worth tying together again. It is exactly because argument is idle that men (I mean males) must take it seriously; for when (we feel), until the crack of doom, shall we have so delightful a difference again? But most of all I offer it to you because there exists not only comradeship, but a very different thing, called friendship; an agreement under all the arguments and a thread which, please God, will never break.

"Yours always,

"G. K. Chesterton."

Patience and Her Garden. By Ida Smith Decker. 1910.

"To my busy friends outside their Gardens."

Billy Topsail and Company. By Norman Duncan. 1910.

"To Chauncey Lewis and to 'Buster,' good friends both, sometimes to recall to them places and occasions at Mike Man's: Dead Man's Point, Rolling Ridge, the Canoe Land-

ing, the swift and wilful waters of the West Branch, Squaw Mountain, the trail to Dead Stream, the raft on Horseshoe, the Big Fish, the gracious kindness of the L. L. of E. O. (as well as her sandwiches), and the never-to-be-forgotten flapjacks that 'did n't look it,' but were indeed 'all there.' "

The Broad Highway. By Jeffrey Farnol. 1910.

"To Shirley Byron Jevons, the friend of my boyish ambitions, this work is dedicated as a mark of my gratitude, affection, and esteem."

For God and the People. By Walter Rauschenbusch. 1910.

"To my friends at Rochester, whose love has been my cheer."

Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. By William Winter. 1910.

"To Herman H. Kohlsaatt because he loved and honoured Richard Mansfield, and by him was loved and honoured, and because my book will be enriched by association with his name, I dedicate this memorial of a fine genius and a brilliant life.

" 'Friend through long years of pleasure and of pain
Nor time, nor death itself can wholly part,
For here at memory's shrine they meet again
In the sweet converse of the faithful heart.' "

Keeping Up with Lizzie. By Irving Bacheller. 1911.

"To the loving and beloved Mr. Onedear, I dedicate this little book."

The Leaves of the Tree. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 1911.

"To Reginald John Smith, once my fagmaster, now my publisher, always my friend, I dedicate this book."

John Burns: The Rise and Progress of a Right Honourable.
By Joseph Burgess. 1911.

"To William Martin Haddow, Glasgow School Board,
'the Children's Friend' and my leal comrade."

Mark Twain. By Archibald Henderson. 1911.

"To C. Alphonso Smith, scholar, good fellow, friend."

The Ice Age in North America. By George Frederick Wright 1911.

"To Elisha Gray, Chevalier de la légion d'honneur, inventor of the harmonic telegraph, the telephone and the telautograph, whose intelligent interest in glacial geology and whose generous appreciation of my work has been a constant inspiration, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

The South Pole. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. 1912.

"To my comrades, the brave little band that promised in Funchal Roads to stand by me in the struggle for the South Pole, I dedicate this book.

"Roald Amundsen.

"Uranienborg, August 15, 1912."

Dancing and Dancers of To-day. By Carolina and Charles H. Caffin. 1912.

"To the friends whose interest in the expressional interpretation of the dance has encouraged us to write this book."

A Book of Hand Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall. 1912.

"To the memory of William Wade.

"The gentle minde,
By gentle Deeds is Knowne."

The Maker of Rainbows. By Richard Le Gallienne. 1912.

"That this volume shall be entirely in keeping with its fairy tale contents, I dedicate it to my good friends its publishers, Harper and Brothers, in remembrance of kindly relations between them and its writer seldom found out of a fairy tale."

The Montessori Method. By Maria Montessori. Translated from the Italian by Anne E. George. 1912.

"I place at the beginning of this volume, now appearing in the United States, her fatherland, the dear name of Alice Hallgarten of New York, who by her marriage to Baron Leopold Franchetti became by choice our compatriot.

"Ever a firm believer in the principles underlying Case dei Bambini, she, with her husband, forwarded the publication of this book in Italy, and, throughout the last year of her short life, greatly desired the English translation which should introduce to the land of her birth the work so near her heart.

"To her memory I dedicate this book, whose pages, like an ever-living flower, perpetuate the recollection of her beneficence."

The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. By Kathleen Norris. 1912.

"To Kathleen Mary Thompson:—

"Lover of books, who never fails to find
Some good in every book, your namesake sends
This book to you, knowing you always kind
To small things, timid, and in need of friends."

New Industrial Day. By W C. Redfield. 1912.

"To those friends at hammer, machine and vice with whom it was my privilege to be long associated, whose loyalty has endured through years and whose confidence has always been an inspiration."

The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems. By Corinne Roosevelt-Robinson. 1912.

"To Frances Theodora Parsons, the friend to whose inspiration and companionship I owe my happiest hours with books and nature."

The Memoir of Sir Horace Mann. By Giberne Sieveking. 1912.

"To Dr. Makalua, to whose skill and friendship I gladly owe a debt not easily to be repaid and not ever to be forgotten."

XV
To Relatives

XV

To Relatives

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. By Sir Philip Sidney. 1590.

“To my dear lady and sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Here now have you (most dear, and most worthy to be most dear lady) this idle work of mine: which I fear (like the spider's web) will be thought fitter to be swept away, than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart, to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child, which I am loathe to father. But you desired me to do it, and your desire, to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you: if you keep it to yourself, or to such friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of goodwill, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest, by sheets, sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were (and shall be when God will), having many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in, than that they gat out. But his chief safety, shall be the

not walking abroad; and his chief protection, the bearing the livery of your name; which (if much goodwill do not deceive me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know the virtue so; and this say I, because it may be ever so, or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so looking for no better stuff than, as in an haberdasher's shop, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you; and most most heartily prays you may long live, to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidney's. Your loving brother,
 "Philip Sidney."

Miscelanea, Meditations, Memoratives. By Elizabeth Grymeston. 1604.

"To my loving sonne, Bernye Grymeston.

"My dearest sonne, there is nothing so strong as the force of love, there is no love so forcible as the love of an affectionate mother to her naturall childe; there is no mother can either more affectionately shew her nature, or more naturally manifest her affection, than in advising her child out of her owne experience, to eschew evill and encline them to do that which is good. . . . Thou seest my love hath carried me beyond the list I resolved on, and my aking head and trembling hand have rather a will to offer, than abilitie to affoord further discourse. Wherefore, with as many good wishes to thee as good will can measure, I abruptly end, desiring God to blesse thee with sorrow for thy sinnes, thankfulnessse for his benefits, feare of his judgments, love of his mercies, mindfulness of his presence, that living in his feare, thou mayst die in his favor, rest in his peace, rise in his power, remaine in his glory for ever and ever.

"Thine assured loving Mother,

"Elizabeth Grymeston."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

An Exposition of the Dominical Epistles and Gospels Used in our English Liturgie. By John Boys, Doctor of Divinitie. 1615.

"TO THE VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY KNIGHT Sir John Boys, of Canterbury, my very good Vncle, Grace and Peace.

"Sir, you did first plant my studies, Archbishop Whitegift that president of piety, watered them, and God gave increase: to God as to the fountaine of all goodness, I consecrate all that I have: to your happy memories, as to the conduits of much good, I dedicate this ensuing Postill, especially to yourselfe surviving, as to my best Patron in Cambridge, where the foundation of this worke was laid; unto yourselfe, as to the chiefe procurer of that small Benefice, where the frame was rais'd; unto yourselfe, as to the lively pattern of that doctrine, which is heere delivered.

"Accept it as your owne—; for it beares your name, and resembling you much, endeavors to honor you long: so you shall encourage mee daily to lessen my debt to the Church, and

"increase mine obligations to your

"selfe, that living and dying

"I may continue Your most bounden Nephew,

"John Boys."

Poems by Charles Lamb of the India House. (Included in Poems by S. T. Coleridge, to which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd.) 1797.

THE DEDICATION

"The few following poems, creatures of the fancy and the feeling in life's more vacant hours, produced, for the most part, by love in idleness; are, with all a brother's fondness,

"Inscribed to

"Mary Anne Lamb

"the author's best friend and sister."

Lamb wrote, in a letter to Coleridge, Nov. 14th, 1796, "I mean to inscribe them [the poems] to my sister. It will be unexpected, and it will give her pleasure; . . . There is a monotony in the affections, which people living together or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give in to: a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise." Of the poems, he goes on to say that he has taken his leave of love—"a passion which has reigned so royally (so long) within me. . . . I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father." The tragic murder of her mother by Mary Lamb, in a fit of insanity, had occurred in September of this year, and Mary Lamb was still in restraint at the time of this dedication.

Queen Mab. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1813.

"TO HARRIET . . .

"Whose is the love that gleaming through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrows of its scorn?

Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

"Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?

Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

"Harriet, on thine:—thou wert my purer mind;

Thou wert the inspiration of my song,
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

"Then press into thy breast this pledge of love;
And know, though time may change and years may roll,
Each floweret gathered in my heart,
It consecrates to thine."

There is a little doubt as to which Harriet Shelley meant—Harriet Grove, with whom he was in love in 1810, when Medwin thinks the poem was written, or Harriet Shelley, the poet's first wife. If written for the first Harriet, the dedication was nevertheless allowed to stand in 1813, when only Harriet Shelley could have been understood. To Mary Shelley, his second wife, the poet dedicated his *Witch of Atlas*, written in 1824, though the dedication was not published until the edition of 1839.

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. By William H. Prescott. 1838.

"To the Honorable William Prescott, LL.D., the guide of my youth, my best friend in riper years, these volumes, with the warmest feelings of filial affection, are respectfully inscribed."

Pilgrims of the Rhine. By Lord Lytton. 1840.

"To Henry Lytton Bulwer.

"Allow me, my dear Brother, to dedicate this work to you. The greater part of it (viz., the tales which vary and relieve the voyages of Gertrude and Trevlyan) was written in the pleasant excursion we made together some years ago. Among the associations—some sad, and some pleasing—connected with the general design, none are so agreeable to me as those that remind me of the friendship subsisting between us, and which, unlike that of near relations in general, has grown stronger and more intimate as our footsteps have receded farther from the fields where we played together in our childhood. I dedicate this Work to you with the more pleasure, not only when I remember that it has always been a favorite with yourself, but when I think that it is one of my writings most liked in foreign countries; and I may possibly, therefore, have found a record destined to endure the affectionate esteem which this Dedication is intended to convey.

"Yours etc.

"E. L. B.

"London, April 23, 1840."

A Start in Life. By Honoré de Balzac. 1842.

"To Laure, to whose bright and modest wit I owe the idea of this scene. Hers be the honor!

"Her brother,

"De Balzac."

A Residence of Eight Years in Persia among the Nestorian Christians. By the Reverend Justin Perkins. 1843.

"To a mother, who in widowhood, age, infirmity, and dependence gave her son to the missionary work,—this volume is affectionately inscribed by that son."

Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett. 1844.

"DEDICATION TO MY FATHER

"When your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you, who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world; nor would it be possible for us to speak of it to one another, with voices that did not falter. Enough, that what is in my heart when I write this, will be fully known to yours.

"And my desire is that *you*, who are a witness how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day,—that *you*, who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them every day—that *you*, who hold with me over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one Name,—may accept the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my

fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if indeed I were a child again; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile,—and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition, by associating with the great pursuit of my life, its tenderest and noblest affection.

“Yours,

“E. B. B.

“London, 50 Wimpole Street, 1844.”

Elizabeth Barrett's marriage with Robert Browning—a marriage that led to a permanent estrangement with her father—took place two years later.

The Bell. By the Reverend Alfred Gatty. 1848.

“To her who for long has heard the bell with me, and shared in its gay and grave associations, the companion of my life and partner of my fortunes, this small volume is with all affection inscribed.”

An Art Student in Munich. By Anna Mary Howitt. 1854.

“To my beloved parents, whose keen love of nature, and of all that is pure and true in life, first implanted the artist's aspiration within my soul, the following pages are affectionately inscribed.”

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley. 1854.

“To my father and my mother:

“My dear Parents:

“When you shall have read this book, and considered the view of human relationships which is set forth in it, you will be at no loss to discover why I have dedicated it to you, as one paltry witness of an union and of a debt which, though they may seem to have begun with birth, and to have grown with your most loving education, yet cannot die with death: but are spiritual, indefeasible, eternal in the heavens with that God from whom every fatherhood in heaven and earth is named. (C. K.)”

One Word More. By Robert Browning. 1855.

“TO E. B. B.

‘There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together:
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

“Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth,—the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours—the rest be all men’s,
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:
Pray you, look on these my men and women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

“Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon’s self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair’s-breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder ’twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,

Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

“What, there ’s nothing in the moon noteworthy?
Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic (’t is the old sweet mythos),
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal—
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?
Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?
Moses, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu,
Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

“What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.
Only this is sure—the sight were other,
Not the moon’s same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!

“This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you—yourself my moon of poets!

Ah, but that 's the world's side, there 's the wonder,
 Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
 There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—
 Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
 But the best is when I glide from out them,
 Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
 Come out on the other side, the novel
 Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
 Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

"Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
 Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
 Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
 Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!"

This was originally appended to the second volume of *Men and Women*, and though not strictly a dedication in form, it is one in spirit.

English Literature. By Henry Reed. 1855.

"To my widowed sister, who, for the sake of the living, has nobly borne her sorrow for the dead, this memorial volume is affectionately inscribed."

Aurora Leigh By Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1856.

"DEDICATION TO JOHN KENYON, ESQ."

"The words 'cousin' and 'friend' are constantly recurring in this poem, the last pages of which have been finished under the hospitality of your roof, my own dearest cousin and friend;—cousin and friend, in a sense of less equality and greater disinterestedness than 'Romney's.'

"Ending, therefore, and preparing once more to quit England, I venture to leave in your hands this book, the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered; that as, through my various efforts in literature and steps in life,

you have believed in me, borne with me, and been generous to me, far beyond the common uses of mere relationship or sympathy of mind, so you may kindly accept, in sight of the public, this poor sign of esteem, gratitude, and affection, from

"Your forgetting

"E. B. B.

"39 Devonshire Place,

"October 17, 1856."

Mr. Kenyon died in December of this year. "Readers of these letters do not require to be told how near and dear a friend he had been to both Mrs. Browning and her husband. During his life his friendship had taken the practical form of allowing them 100 l. a year, in order that they might be more free to follow their art for its own sake only, and in his will he left 6500 l. to Robert Browning and 4500 l. to Mrs. Browning. These were the largest legacies in a very generous will—the fitting end to a life passed in acts of generosity and kindness to those in need." (From the *Letters of E. B. Browning*, II., 241.)

Grace Truman By **Sallie Rochester Ford**. 1857.

"To Elizabeth T. Pitts, my loved and venerated grandmother, who, beneath the weight of eighty years, still cherishes with clear conception and unabated zeal those principles, which, in orphan childhood, I learned from her lips, this tribute to their advocacy is affectionately inscribed."

Tent Life in the Holy Land. By **William C. Prime**. 1858.

"To the memory of Nathaniel S. Prime, our reverend and beloved father, who while we were climbing the mountains of Lebanon, on the morning of the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, did ascend into the Sublime and Solemn Company of the Patriarchs and Prophets of all Time, I dedicate this volume."

Life of Frederick William Von Steuben. By Friedrich Kapp. 1859.

"To the memory of Friedrich Engels, late Major-General in the Prussian army and commandant of Cologne on the Rhine, an honest man, a brave soldier and a true friend, this volume is dedicated by his grateful son-in-law, the Author."

Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. 1859.

"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had in a very insufficient degree the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half of the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore. 1862.

"This poem is inscribed to the memory of her by whom and for whom I became a poet."

The Poet's Journal. By Bayard Taylor. 1863.

"INSCRIPTION TO THE MISTRESS OF CEDARCROFT."

"The evening shadows lengthen on the lawn;
Westward, our immemorial chestnuts stand,
A mount of shade: but o'er the cedars drawn,
Between the hedgerow trees, in many a band—

Of brightening gold, the sunshine lingers on,
And soon will touch our oaks with parting hand:
And down the distant valley all is still,
And flushed with purple smiles the beckoning hill.

“Come, leave the flowery terrace, leave the beds
Where southern children wake to northern air,
Let yon mimosas droop their tufted heads
These myrtle trees their nuptial beauty wear,
And while the dying day reluctant treads
From tree-top unto tree-top, with me share
The scene’s idyllic peace, the evening’s close,
The balm of twilight and the land’s repose.

“Come, for my task is done: the task that drew
My footsteps from the chambers of the Day,—
That held me back, Beloved, even from you,
That are my daylight: for the Poet’s way
Turns into many a lonely avenue
Where none may follow; he must sing his lay
First to himself, then to the One most dear,
Last, to the world. Come to my side, and hear.

“The poems ripened in a heart at rest,
A life that first through you is free and strong,
Take them and warm them in your partial breast
Before they try the common air of Song!
Fame won at home is of all fame the best:
Crown me your poet, and the Critic’s wrong
Shall harmless strike where you in love have smiled,
Wife of my heart, and Mother of my child.”

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. 1864.

“To the dear memory of Her, by whose firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy, these and all other labours

have for years been sustained and cheered; this work, which shared her latest care, is now dedicated in sacred and everlasting remembrance."

Snow-Bound. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1866.

"To the memory of the household it describes, this poem is dedicated by the Author."

"The inmates of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition, there was the district schoolmaster who boarded with us. The 'not unfear'd, half-welcome guest' was Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over her violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally ready to exhort in schoolhouse prayer-meetings and dance in a Washington ball-room, while her father was a member of Congress. She early embraced the doctrine of the Second Advent, and felt it her duty to proclaim the Lord's speedy coming. With this message she crossed the Atlantic and spent the greater part of a long life in travelling over Europe and Asia. She lived some time with Lady Hester Stanhope, a woman as fantastic and mentally strained as herself, on the slope of Mt. Lebanon, but finally quarrelled with her in regard to two white horses with red marks on their backs which suggested the idea of saddles, on which her titled hostess expected to ride into Jerusalem with the Lord. A friend of mine found her, when quite an old woman, wandering in Syria with a tribe of Arabs, who, with the Oriental notion that madness is inspiration, accepted her as their prophetess and leader. At the time referred to in *Snow-Bound* she was boarding at the Rocks Village about two miles from us." (Whittier's note.)

The Innocents Abroad. By Mark Twain. 1869.

"To my most patient reader and most charitable critic, my aged mother, this volume is affectionately inscribed."

A Memoir of the Reverend Sidney Smith. By His Daughter Lady Holland. 1869.

"This memoir of my father, the preparation for which was

the constant occupation of my mother's life, and the completion of which was the most earnest object of her desire, both in her life and at her death, which nothing but her earnest desire could have given me courage to attempt, I now dedicate to her memory, believing it to be the most grateful tribute I can offer on her grave."

Among my Books. By James Russell Lowell. 1870.

"TO F. D. L."

"Love comes and goes with music in his feet,
And tunes young pulses to his roundelays;
Love brings thee this: will it persuade thee, sweet,
That he turns prosier when he comes and stays?"

Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars, 97th Regiment. By Catherine Marsh. 1870.

"This record of the faith of a son is affectionately inscribed to her whom God graciously chose to sow in his young heart its first imperishable seed."

Music and Morals. By the Reverend Hugh R. Haweis. 1871.

"To my wife, whose pen has saved me so much labor, and to whose pencil I owe all the illustrations, fac-similes, and diagrams in this volume, I dedicate these studies of my leisure hours."

Doings of the Bodley Family in the Town and Country. By Horace Scudder. 1875.

"TO SYLVIA AND ETHEL"

"They came by night at the turn of the year;
One was dark and one was fair;
It would have been lonely for one to be here,
So both came down the heavenly stair."

Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of His Life.
Edited by His Wife. 1876.

"Dedicated to the beloved memory of a Righteous Man:

"Who loved God and Truth above all things. A man of untarnished honor—loyal and chivalrous—gentle and strong—modest and humble—tender and true—pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring, stern to all forms of wrong and oppression, yet most stern toward himself—who being angry, yet sinned not—whose highest virtues were known only to his wife, his children, his servants, and the poor. who lived in the presence of God here, and passing through the grave and gate of death now liveth unto God forevermore."

Memoir of Norman Macleod. By Donald Macleod. 1876.

"Dedicated to his mother, now in her ninety-first year, in affectionate remembrance of all that her children and her children's children owe to her influence."

The Amateur Emigrant. By Robert L. Stevenson. 1879.

"To Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson.

"Our friendship was not only founded before we were born by a community of blood, but is in itself as old as my life. It began with our early ages, and, like a history, has been continued to the present time. Although we may not be old in the world, we are old to each other, having so long been intimates. We are now widely separated, a great sea and continent intervening; but memory, like care, mounts into iron ships and rides post behind the horseman. Neither time nor space nor enmity can conquer old affection; and as I dedicate these sketches, it is not to you only, but to all in the old country, that I send the greeting of my heart.

"R. L. S."

Poems. By **Father Abram J. Ryan.** 1880.

"These simple rhymes are laid as a garland of love at the feet of his Mother by her child, the author."

Ben Hur. By **Lew Wallace.** 1880.

"To the wife of my youth, who still abides with me."

Idyls of Norway and Other Poems. By **Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.** 1882.

"TO L. K. B.

"I fain would praise thee with surpassing praise,
To whom my soul its first allegiance gave;
For thou art fair as thou art wise and brave,
And like the Lily that with sweet amaze,
Rocks on its lake and spreads its golden rays
Serenely to the sun and knows not why,
Thou spreadst the tranquil splendor of thine eye
Upon my heart and fillst the happy days,
Brimmed with the fragrance and the light of thee.
Mute was my life and chill ere thee it found;
Like dumbly heaving waves it rolled along
In voiceless wrestling on a barren sea,
Until it broke, with sudden rush of sound,
Upon thy sunny shore in light and song."

The Rose. By **H. B. Ellwanger.** 1882.

"I dedicate this book to my father, George Ellwanger, who has done so much to improve horticultural taste, and inculcate a love for the beautiful. He has ever taught, and proved by his life, that much of the purest happiness is found in active employment in the garden."

Luther's Leben. By **Julius Köstlin.** Leipzig, 1882.

"To my dear wife Pauline, with the words of Luther: 'God's best gift on earth is to have a peaceable, good-tempered, God-fearing, and home-loving wife.' "

Practical Thoughts of a Mother. Prose translated by
M. E. B. Poetry by C. M. V. W., from the German of
E. Michael. 1882.

“DEDICATION TO ‘MY MOTHER’

“All that within my heart lies hidden,
All that has charmed me or distressed,
Upon these pages I have bidden
Before thine eyes to stand confessed.

“They hold my thoughts, my each emotion,
My deeds, my joys, my hopes, my fears,
My hours of darkness of devotion,
And well bedewed they are with tears.

“I lay them in thy hands, my Mother,
My ‘thoughts, my ‘songs’ of me a part,
As if in them myself, my Mother,
I laid upon thy faithful heart.

“And if perchance thy cheek caressing,
A breath well known the pages waft,
Bethink thee ’t is my kiss and blessing
They ’ve kept for thee with tender craft.”

But Yet a Woman. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. 1883.

“The dedication of this book to my wife is but the
acknowledgment of the debt of both it and its author.”

The Secret of Death. By Edwin Arnold. 1884.

“TO MY DAUGHTER

“Because I know my verse shall henceforth live
On lips to be, on hearts as yet unbeating;
Because the East and West will some day give—
When Faith and Doubt are friends, at some far meeting—

Late praise to him that dreamed it,—therefore here,
As one that carves upon a growing willow
The word it is to keep for many a year;
As one that paints, before she breasts the billow,
A dear name on his vessel's prow; as one
That, finishing a fane, makes dedication
With golden letters on the polished stone,
Crowning his toil by loving celebration,—
Here, while these last, our love I celebrate,
For thy sake and thy mother's,—writing 'Kate.'"

Flower and Thorn. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1885.

"TO L. A."

"At Shiraz, in a sultan's garden, stood
A tree whereon a curious apple grew,
One side like honey, and one side like rue.

"Thus sweet and bitter is the life of man,
The sultan said, for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefore none may know.

"Herewith together you have flower and thorn,
Both rose and brier for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefore none may know.

"Take them and keep them,
Silvery thorn and flower,
Plucked just at random
In the rosy weather—
Snowdrops and pansies,
Sprigs of wayside heather,
And five-leaved wild-rose
Dead within an hour.

"Take them and keep them:
 Who can tell? some day, dear,
 (Though they be withered,
 Flower and thorn and blossom,)
 Held for an instant
 Up against thy bosom,
 They might make December
 Seem to thee like May, dear!"

Boots and Saddles, or Life in Dakota with General Custer.
By Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer. 1885.

"Dedicated to my husband, the echo of whose voice has been my inspiration."

Mrs. Custer's *Following the Guidon* is dedicated "To one who has followed the Guidon into that Realm where

" 'The war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled.' "

The Idea of God. By John Fiske. 1885.

"To my Wife,—in remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning under the apple tree on the hillside, when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths, and talked of the things since written in this little book, I now dedicate it.

" 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.' "

The Story of Helen. By C. M. Van Wagenen. 1885.

"TO MY MOTHER AND FATHER"

"Twin hearts!
 From whom this heart derived
 Its fashion and its flame,
 Long decades in the Silent Land
 Unwitting praise or blame,

All labour done,
Life's victory won,
Yet may ye wit, within the Light Above,
This humble tribute of a daughter's love."

Life of John Pickering. By Mary Orne Pickering. 1887.

"To the eldest grand-daughter of my father and mother, whose childhood was blessed with their loving care; to the memory of her departed sister, and to the younger grandchildren, who never had the happiness of knowing their grandparents and sharing their affection, this imperfect memorial of my father and mother is tenderly dedicated by their aunt.

"Mary Orne Pickering."

Madrigals and Catches. By Frank D. Sherman. 1887.

"TO MY FATHER"

"Madrigals and Catches caught
In the cage of Happy Thought
Are these amatory rhymes;
Reveries of olden times
When my heart was ever bent
After some new sentiment,
Veering like a ship at sea
With the tides of melody,
Trembling like the stars above
With each last-discovered love.
These are songs for gladsome youth,
Half in jest and half in truth;
Lyrics light as gales that toss
Leaves the orchard floor across,—
Lyrics gay as carols sung
Blossom-laden vines among;
All pitched in a major key—
Catch and madrigal and glee:

Songs whose inspiration came
 In the constant leaping flame
 Of my love for Her whose eyes
 Look on us from Paradise,
 And my love for you whose heart
 Gave Love's mariner the chart
 That he might find only joy—
 Only joy for me, your boy."

Musical Instruments and their Homes. By Mary E. Brown
 and Wm. Adams Brown. 1888.

"To the One:

"Who has not only given the true keynote to our home,
 but whose firm yet gentle touch has resolved all its tran-
 sient discords into harmony, this book is affectionately
 dedicated by his wife and eldest son."

The Unity of the Life of the Spirit. By Rudolf Eucken.
 1888.

"To the Memory of My Mother."

Il regno di Vittorio Emanuele II. By Vittorio Bersezio.
 1889.

"TO LAURA BERSEZIO"

"To thee, dearest companion of my life, wise mother of
 my children, whose soul is attuned to my soul, to thee my
 noblest Love, to thee who first stimulated and encouraged
 me in the work which has now for so many years engaged
 my thoughts, and which but for thy sympathy might never
 have been written.

"To thee I dedicate this book, a conscientious study,
 though so inadequate to the great subject of which it
 treats, but which has yet been to me the most delightful
 wish of my mature years."

(From the Italian.)

The Permanent Elements of Religion. By Bishop Boyd Carpenter. 1889.

"To my Mother I owe my earliest thoughts of religion:
to my Mother I dedicate my latest."

A Little Book of Western Verse. By Eugene Field. 1889.

"TO MARY FIELD FRENCH"

I

"A dying Mother gave to you
Her child a many years ago;
How in your gracious love he grew,
You know, dear, patient heart, you know.

2

"The Mother's child you fostered then
Salutes you now and bids you take
These little children of his pen,
And love them for the author's sake.

3

"To you I dedicate this book,
And, as you read it line by line,
Upon its faults as kindly look
As you have always looked on mine.

4

"Tardy the offering is and weak,—
Yet were I happy if I knew
These children had the power to speak
My love and gratitude to you.—

"E. F."

Between Times. By Walter Learned. 1889.

“TO A. F. L.”

“The child who wanders by the wayside sees
 Buds in the fields and blossoms in the trees,
 And with unskillful hand essays to bring
 Back to his home these tokens of the spring;
 Plucks here a stemless bud, a floweret torn,
 A withered calyx of its petals shorn;
 Crushed by the hand that strove to hold them fast,
 He brings a battered nosegay home at last.
 A waste of flowers! And this, perhaps you think,
 A waste of time, a waste of pen and ink,
 But you 'd have kept the flowers. I pray you, look
 Between the halting lines that fill this book.
 To you these too imperfect rhymes I bring,
 Since but for you, I 'd not have cared to sing.”

**Memorials and Letters of the Reverend John R. Adams,
 D.D. By Emily Adams Bancroft. 1890.**

“To his children and grandchildren: These letters of a
 beloved brother have been prepared to perpetuate in their
 hearts the remembrance of his useful life and heroic deeds.

“Emily Adams Bancroft.

“Jacksonville, Ill., Jan. 2d, 1890.”

“ ‘He gave his body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
 Under whose colors he had fought so long.’ ”

The Reverend John R. Adams was chaplain of the Fifth Maine
 and the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York regiments
 during the War of the Rebellion, serving from the beginning to
 its close.

**Betty Alden, the First-Born Daughter of the Pilgrims.
 By Jane G. Austin. 1891.**

“To my dear cousins, Marston and Mary Watson, and

their Hillside, where Betty Alden has been so pleasantly cradled during the past year, this story of her life and times is affectionately dedicated."

Pitt. By Lord Rosebery. 1891.

"This little book has been written under many disadvantages, but with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth. My chief happiness in completing it would have been to give it to my wife; it can now only be inscribed to her memory."

Stirring the Eagle's Nest. By Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D. 1892.

"To A. E. C."

"The beloved wife who has filled my home with sunshine for nearly forty years, this volume is gratefully inscribed."

English Cathedrals. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. 1892.

"To the memory of my father, George Griswold, in whose company I first saw the buildings of the old world."

The Love Affairs of an Old Maid. By Lilian Bell. 1893.

"Some ships reach happy ports that are not stirred."

DEDICATION

"This book is dedicated very fondly to my beloved family, who, in their anxiety to render me material assistance, have offered me such diverse opinions as to its merits that their criticisms radiate from me in as many directions as there are spokes to a wheel. This leaves the distraught hub with no opinion of its own, and with flaring, ragged edges. Nevertheless, thus must it appear before the public, whose opinion will be the tire which shall enable my wheel to revolve. If it be favorable, one may look for smooth riding; if unfavorable, one must expect jolts."

Twilight Dreams. By Bishop Boyd Carpenter. 1893.

"To thee, most beloved wife, watchful in difficulties, constant in adversities, loving in all things, these dreams are offered, inscribed, and dedicated."

(From the Latin.)

My Life and Times. By Cyrus Hamlin. 1893.

"To my children and children's children."

How to Grow Cut Flowers. By Myron A. Hunt. 1893.

"To her who has walked by my side for nearly a quarter of a century, has tenderly cared for me in sickness, cheered me in days of adversity, and earned her full share of the rest that has come with the eventide of life,—to my loved wife is this volume dedicated."

Gypsying beyond the Sea. By William Bement Lent. 1893.

"To A. L.

"She with me, and I with her, outward bound."

The Prince of India. By Lew Wallace. 1893.

"To my father, David Wallace. He loved literature for the pleasure it brought him, and could I have had his counsel while composing this work, the critics would not be so terrible to me now that it is about going to press.

"The Author.

"Crawfordsville, Ind.

"May 20, 1893."

Love Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. 1894.

"To Mrs. Bell Angier.

"Dearest Aunt:

"Many years ago you used to rock me to sleep cradling me in your arms and singing me pretty songs. Surely you have not forgotten that time, and I recall it with tender-

ness. You were very beautiful then. But you are more beautiful now, for in the years that have come and gone since then, the joys and sorrows of maternity have impressed their saintly grace upon the dear face I used to kiss and made your gentle heart gentler still. Beloved lady, in memory of many years to be recalled only in thought, and in token of my gratitude and affection, I bring you these little love songs and reverently I lay them at your feet."

Alfreda Holme. By Elizabeth Boyd Bayly. 1895.

"To those dear parents whose earnest yet cheerful thoughts on human life and love I have tried to illustrate, and whose pleasure in my work has been its highest stimulus and reward, I dedicate the story of Alfreda."

A Child's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1895.

"TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM—FROM HER BOY"

"For the long nights you lay awake,
And watched for my unworthy sake,
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story books you read:
And all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore,
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life,—
From the sick child now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,

And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright fireside nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice,
As made my childish days rejoice!"

This nurse took charge of Stevenson when he was eighteen months old, and was devotedly attached to him all her life. Unwearied in attention to his bodily needs, "to his spiritual welfare she gave, if possible, even greater care. . . . In matters of conduct Cummie was for no half measures. Cards were the Devil's books. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson played whist, decorous family whist . . . and Louis could remember praying fervently with his nurse that it might not be visited on them to their perdition." (Graham Balfour's *Life*, I., 41 f.)

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By Mark Twain. 1896.

"1870

1895.

"To my wife, Olivia Langdon Clemens, this book is tendered on our wedding anniversary, in grateful recognition of her twenty-five years of valued service as my literary adviser and editor."

Beggars All. By Lily Dougall. 1896.

"To J. E. D., whose wisdom has taught many that the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life."

A Book about Roses. By S. Reynolds Hole. 1896.

"I dedicate my book to my wife because—

"There 's a rose looking in at the window,
In every condition of life—
In days of content and enjoyment,
In hours with bitterness rife.

"Where'er there 's the smile of a true wife,
As bright as a beam from above,
'Tis the rose looking in at the window,
And filling the dwelling with love.' "

Queen Moó and the Egyptian Sphinx. By Augustus Le Plongeon, M.D. 1896.

"To my wife, Alice D. Le Plongeon, my constant companion during my explorations of the ruined cities of the Mayas, who, in order to obtain a glimpse of the history of their builders, has exposed herself to many dangers, suffered privations, sickness, hardship; my faithful and indefatigable collaborator at home,—this work is affectionately and respectfully dedicated."

Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. 1896.

"To the memory of my wife, who served me for years both as eyesight and as writing-arm and by whose hand the following pages were in large part transcribed, this work is dedicated."

Eliza Pinckney. By Harriott Horry Ravenel. 1896.

"To the memory of my father's sister, Miss Eliza Lucas Rutledge, by whose courage and piety these letters were saved from the flames, this book is affectionately dedicated."

Weir of Hermiston. By Robert L. Stevenson. 1896.

"TO MY WIFE"

"I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn
On Lammermuir. Harkening I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own race and place, I wrote.

"Take thou the writing: thine it is. For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher, chary of praise

And prodigal of counsel,—who but thou?
So now, in the end, if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine."

Audubon and his Journals. By Maria R. Audubon. 1897.

"In loving memory of my father, John Woodhouse Audubon, and of his love and admiration for his father, John James Audubon, this book is written."

On the Threshold of Central Africa. By François Coillard.
Translated by C. W. Mackintosh. 1897.

"To the beloved and blessed memory of her who for thirty years shared and adorned my life and missionary activity, joyfully faced the wanderings, hardships, and dangers of pioneer work; who by her sufferings and death consecrated the Barotsi Mission, and now sleeps at Sefula.

"'She hath done what she could.' "

General Washington. By General Bradley Tyler Johnson. 1897.

"I dedicate this Biography to my Grandson, Bradley Tyler Johnson, Jr., as a representative of those endless generations who will love God and Duty, Honor and Liberty, Country and Right, and be prompt to stake life and fortune for them, perpetuating and transmitting, to the remotest time, that Americanism, of which Washington was the greatest exemplar and illustration.

"B. T. J."

American Lands and Letters. By Donald G. Mitchell. 1897.

"This volume is affectionately inscribed to those daughters of Edgewood who have helped the author in so many searching and housewifely ways, and who have encouraged

him by kindly insisting—over and over—that this little book was a great deal better than it really is. God bless them."

Farthest North. By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. 1897.

"To her who christened the ship and had the courage to remain behind."

The Instinct of Stepfatherhood. By Lilian Bell. 1898.

'To My Lovely Mother:

"Whose descent not only from the Pilgrim Fathers, but from Plymouth Rock, enables her to withstand my frantic appeal when she is minded too ruthlessly to clip the wings of the fledglings of my heart and brain. Nevertheless, to her extraordinary critical faculty do I owe much of the gentle criticism of the public, and to her unfailing tenderness and patience do I hereby publicly bear witness."

Charles Sumner. By Anna Laurens Dawes. 1898.

"To my mother, in token of a debt I cannot pay, for inspiration, encouragement, and the wisest criticism."

The Kentuckians. By John Fox, Jr. 1898.

"To my Father and my Father's Kentuckians."

Poems. By William Ernest Henley. 1898.

"TO MY WIFE"

"Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you;

"And, singing as when all was young
They will recall
Those others, lived but left unsung,—
The best of all."

Cheerful Yesterdays. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 1898.

"To my wife, Mary Thacher Higginson,

"Whose sunny influence adds appropriateness to the Title,
adopted at her suggestion, of this book of reminiscences.

"Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 12, 1898."

With Nature and a Camera. By Richard Kearton. 1898.

"To the memory of our beloved father and mother, who
now lie sleeping where the rock thrush pipes his lonesome
note and the moorcock becks at dawn of day."

Little Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. 1898.

"To one who wanders by my side
As cheerfully as waters glide,
Whose eyes are brown as woodland streams,
And very fair and full of dreams;
Whose heart is like a mountain spring,
Whose thoughts like merry rivers sing,
To her—My little daughter Brooke,
I dedicate this little 'book.'"

The Conspirators. By Robert W. Chambers. 1899.

"TO ELSIE"

I

"You, to whom I tell my tale,
Swinging in your hammock there,
Where the shadows wane and pale—
Tell me, can my tale compare
With the romance you and I,
Weave in living tapestry?"

2

"All the world shall be our loom,
Every thought a shuttle flying
Threading, weaving, trimming, tying,
Twisting, gilding, staining, dyeing
Time itself with youth and bloom.

3

"You for whom I write my tales,
Smiling in your hammock there,
When the silken thistle sails
Tiny ships in tiny gales
Tempest tossed on seas of air—
There 's a tale beyond compare
When your drooping lids disguise
Magic legends in your eyes!

4

"Every hour shall add a page,
In our romance gaily blending,
Every dawn a chapter sending,
Every eye a chapter ending,
'Thou and I—from Age to Age!'

5

"Swing'ng in your hammock there,
Where a slanting sunbeam paints,
Aureoles around your hair
Fair as on your sister saints—
Read once more the glowing page:
'Thou and I—from Age to Age!'

"R. W. C.

"April 1899."

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 1899.

"To Mine Own People: meaning those within
The magic ring of home—my kith and kin,—
And those with whom my soul delights to dwell,—
Who walk with me as friends, and wish me well;
And lastly those—a large unnumbered band,
Unknown to me—who read and understand."

Salmon Portland Chase. By Albert Bushnell Hart. 1899.

"To Albert Gaillard Hart, abolitionist, underground-railroad conductor, liberty man, union soldier,—a son's gratitude."

Leaves of all Seasons. By Ephraim Whitaker.

" TO MY WIFE

"As billows heave when tempests move the sea,
So throbbed my heart when first I called thee mine.
Thy presence thrilled me with a hope divine,
And made the heavens a bridal canopy;
The years have flown; that hope has come to be
Far more than holy faith and present bliss,
The rapture felt when trustful lovers kiss.
That hope has grown to life's reality;
Thou art my Sun whose beams refulgently
Illumine my day—More beautiful than stars,
That deck the sky when night her gate embars
Thine eyes direct my path—There dwell in thee
The virtues, graces, joys all full and free,
Than earth more wide and deeper than the sea."

Spirit and Life. By Ellen J. Knowles. 1899.

"To one in heaven:
"Whose companionship in the Study of the Word has
been my inspiration."

The Open Road. By E. V. Lucas. 1899.

"TO B"

"Alone, the country life—how sweet!
 But wood and meadow, heath and hill,
 The dewy morn, the noon-day heat,
 The nest half hid, the popped wheat,
 The peaty purling rill,
 The brake fern's odorous retreat,
 The hush of eve, serene, discreet,
 With you are sweeter still."

Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. 1899.

"To my father, who among all the men the writer knew in his youth was the most familiar with books; and who of all the men the writer has ever known has exemplified best the virtue of open-handedness, this little book is affectionately inscribed by his son the author."

Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 1899.

"To my mother, in the name of past joy and present sorrow, I dedicate these memories and portraits."

Holly and Pizen. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. 1899.

"A loving tribute in her old age, to my Mother, whose unselfish life, whose trust in God, whose stubborn faith in humanity, and whose uncompromising integrity, have ever been my wonder, my inspiration, my despair, and my standard."

The Story of John Adams, a New England Schoolmaster.
 By M. E. B. and H. G. B. 1900.

"To Aunt Emily"

"The Merry Child,
 The devoted daughter

The trusted fellow-worker
And the strong staff
Of her father's declining years.
"This book is affectionately dedicated."

Fortune and Men's Eyes. By Josephine Preston Peabody.
1900.

"To my Mother's presence and my Father's memory."

The Golden Book of Venice. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull.
1900.

"As a tribute to his gift of vivid historic narration, which was the delight of my childhood, I inscribe this romance to the memory of my dear father."

Fisherman's Luck. By Henry Van Dyke. 1900.

"To my Lady Graygown:

"Here is the basket; I bring it home to you. There are no great fish in it. But perhaps there may be a little one here and there to your taste. And there are a few shining pebbles from the bed of the brook, and a few ferns from the cool green woods, and a few wild flowers from the places that you remember. I would fain console you, if I could, for the hardship of having married an angler: a man who relapses into his mania with the return of every spring, and never sees a little river without wishing to fish in it. But after all, we have had good times together, as we have followed the stream of life towards the sea. And we have passed through the dark days without losing heart, because we were comrades. So, let this book tell you one thing that is certain: in all the life of your fisherman, the best piece of luck is just you."

Up from Slavery: An Autobiography. By Booker T. Washington. 1901.

"This volume is dedicated to my wife, Mrs. Margaret

James Washington, and to my brother, Mr. John Washington, whose patience, fidelity, and hard work have gone far to make this work at Tuskegee successful."

The True Story of Captain John Smith. By Katharine Pearson Woods. 1901.

"To the memory of my grandfather, the Reverend James Dabney McCabe, D.D., an old Virginia gentleman, this story of the founder of Virginia is lovingly dedicated."

The Essence of Christianity: A Study in the History of Definition. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. 1902.

"To my wife:

"In grateful recognition of the wise, patient, and sympathetic counsel to which it owes so much, this little volume, undertaken at her suggestion and completed with her help, is affectionately inscribed."

Sundials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earle. 1902.

"To my Daughter:

"Mary Earle Moore, to commemorate her first summer with her own garden and sundial. May the motto of her dial be that of her life:

" 'I mark only Sunny Hours.' "

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 1903.

"To Cale Young Rice, who taught me the secret of plucking roses from the Cabbage Patch."

A History of the American People. By Woodrow Wilson. 1902.

"To E. A. W., in loving acknowledgment of gentle benefits which can neither be measured nor repaid."

The First of Empires—Babylon of the Bible. By William St. Chad Boscawen. 1903.

"This work is dedicated to the loving memory of my father, William Henry Boscawen, B.A., Vicar of Hanmer, Flintshire, 1852-1870, and Rector of Marchwiel, Denbighshire, 1870-1883, from whom I first learned the charm of the study which has been the one object of my life.

"Let the wise and understanding ponder on them together,
Let the father repeat them and teach them to his son.' "

The Assumption in the Catholic Theology of To-day. By Clino Crosta. 1903.

"To my mother, a humble proof of the filial love which she first inspired in me for the divine assumption into Heaven of Mary Immaculate."

(From the Italian.)

The Thermodynamics of Heat-Engines. By Sidney A. Reeve. 1903.

"To my wife, to whose devotion and aid (although she doesn't know entropy from carbonic acid) the existence of this book is due, it is dedicated."

Weather Influences. By Edwin Grant Dexter. 1904.

"To the memory of my father, whose susceptibility to weather influences first impressed me with their potency, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

The New Testament in the Christian Church. By Edward Caldwell Moore. 1904.

"To My Wife: without whose encouragement the studies which have issued in this book would never have been kept up."

The True Henry Clay. By Joseph M. Rogers. 1904.

"To my father and my mother, whose services to Kentucky in the cause of education and intellectual freedom would have delighted Henry Clay, had he lived to witness them."

A Life of Walt Whitman. By Henry Bryan Binns. 1905.

"To my mother and her Mother, the Republic."

Georgia History Stories. By J. Harris Chappell. 1905.

"To my mother,—Mrs. Loretto Lamar Chappell, a native and life-long Georgian, now in her eighty-seventh year, this little book about the State and the people she loves so well is affectionately dedicated."

Leo Tolstoy: His Life and Work. Compiled by Paul Birukoff. 1906.

"With feelings of sincere gratitude I dedicate this volume to my wife, who by her self-sacrificing labours secured me the necessary leisure for preparing this book, as well as to all those unknown workers who were engaged in labour of a heavier nature whilst I had the privilege of this work."

A Little Book of Family Verse: By W. A. B. Privately Printed. 1906.

"To Brighthurst:

"Where many of these little songs were born; to Brighthurst's inmates, past and present, who were at their christening; and to Brighthurst's Mistress, to whom they owe their permanent home, this little volume is dedicated in loving memory."

Father and Child. By M. E. B. (n. d.)

"This little collection of Scripture verses illustrating the relation of the Heavenly Father to his Earthly Child is dedicated to those who suffer and should be strong."

"To the memory of my dear parents who early conferred upon me an inestimable blessing, by teaching me to know and love the Scripture."

The Weavers. By Gerhart Hauptmann. 1906.

"I dedicate this drama to my father, Robert Hauptmann.

"You, dear father, know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyse them here.

"Your stories of my grandfather, who in his young days sat at the loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama. Whether it possesses the vigour of life or is rotten at the core, it is the best 'so poor a man as Hamlet is' can offer.

"Your
"Gerhart."

The Bishop of Cottontown. By John Trotwood Moore. 1906.

"In memory of my mother, Emily Billingslea Moore, who died December 14th, 1903.

" 'The faith of this book being hers.' "

Lincoln, Master of Men. By Alonzo Rothschild. 1906.

"To the memory of my father, John Rothschild, one of the plain people who believed in Lincoln, this book is affectionately dedicated."

Lee and His Cause. By John R. Deering, D.D. 1907.

"Dedication to my three Daughters and six Sons who have been faithfully taught the Truth of History, the Nature of our Government, and the Love of our Country: in whom I trust to transmit these precious things to coming generations, as they may have the power, for their own sake and for the honour of those, who, at home, in Council Chambers, Legislative Halls, Hospital Wards, Prison Cells and

on hard fought fields have taught and toiled, sorrowed and suffered, bled and died to maintain and establish them."

Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard. 1907.

"Dedicated to my wife whose abiding influence for sixty years has supported my efforts to undertake and accomplish the work given me to do. Children and grandchildren have already risen up to call her blessed; and her husband honors her affection and strength of character."

The Lady of the Decoration. By Frances Little. 1907.

"To all good sisters, and to mine in particular."

Jesus Christ and the Social Question. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. 1907.

"Through sunny days and on through stormy weather,
Yet ever hand in hand, beloved wife,
We two have walked our quiet way together
Along the dusty road of common life.

"Bright were the vistas on our journey seen,
And dark the valleys of the shadow lay,
But your dear love, like Israel's God, has been
My light in darkness and my shade by day.

"I cannot give you what a scholar ought,
Learning or wit or insight for the true;
I but transcribe what you have daily taught.
The spirit of the Master seen in you."

Journeys of Observation. By T. A. Richard. 1907.

"TO MY WIFE

"Thy voice is as the meadow lark's that thrills
The dawn with accents rapturously gay,
And fills the toiling in the working fields
With hopes of a diviner day.

To look on thee is as the sight of land
To weary mariners compelled to roam,
As light to those who watch for dawn,
Or to the exile, home.
The thought of thee is as the summer air,
That melts the unrelenting snows,
The soft refrain of some sweet song,
The perfume of a rose."

On the Training of Parents. By Ernest Hamlin Abbott. 1908.

"No man has the right to dedicate to another what is not his own. All that is mine in this little book is its infelicities. These I dedicate to oblivion. The rest belongs to those two women from whom I, as son and as husband, have learned all that I know of the training of parents."

Popular Fallacies. By Alfred S. E. Ackermann. 1908.

"To my father, who early taught me by precept and example the habits of a student-life, which is one of the happiest it is possible to live."

John Keats. By Albert Elmer Hancock. 1908.

"To one by my desk."

India, its Life and Thought. By John P. Jones. 1908.

"Dedicated to my dear children who have bravely and cheerfully endured the separation and the loss of home for the sake of India."

Mater, an American Study in Comedy. By Percy Mackaye. 1908.

"To the author of *The Economy of Happiness*, this daffodil is laid in its margin by his brother."

The Bride of the Mistletoe. By James Lane Allen. 1909.

"To one who knows."

A Hundred Years of Merchant Banking: A History of Brown Brothers & Company, Brown Shipley & Company, and the Allied Firms. By John Crosby Brown. 1909.

“TO MY PARTNERS

“That a study of the traditions of the past and of the example of the founders may stimulate them to transmit to their descendants and successors the high ideals of their predecessors and to maintain the good name of the old firm with credit unimpaired.

“TO MY SONS

that they may appreciate the rich legacy of Christian character and high commercial integrity which is their inheritance.

“TO MY WIFE

without whose suggestion this work would never have been begun and without whose encouragement it would never have been finished.”

On the Branch. By Hélène Favre de Coulevain. 1909.

“From the soul of the daughter to the soul of the mother.”

The Poetic New World. By Lucy H. Humphrey. 1909.

“TO A. R. H. AND H. M. H.

“‘Nothing so sweete is as our countrie’s earth,
And joy of those from whom we claime our birth.’”

Ridgway of Montana. By William M. Raine. 1909.

“To Jean, and that kingdom

“‘Where you and I through this world’s weather,
Work and give praise and thanks together.’”

Old Friends. By William Winter. 1909.

"To the memory of my earliest friend, my loved and honored father, Captain Charles Winter, I dedicate these recollections.

"He knew my love, and wheresoe'er it be,
His spirit knows. There is no need of vow,
Of fond remembrance, yet there is for me,
A kind of comfort to avouch it now."

A Mind that Found Itself. By Clifford W. Beers. 1910.

"Dedicated to the memory of my uncle, Samuel Edwin Merwin, whose timely generosity I believe saved my life, and whose death has forever robbed me of a satisfying opportunity to prove my gratitude."

Lays of the Lake. By Emma Smuller Crater. 1910.

"To my Sister:

"You have often asked me to gather into a little book some of the verses that have come to me from time to time, many of them written at your suggestion. I have tried to do it, but they seem for the most part so simple, springing up as they have done along the pathway of everyday life,—just the common wayside flowers,—possibly few besides ourselves may care to look among the leaves for our vagrant blossoms. However, here they are for you, dear, the daisies, the sweet briar, the heal-all and the hearts-ease, the ragweed and the jewel weed, plucked along the way, such a bunch as you and I have often carried home together.

"Yours, E.

"Lincoln University, Pa.

"Sept. 30, 1910."

Religion and Miracle. By George A. Gordon. 1910.

"I dedicate this book to the inspiring memory of my Father, George Gordon, of Insch, Scotland, born and bred

to the vocation of farmer: a brilliant mind; one of the bravest of men, to whom the order of Summer and Winter, seed-time and harvest was a token of the infinite goodwill; who toiled in the fields of Time in the sense of the Eternal."

Uncle William. By Jennette Lee. 1910.

"TO GERALD STANLEY LEE

"Let him sing to me,
Who sees the watching of the stars above the day,
Who hears the singing of the sunrise, on its way
Through all the night,
Who outfaces skies, outstings the storms.

"Let him sing to me,
Who is the sky-voice, the thunderlover,
Who hears above the winds fast flying shrouds,
The drifted darkness, the heavenly strife,
The singing on the sunny sides of all the clouds,
Of his own life."

A Painter's Progress. By Will H. Low. 1910.

"To Mary Fairchild Low:

"This is the life we have chosen; well, the choice was mad,
but I should make it again."

From the Thames to the Seine. By Charles Pears. 1910.

"To her who listened to the rustling wind, watched the bending branches round our home, and waited, long and wearily, as women do."

The Gossamer Thread. By Venita Seibert. 1910.

"To 'Grosamma,' who at eighty-two still loves to tell stories."

The Iron Muse. By John Curtis Underwood. 1910.

"To Herself."

Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls. By Jesse Lynch Williams. 1910.

"Dedicated to my mother, an old-fashioned woman who understands the new."

The Education of Women in China. By Margaret E. Burton. 1911.

"To my Father and Mother, in loving recognition of gifts too great for thanks."

The Downfall of the Gods. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. 1911.

"To Betty,

"This, the first book that I have written, is inscribed.

"This is my Lady's praise:

God, after many days,

Wrought her in unknown ways

In sunset lands;

This was my Lady's birth:

God gave her might and mirth,

And laid the whole sweet earth

Between her hands.'

"Swinburne."

The Iron Woman. By Margaret Deland. 1911.

"To my patient, ruthless, inspiring critic, Lorin Deland."

Comfort Found in Good Old Books. By George Hamlin Fitch. 1911.

"To the memory of my son Harold, my best critic, my other self, whose death has taken the light out of my life."

Jinks's Inside. By Harriet Malone Hobson. 1911.

"To the memory of Martha Chappelle Malone Hobson, my teacher, my counsellor, my good comrade, my friend, my guide, my ideal, my Mother."

Æonian Echoes. By Martha A. Kidder. 1911.

"TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER

"Father, who trained my youthful mind,
My sternest critic, just and kind,
My book I offer thee to-day,
The tribute of my love alway!

"Mother, the dearest name on earth,
Whose care hath shielded me from birth,
No pen can write how much I owe!
No love so great my heart shall know."

The House of Bondage. By Reginald W. Kauffman. 1911.

"TO ANDREW JOHN KAUFFMAN (1840-1899)

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

The Musical Amateur. A Book on the Human Side of Music. By Robert Haven Schauffer. 1911.

"To my brother Charles, Fiddler, Creative Listener, Automusician,—in gratitude for his tireless instruction in the art of the musical amateur and in memory of rare days and nights with opus fifty-nine."

The Christian Hope: A Study in the Doctrine of Immortality.

By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. 1912.

"To my father: John Crosby Brown."

Mr. Brown, to whom this book is dedicated, died in June, 1909, nearly three years before the book appeared.

The Friendship of Nations. By Lucile Gulliver. 1912.

"To the memory of a noble old-time Educator, my grandfather, Daniel Greenleaf Beede."

Woodrow Wilson. By Hester E. Hosford. 1912.

"Dedicated to the memory of my Stand-Pat Ancestors whose sincerity I revere and honor, but whose political teaching I am unable to accept."

The Terrible Meek. By Charles Rann Kennedy. 1912.

"To my Mother.

"'A newer courage—more like woman's. Dealing with life, not death. It changes everything.'"

The Green C. By J. A. Meyer. 1912.

"To the Authors of the Author."

Christianity and the Social Crisis. By Walter Rauschenbusch. 1912.

"To the women who have loved me: my mother, my sisters Frida and Emma, my dear wife Pauline, and my little daughters Winifred and Elizabeth,—this book is lovingly inscribed.

"Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth."

The Goodly Fellowship. By Rachel Capen Schaffler. 1912.

"TO MY KIN

"God gave me seven brothers, six by blood
And one by law: and two of these He sent
To distant countries there to live His life.

"One has come back to me. I have my home
In his green-gabled and white-pillar'd house,
Where love and bounty compass me about.
Without him I should be too powerless,
To wield the powers of what mind I have,
This book I owe to him and to his wife,
My Sister.

"The other brother, given me by law,
Has gone away to do his work unseen
By us who struggle to keep pace with him;
To him, and his children and his work,
I dedicate this book—and to his wife,
My Sister."

Scum of the Earth and Other Poems. By Robert Haven
Schauffler. 1912.

"To the memory of my Mother, Clara Gray Schauffler,
Poet, Musician, and friend of the 'Scum of the Earth.' "

Unknown Quantity. By Henry Van Dyke. 1912.

"Dedicated, in thankfulness, to the memory of Dear
Daughter Dorothea:

"Ray of Light,
Song of Joy,
Heart of Love.'"

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffrey Farnol. 1913.

"To my father, who has ever chosen the 'Harder Way,'
which is a path that can be trodden only by the foot of a
MAN."

The Necessary Evil. By Charles Rann Kennedy. 1913.

"To N. A.

" 'Because of your innocence—your white soul.—And
then also, you are my child.—Not only his: not only your

mother's: but mine: everybody's: the world's. Yes, you shall be that henceforward, down the days.

" 'And that is why you have had to hear this terrible thing.' "

The White Rose Knight and Other Poems. By Margaret P. Hillhouse. (n. d.)

"To the Memory of my Beloved Nephew, Thomas Hillhouse, Jr.

" 'He being perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased the Lord: wherefore hasted he to take him away from among the wicked.'—*Wisdom* 4-13. 14.

" 'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God: in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace.'—*Wisdom* 3-1. 2. 3."

Chickamauga to Corregidor—a Poetical Anthology of the Spanish War. Compiled by Margaret P. Hillhouse and unpublished.

" TO MY MOTHER

"From ordered gardens fair and tangled wilds,
To you this bunch of simple flowers I bring,
Blooming in beauty though the great guns roar,
And martial bugles ring.

"Beside the heliotrope, the lavender,
Tea-roses, pale green sprigs of mignonette,
And clove-pinks gathered near straight arbored walks,
Are in this nosegay set.

"Trailing-arbutus, from New England woods,
The May-flower's blossom, blushing 'neath the snows;
Like love within the Puritan's stern heart
Its hidden beauty grows.

“And from the sunny South, to thee I bring
White bolls of stubble-cotton and the vine,
Whose cups a faint delicious perfume hold,
The yellow jessamine.

“And sprays of that mysterious white flower,
The rose of Cherokee that starlike gleams,
Above the blackness of the cypress swamp,
And almost holy seems.

“From the wide prairies of the boundless West,
The scarlet cactus and verbenia here
Mingle with Black-eyed Susans rollicking,
And waving grasses sere.

“Lush orange blossoms from Sierra's feet,
Across the sunset seas a message send,
And bearing greetings to our wooded heights,
Sand pinks to laurels bend.

“The golden-rod and Columbine, I bring—
Light-hearted vagrants found where'er one strays,
And the mondammin tall whose lance-like leaves,
Guard well our tasseled maize.

“Then take these simple flowers of poesy,
Culled in the Northern regions of the pine,
Or where above the wide plantation door,
Trails odorous jessamine.

“I found them on the wild and rugged shores
Of the stern sea forever shouting ‘Go’
And by the gently wooing sea of Peace,
Calling us ‘Westward, Ho!’

“M. P. H.”

Night Caps. By the Author of Aunt Fanny's Christmas Stories. (n. d.)

“To my
Rusty, fusty, crusty, gusty,
Kind, good-hearted, generous, trusty
Bachelor Brother
And no other
(Who will maintain, were 't his last word
That children should be seen, not heard),
This book of many a childish trait
And talk, which he pretends to hate,
Most lovingly I dedicate.”

With a humorous take-off on the sentimental dedication, of which the preceding pages may have offered a few examples, this chapter may be concluded. Hilaire Belloc dedicates his *Caliban's Guide to Letters* to “Catherine, Mrs. Caliban, but for whose fruitful suggestion, ever-ready sympathy, powers of observation, kindly criticism, unflinching courage, catholic learning, and none the less Christian principle, this book might as well not have been written, —it is dedicated by her obedient and grateful servant and friend in affliction.

“The Author.”

XVI
To Oneself

XVI

To Oneself

The Scourge of Villainie. By John Marston. 1599.

"To his most esteemed and best-beloved Self, dat
dedicatque."

An amiable poem follows—"To Detraction I present my Poesy."

"Foul canker of fair virtuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest blooms on earth,
Envy's abhorred child, Detraction,
I here expose to thy all-tainting breath,
The issue of my brain: snarl, rail, bark, bite,
Know that my spirit scorns Detraction's spite."

Abuses Stript and Whipt. By George Wither. 1622.

"To himselfe, G. W. wisheth all Happinesse:

"Thou (even my Selfe) whom next God, my Prince and
Country, I am most engaged unto; it is not unlikely, but
some wil wonder, why, contrary to the *worlds* custome,
I have made choise of Thy Patronage for this Booke,
rather than the protection of such whose Mightinesse
might seeme better able to defend it." Wither then gives
seven reasons for his choice of himself. "The first is this:
I could not amongst all men, finde any man, in my opinion,
so fitting for this purpose, but either my worke was
unworthy, or too worthie his Patronage. Secondly, it
is saide: *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*; and I
doubting my free speech would hardly make a *Diapason*,
pleasing to the eare of a common *Mecenas*, thought it
best to holde my tongue, or speake to my selfe, whose dis-

position I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather endure the Kites tyranny, than with Æsops Doves make the Sparrow-hawke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I have spoken *Truth*, it is able to defend it selfe; if not, whoere be my Patron, it is I must answer for it. Fiftly, forasmuch as I know mine owne mind best, I purpose, if neede be, to become mine owne *Advocate*. Sixtly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I myselve have most right unto it. But seventhly, and lastly, . . . I have made this *Dedication* to mine owne *Selfe*; even to put thee in minde, seeing thou hast here boldly begun to bid defiance to the *Flesh*, and upon just causes quarrelled with the *world*, that thou take heede to thine owne words." He then devotes several pages to an edifying sermon addressed to himself, and concludes: "But now, though for these and diverse other *Reasons*, I have to thee my *Owne Selfe* committed the *Protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this Booke; yet my meaning is not that thou shouldst keepe it wholly to thine owne use. . . . But because I begin to growe tedious to my *Owne-selfe*, since therefore, I shall have *Opportunitie* enough to consider with thee what is further needful without an *Epistle*: with my Prayers for my *Prince*, my *Country*, my *Friends*, and my owne prosperity, without any leave-taking, or commendations of my *Selfe*, I hartily wish my owne *Soule* to fare-well.

"Thy Princes, thy Countries

"Thy Friends, thine owne,

"whilst Reason masters Affection,

"Geo. Wither."

Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Charlotte Charke, Written by Herself. 1755.

"The Author to Herself.

"Madam,

"Though flattery is universally known to be the spring

from which dedications frequently flow, I hope I shall escape that odium so justly thrown on poetical petitioners, notwithstanding my attempt to illustrate those wonderful qualifications by which you have so eminently distinguished yourself, and gives you a just claim to the title of a nonpareil of the age.

"That thoughtless ease (so peculiar to yourself) with which you have run through many strange and unaccountable vicissitudes of fortune, is an undeniable proof of the native indolent sweetness of your temper. With what fortitude of mind have you vanquished sorrow, with the fond imagination and promissory hopes (only from yourself) of a succession of happiness, neither within your power or view?

"Your exquisite taste in building must not be omitted: the magnificent airy castles, for which you daily drew out plans without foundation, must, could they have been distinguishable to sight, long ere this have darkened all the lower world; nor can you be matched, in oddity of fame, by any but that celebrated knight-errant of the moon, George Alexander Stevens, whose memoirs, and yours conjoined, would make great figures in history, and might justly claim a right to be transmitted to posterity; as you are, without exception, two of the greatest curiosities that ever were the incentives to the most profound astonishment.

"My choice of you, madam, to patronize my works, is an evidential proof that I am not disinterested in that point: as the world will easily be convinced, from your natural partiality to all I have hitherto produced, that you will tenderly overlook their errors, and to the utmost of your power, endeavour to magnify their merits. If, by your approbation, the world may be persuaded into a tolerable opinion of my labours I shall, for the novelty-sake, venture for once to call you friend,—a name, I own, I never as yet have known you by.

"I hope, dear madam, as Manly says in *The Provoked*

Husband, that 'last reproach has struck you,' and that you and I may ripen our acquaintance into a perfect knowledge of each other, that may establish a lasting and social friendship between us.

"Your two friends, prudence and reflection, I am informed have lately ventured to pay you a visit; for which I heartily congratulate you, as nothing can possibly be more joyous to the heart than the return of absent friends, after a long and painful peregrination.

"Permit me, madam, to subscribe myself for the future, what I ought to have been some years ago,

"Your real friend,

"And humble servant,

"Charlotte Charke."

Mrs. Charke belonged to a family much given to autobiography, and fond of taking the public into its confidence. Not only did her father, Colley Cibber, write the famous *Apology*, but her disreputable brother, Theophilus, followed his example, with an *Apology* that was not nearly so apologetic as his career demanded.

Les Guèbres, ou la Tolérance, Tragédie en Cinq Actes.
By Voltaire. 1769.

"Epistle dedicatory to M. de Voltaire:

"To whom shall we dedicate the tragedy of *Tolérance* but to you, who have taught that virtue for more than fifty years? . . . Is not your *Traité de la Tolérance* the code of reason and of humanity? Have you not always thought and spoken like the venerable Berwick, bishop of Soissons, who, in his *mandement* of 1757, declares that we ought to look upon the Turks as our brothers? . . . We present [this tragedy] to the author of *La Henriade*, and of so many tragedies, dictated by love of the human race; to the citizen author whose pen has always been guided by truth, not only when his poetry made the great Henri IV still more dear to the nations, but when he celebrated in prose the brilliant king Louis XIV, or his beloved successor; when he painted the great age which is only too

truly past, and the more refined, more philosophic age, the age of paradoxes; in which we live: we present to you, I say, *Les Guèbres* as a work which you have inspired.

"It is for those of our profession above all to thank you. You have overwhelmed us with your favors. Accept this public tribute; we shall never be in the number of the ungrateful.

"The young author of *Les Guèbres*, who regards himself as your disciple, and who wishes to be unknown, expressly directed us to say to you all we say here. We speak in his name as in ours.

"We have the honor to be with profound respect, Sir,

"Your very humble and very obedient servants,

"Gabriel Grasset & Co."

This tragedy was presented to the public as the work of an anonymous young author. To ensure that his authorship would not be suspected, Voltaire, in the name of the booksellers, dedicated it to himself,—a device that placed him under the pleasant necessity of bestowing due praise on M. de Voltaire.

The Bashful Earthquake. By Oliver Herford. Illustrated by the Author. 1898.

"To the Illustrator, in grateful acknowledgment of his amiable condescension in lending his exquisite and delicate art to the embellishment of these poor verses, from his sincerest admirer,

"The Author."

XVII
To Animals

XVII

To Animals

Our Dogs. By Dr. John Brown. 1862.

"To Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan's glum and faithful
'Peter' (a dog) with much regard."

The Fishing Tourist. By Charles Hallock. 1873.

"To Salmo, King of Game Fish, these few lines are
respectfully dedicated by an old retainer.

A Catagraph. By C. M. Van Wagenen. (C. 1885.)

"Dedicated to the memory of Satinella, my cat.

" A CATASTROPHE

"By way of *Catastasis* let me relate
The subject of this is my *Cat* and her fate.
My *Cat* whose black fur was so glossy and fine
Her use of *Catharon* one well could divine.
Almost indeed a *Catopter* she showed.
Well rubbed, she became a *Catelectrode*.
Nor at all *Catachrestical* were it to say
She had taken the *Catacombs* once in her way,
A concatenation of virtues so rare
Deserves *Categorical* mention and care.
One sad day she climbed a *Catalpa* to *Cat*
—Er for her most delicate taste, or to sate
Her *Catlings*, within a *Cat's*-cradle that lay
A dreaming of *Catnip*, a'weary of play—
A quick *Catalepsy* seized on her, she fell,

And no *Cataplasms* could e'er make her well.
 As if she were shot from a *Catapult* down
 She fell, but not as you 'd think on her crown,
 She fell like a *Cataract*, right on her toes,
 And so made an end of her wants and her woes.
 All cried, give the poor *Cat-er-piller* in vain.
 'T was no *Catagmatic*, alone did remain
 To raise such a *Catafalque* under the tree
 As they give to the Shahs (*chats*) in Crim Tartary
 And leave her, her *Catguts* to take with her where
 The *Cat-sup* in safety or starve in despair.
 In sparkling *Catawba* we 'll drink to our pet
Requiescat in pace, cum *Cato* et cet."

Ways of Wood Folk. By William Joseph Long. 1899.

"To Plato, the owl, who looks over my shoulder as I write, and who knows all about the woods."

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By Abbie Farwell. 1900.

"In loving memory of a friendly beast."

Our Native Trees and how to Identify them. By Harriet L. Keeler. 1900.

"To the memory of Phyllis and Nicholas, my loving companions through field and wood, this volume is dedicated."

Under the names is a picture of two dogs.

Wilderness Ways. By William Joseph Long. 1900.

"To Killooleet, little Sweet-Voice [a bird—the white-throat] who shares my camp and makes sunshine as I work and play."

Concerning Cats. My Own and Some Others. By Helen M. Winslow. 1900.

"To the 'Pretty lady,' who never betrayed a secret, broke a promise, or proved an unfaithful friend; who had all the virtues and none of the failings of her sex, I dedicate this volume."

An account of *Pretty Lady*, which takes up several pages of the book, concludes thus: "Requiescat in pace, my *Pretty Lady*. I wish all your sex had your gentle dignity, and grace, and beauty, to say nothing of your faithfulness and affection. Like Mother Michel's 'Monmouth,' it may be said of you:—

"She was merely a cat,
But her sublime Virtues place her on a level with
The most celebrated mortals,
and
In ancient Egypt
Altars would have been erected to her
Memory.' "

Secrets of the Woods. By William Joseph Long. 1901.

"To Ch'geegee-lokh-sis, 'Little Friend Ch'geegee,' whose coming makes the winter glad." (The squirrel.)

The Fireside Sphinx. By Agnes Repplier. 1901.

"In memory of Agrippina."

In the author's *Foreword*, Agrippina is represented as worthy of a place among the honored cats of literature, with Arnold's *Atossa*, Dr. Johnson's *Hodge*, Sir Walter Scott's *Hinse*, and Cowper's tabby of Bureau-drawer fame. "Into this august assembly, into this sacred circle, I fain in moments of temerity would introduce a little shade who stole too soon from the warm sun, and from the simple joys of life. She was dearly loved and early lost, and the scanty honours years of toil have brought me I lay at her soft feet for entrance fee. May *Hodge* and *Hinse* champion her cause with the Immortals for the sake of the unfaltering love I have ever borne their masters, and may her grace and beauty win for her what my poor pen is powerless to attain! Dear little ghost, whose memory has never faded from my heart, accept this book, dedicated to thee, and to all thy cherished race. Sleep sweetly in the fields of

asphodel, and waken, as of old, to stretch thy languid length, and purr thy soft contentment to the skies. I only beg, as one before me begged of her dead darling, that, midst the joys of Elysium, I may not be wholly forgotten.

“‘Nor, though Persephone’s own Puss you be,
Let Orcus breed oblivion of me.’”

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. 1901.

“This book is dedicated to Nell Gwynn my pony—by whose name there hangs a tale—in recognition of our friendship, and of her intelligence in knowing when to stand still.”

Our Devoted Friend the Dog. By Sarah Knowles Bolton. 1902.

“To my little grandson Stanwood Knowles Bolton and his dog Tim.”

Bird and Bough. By John Burroughs. 1906.

“To the kinglet that sang in my evergreens in October and made me think it was May.”

Shaggycoat, the Biography of a Beaver. By Clarence Hawkes. 1906.

“Dedicated to my Little Brother, the Venetian, who living in a house that his hands have made, surrounded by a moat of his own device, the head of a large family and a citizen in a goodly community, is more like a man in his mode of life, than any other of God’s creatures.”

Young Folks’ Nature Field Book. By J. Alden Loring. 1906.

“This book is dedicated to my first wild pet, who was the most interesting and intelligent creature I have tamed. He chased the children into their houses by pinching their legs; he awoke the dog by pulling its tail; and he pecked the horses’ feet, then jumped back and crouched low to

escape being kicked. Because of his thieving instinct, he kept me at war with the neighbors. His last mischievous act was to pull the corks from the red and the black ink bottles, tip them over, fly to the bed, and cover the counterpane with tracks. I found him dead in the workroom the following morning, his black beak red, and his red mouth black."

The Seasons in a Flower Garden. By Louise Shelton. 1906.

"To the memory of my little spaniel, 'Idol,' for twelve years my shadow in my garden."

Tenants of the Trees. By Clarence Hawkes. 1907.

"Dedicated to that brave little herald of Spring, the Bluebird, whose light, sweet song gladdens us in lulls of the March gale, bidding us be of good cheer, and telling us Spring will come again."

The Natural History of the Ten Commandments. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 1907.

"Dedicated to the Beasts of the Field by a Hunter."

Finn, the Wolfhound. By A. J. Dawson. 1908.

"To 'The Mistress of the Kennels' and to the memory of Tynagh, mother of wolfhound heroes, its writer dedicates this history."

The Grizzly Bear. By William H. Wright. 1909.

"This book is dedicated with the respect, admiration and affection of the author, to the noblest wild animal of North America, the grizzly bear."

A Holiday with the Birds. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody. 1910.

"This book on birds is inscribed to one of them—Captain Speckles of the Gull Marines, a brave voyageur on the Atlantic Ocean."

Scottie and His Lady. By Margaret F. Morse. 1910.

"In memory of Marco and Dusky, this book is dedicated to the dog lovers of the world and their dogs."

Gift of the Grass. Being the Autobiography of a Famous Racing Horse. By John Trotwood Moore. 1911.

"Great horses are like great men: they achieve greatness because greatness is born in them. And if ever of an unconquered mortal these lines might be said, truly of this horse are they applicable:

" 'Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.' "

"And so I dedicate this book to four of them that I knew and loved—all of a family, and all unbeaten champions of their day. They were gentlemen without knowing it, friends without pay, generals unbooked, and heroes without feathers or trappings:

"Little Brown Jug, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$; Hal Pointer, 2:04 $\frac{1}{2}$; Brown Hal, 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Star Pointer, 1:59 $\frac{1}{4}$,—immortal quartet of the unbeaten Hals."

Good and Bad Cats. By Frederick White. 1911.

"To Fuzzy-Wuzzy—a perfectly good cat except when she is bad or (as is usually the case) utterly indifferent."

The Girondin. By Hilaire Belloc. 1912.

"To the Horses Pacte and Basilique, now with their father Jove."

XVIII
To Things Spiritual

XVIII

To Things Spiritual

Don Quixote. Edition published at Madrid, 1714.

"To the renown of the Catholic religion. To the agony of Penitence. To the image of Purity. To the lover of Solitude. To the master of the Holy Scripture. To the honor of Rome, to the glory of Greece. To the happiness of Palestine. To the penitent of Syria. To the Cardinal of Belem. To the most glorious and holy father of his religion, the great doctor of the Church of St. Jerome." (Followed by two pages of text.)

Notes on the West Indies. By George Pinckard. 1806.

"DEDICATION TO FRIENDSHIP

"Looking round, as it is said authors are wont, for a great personage to whose name I might dedicate my work, I have not found it possible to fix upon anyone to whom I could with so much propriety consign it, as to . . . its Parent! Accept, then, Benign Power! thine offspring; cherish it even as Thou hast begotten it; and cause thy warmest influence ever to animate the heart of thy faithful and devoted servant,

"The Author."

Le Ministère de l'Enfance. Traduit de l'Anglais. (Anonymous.) 1858.

"Dédié à la Jeunesse:

"Et ils lui dirent: Entends-tu que ces enfants disent?

Et Jésus leur dit: Oui, n'avez-vous jamais oui ces paroles—
Tu as tiré une parfaite louange de la bouche des enfants
et de ceux qui tettent?

“(Matth. xxi, 16).”

Faust. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by
John Stuart Blackie. 1880. (Dedication prefixed to the
later editions of *Faust*.)

“Ye hover nigh, dim, floating shapes, again,
That erst the misty eye of fancy knew!
Shall I once more your shadowy flight detain,
And the fond dreamings of my youth pursue?
Ye press around!—resume your ancient reign,
As from the hazy past ye rise to view,
The magic breath that wafts your airy train
Stirs in my breast long-slumbering chords again.

“Ye raise the pictured forms of happy days,
And many a dear-loved shade comes up with you;
Like the far echo of old-remembered lays,
First love and early friendship ye renew;
Old pangs return; life's labyrinthine maze
Again the plaint of sorrow wanders through,
And names the loved ones who from Fate received
A bitter call, and left my heart bereaved.

“They hear no more the sequel of my song,
Who heard my early chant with open ear;
Dispersed forever is the favouring throng,
Dumb the response from friend to friend so dear.
My sorrow floats an unknown crowd among,
Whose very praise comes mingled with strange fear;
And they who once were pleased to hear my lay,
If yet they live, have drifted far away.

“And I recall, with long unfelt desire,
That realm of spirits, solemn, still, serene.
My faltering lay, like the Æolian lyre,
Gives wavering tones, with many a pause between;
The stern heart glows with youth’s rekindled fire,
Tear follows tear, where long no tear hath been;
The thing I am fades into distance gray;
And the pale Past stands out a clear To-day.”

Science in Song, or Nature in Numbers. By W. C. Richards. 1885.

“Shall Science win no meed of song,
To whom all harmonies belong,
And poets’ praises,
Her realm the wide expanse of light,
While to the outer stars her flight
Our knowledge raises?

“Oh, for the voice of seraphim
To breathe a high and worthy hymn
By inspiration!
Her themes of wonder to expand,
Her trophies meet for Milton’s grand
Delineation.

“With wit my wishes far outrun,
I dedicate Love’s labor done
To Star-eyed Science,
And on the grandeur of her scope,
To please my reader, fix my hope
And sole reliance.”

Campfire, Memorial Day, and Other Poems. By B. K. Sherwood. 1885.

“In the spirit of Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty, to whose majestic measures the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic have timed their steps, I bring these simple

recitals of fealty and valor in honor of the living and in reverent memory of the dead, and lay them on the altar of my Country—Reunited, Regenerated, and at Peace.”

My Lady's Chamber. By C. M. Van Wagenen. (n. d.)

“DEDICATION TO FRIENDSHIP

“Blest efflorescence of a Life Divine,
 Its seed within itself—thy beauties shine
 In human lives, with influence benign,
 Nor death itself can force thee to resign
 Thy hold upon the soil where once entwine
 Thy spreading roots. As thou dost upward grow,
 How varied are thy charms! So dost thou show
 E'en as a lovely garden, in the glow
 Of happy years. Yet grief's cold rain I trow
 Reveals new beauties, and a new delight
 Grows ever clearer through the darksome night,
 As through a lantern's glass a taper fine
 May pierce the darkness of the deepest mine,
 Divine Love shows by thee to human sight.”

The American Citizen. By Charles F. Dole. 1891.

“To American citizenship after the type of Washington, the Adamses, and Lincoln, noble, devoted, disinterested, magnanimous, fearless, reverent, this book is dedicated.”

The Pearl. An English Poem of the Fourteenth Century.
 (Modernized by Israel Gollancz.) 1891.

“To a Child's love I ded'cate *Pearl*.”

The Song-Life of a Sculptor. By William O. Partridge.
 1894.

“I dedicate these verses to the quickening of that new order of living when men shall be actually free.

“For, notwithstanding our boasted emancipation, we

are but bondsmen so long as our spirits and the child-heart within us, are enslaved by tradition, convention, and meaningless forms. We are still living in the shows of things. Freedom is a word upon the lip, not an inspiration for the heart. Those who are in command think themselves free, not knowing that the first element in freedom is obedience. Epictetus, while a slave in body, was actually more free than those he served, and whose bodies could be moved from place to place.

"I do not understand why we should not attain the best we are capable of having and being. This would seem to be the truest Political Economy.

"May God hasten the time when human life shall be made entirely free and beautiful! Then insight and foresight shall take the place of dogma and authority. Then love shall be the law of life, and poetry its language."

At the Wind's Will. By Louise Chandler Moulton. 1899.

"TO HOPE

"Undying Hope, Memory's immortal heir,
To thee I consecrate this sheaf of song,—
In darkest gloom, of thee I am aware;
Thy magic is to make the weak soul strong."

The Biography of a Grizzly. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 1900.

"This book is dedicated to the memory of the days spent at the Palette Ranch on the Graybull, where from hunter, miner, personal experience, and the host himself, I gathered many chapters of the history of Wahb."

Lives of the Hunted. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 1901.

"To the preservation of our Wild Creatures, I dedicate this book."

Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 1903.

"To Woodcraft, by one who owes it many lasting pleasures."

Content in A Garden. By Candace Wheeler. 1904.

"To the mysterious spirit of growth and infinite beauty of Flowers—this book is humbly and gratefully dedicated by the author."

From the Hills of Dream. By Fiona Macleod (William Sharp). 1904.

"TO A MEMORY

"The Hills of Dream,

"St. John's Eve, 1901.

"There has been twilight here, since one whom some name Life and some Death slid between us the little shadow that is the unfathomable dark and silence. In a grave deeper than is hollowed under the windsweet grass lies that which was so passing fair. Who plays the Song of Songs upon the Hills of Dream? It is said Love is that reed-player, for there is no song like his. But to-day I saw one, on these dim garths of shadow and silence who put a reed to his lips and played a white spell of beauty. Then I knew Love and Death to be one, as in the old myth of Oengus of the White Birds and the Grey Shadows.

"Here are the broken airs that once you loved.

'The fable-flowering land wherein they grew

Hath dreams for stars, and grey romance for dew.'

They are but the breath of what has been: only are they for this, that they do the will of beauty and regret."

God a Present Help. By H. Emilie Cady. 1908.

"Steadfastly beholding Thee, I lovingly dedicate this volume to the divinity in every soul, hoping that it may hasten the realization of the Truth which makes free."

Peter Moor's Journey to Southwest Africa. By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by Margaret May Ward. 1908.

"This book is dedicated with tender and loving memory to the cause which the translator hoped it might aid, the cause for which she was always ready to give her abounding strength, and to the service of which she brought the wisdom of a loyal nature and a noble mind,—to the cause of PEACE.

"A. H. W."

As Old as the Moon. Cuban Legends. By Florence Jackson Stoddart. 1909.

"To the memory of those Beings and Forces that first led my mind from the savagery of infancy toward the civilization of education and the delights of sympathy, these tales of primitive people are reverently dedicated."

Cosmo Collection. Edited by George H. Baker. 1910.

"To the American Fireside, where the acquirement of knowledge and the cultivation of refinement safeguard our social, industrial, and governmental institutions, these pages are sincerely dedicated."

The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant. 1911.

"To the Future."

The Heroine in Bronze. By James Lane Allen. 1912.

"To Youth—its Kingdoms and Ideals."

Famous Old Receipts. Compiled by Mrs. W. Hinckle-Smith and Mrs. James J. Hulsey. (n. d.)

"Dedicated to the old memories which this book will recall of the hospitable Homes of the North and the South."

XIX

To Things, Animate and Inanimate

XIX

To Things, Animate and Inanimate

The Romance of the Sea. By Thatcher M. Brown.

"To the Good Clipper—*Herald of the Morning*—which weathered many gales and brought us safely home and anchored us in N. Y. harbor, May 11, 1858.

"They talk of the pleasures of sailing
O'er the 'wide and the lone blue sea,'
But poets are given to fibbing,
It has lost all its romance for me.

"The days they are tedious and misty
The nights they are rainy and cold,
We are tossed from one side to the other
And the beef is most shockingly old.

"Our ship is much given to rolling,
One 'd certainly think she was drunk,
She takes over water in hogsheads.
There 's a leak just over my bunk.

"I am seated to leeward at dinner
That lurch caused a direful mishap
The soup that was meant for my comfort
Deposits itself in my lap.

"I stand some fine morning in wonder
At the billows that follow so quick,
When aboard comes a terrible roller
And my romance is washed to old Nick.

"I wish most devoutly that poet
Who sings of the charm of the sea
Was aboard an American clipper
With the 'Horn' just under his lee—

"Methinks he 'd give over his romance
And be glad to alter his tune
And return to 'love in a cottage'
In the 'leafy month of June.'

"No longer ago than last Sunday
My last pair of breeches I 'bent,'
And here 't is the evening of Monday,
And see what a horrible rent.

"My boots they are falling to pieces
My coats are a wonder to me
I shall shortly be left without garments
They carry no tailors to sea.

"Once I thought a sailor an angel
And not over given to grog,
Alas I find they are mortals
And often get drunk as a log.

"They lie, they steal, and they gamble;
I 'd rather make mortar by far
Or climb with a hod up a ladder
Than live as a 'jolly Jack tar.'

"Salt water looks best at a distance—
But hark—what 's that terrible crash!
We 've taken a sea in amidships
And washed away galley and mast.

"And lo,—the unfortunate porker,
Whose carcase we expected to eat,
Has departed to Davy Jones' locker,
And vanished are dreams of fresh meat.

"They sing of the pleasures of sailing
O'er the 'wide and the lone blue sea,'
But a berth by a blazing fireside
And some 'terrafirma' for me."

Little Thatcher's Fourth Birthday. By Mrs. C. M. Van Wagenen. 1880.

"Dedicated to the Four-Leaved Clover."

"Search the meadow over
For a four-leaved clover!
Little Thatcher's four to-day,
In the meadow loves to play.

"Surely some kind sprite has hidden
Just one leaf and now unbidden
'Neath the winter sleet and snow
For good luck the sign will show?

"See it! pluck it! press it! send it!
Quickly lest the day be done
And the wishes with the blessings
Banish with the setting sun.

"Four the blessings—
Love, Joy, Peace and without measure
Favour of the Lord whose grace
Giveth unto each his place.

"Clover leaf from cold earth springing.
Thatcher in his nursery singing."

**The Joys of Childhood. By Mrs. C. M. Van Wagenen.
Unpublished.**

"Dedicated to Betty, to my Doll.
"I love my dolly, yes, indeed!
You may be old and gone to seed
As people say.
But you 're my own, my dearest child
'Though p'raps you look a little wild.
My walking doll,
My talking doll,
Are very fine, but they
Are parvenu, so says Mamma
And only of to-day.
But Lisbeth S. was her best loved
And named for the dear Giver,
I never saw him for he died
Because he had a liver.
Now you see why the bestest dress
Must go to lovely Lisbeth S.
One eye is gone
Your nose and chin
Are melted in.
And once I scrubbed too hard and long
And all your pretty color flew.
Your back and arms are not so strong
But still you 're lovelier than the new,
And that 's the reason why, you see,
You always, always play with me."

**The Joys of Childhood. By Mrs. C. M. Van Wagenen.
Unpublished.**

"To my Railroad System. By a Boy.
"Why so I have got lots of toys,
And some can make a precious noise.
But give me you,
Yes, every time.

Mamma says—oh! it clutters so,
But Dad says sho!
He 'll be a railroad magnate yet.
What 's that? Why something big you bet.
Like that queer steel that picks out things,
Needles and nails and screws and things,
To beat the band.
That 's all I say
But when I stand
As tall as J. K. J.
I 'll give him one for every letter
To make a rhyme will praise you better."

**Stopping at an Inn. Translation from the German of
Uhland, by Mrs. J. P. Van Wagenen. (n. d.)**

"TO AN APPLE-TREE

"Towards a kindly Inn of late
My way I quickly wended,
A golden apple was the sign
Which from a bough depended.

"It was 'The Friendly Apple-Tree'
And many guests divided.
On flutt'ring wings the dainty things
The noble host provided.

"I laid me down to sweetest rest,
On softest couch reposing.
Of emerald green the mossy bed,
With drap'ries green enclosing.

"When I arose refreshed at dawn
And asked my host his reck'ning,
He only shook his stalwart head
With kindly gesture beck'ning.

"And as we parted then and there,
My heart replete with pleasure—
I blessed him well from (top to toe) or (root to crown)
With overflowing measure."

The Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. 1886.

"To the very dear and well beloved Friend of my prosperous and evil days.—To the friend, who, though in the early stages of our acquaintanceship, he did oftentimes disagree with me, has since come to be my very warmest comrade. To the friend who, however often I may put him out, never (now) upsets me in revenge. To the friend who, treated with marked coldness by all the female members of my household, and regarded with suspicion by my very dog, nevertheless, seems day by day to be more drawn by me, and in return, to more and more impregnate me with the odour of his friendship. To the friend who never tells me of my faults, never wants to borrow money, and never talks about himself. To the companion of my idle hours, the soother of my sorrows, the confidant of my joys and hopes, my oldest and strongest Pipe, this little volume is gratefully and affectionately dedicated."

Sketches from Concord and Appledore. By Frank Preston Stearns. 1895.

"To a Jacqueminot Rose."

The Village Watch-Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 1895.

"Dear Old Apple-tree, under whose gnarled branches these stories were written, to you I dedicate the book. My head was so close to you, who can tell from whence the thoughts came? I only know that when all the other trees in the orchard were barren, there were always stories to be found under your branches, and so it is our joint book,

dear apple-tree. Your pink blossoms have fallen on the page as I wrote; your ruddy fruit has dropped into my lap; the sunshine streamed through your leaves and tipped my pencil with gold. The birds singing in your boughs may have lent a sweet note here and there; and do you remember the day when the gentle shower came? We just curled the closer, and you and I, the sky, and all cried together while we wrote 'The Fore-Room Rug.'

"It should be a lovely book, dear apple-tree, but alas, it is not altogether that, because I am not so simple as you, and because I have strayed farther away from the heart of Mother Nature.

"Quillcote, Hollis, Maine, August 12, 1895."

History of the Union Jack, how it Grew and what it Is.
By Barlow Cumberland. 1900.

"To the Flag itself, this story of the Union Jack is dedicated with much respect by one of its sons."

The Voice of the Pine. By Charles A. Schumacher. 1901.

"There is a pine, how my heart knows where!—

With hair all tangled by the careless years,
That came a hundred gay and found it there,
And laughing so had missed its heart of tears.

"I chanced that way, nor dreamed it sacred spot,
But when a voice came forth and spoke to me,
A wonder grew; and yet the years heard not,
Though they had passed that way for a century.

"And shall I tell you what it said to me?
Only this: Glory lingers in the West,
Though sun is gone, and sky bends close to sea
Forevermore: and silence is the rest."

The Roadmender. By Michael Fairless. 1902.

"To my Mother; and to Earth, my mother, whom I love."

History of the German Struggle for Liberty. By Poultney Bigelow. 1903.

"To Caribee, my Cruising Canoe:

"In her I have slept by night and sailed by day for weeks and months at a time, exploring the beautiful waterways of the German Fatherland. She has made me friends with every kind of man,—the bargee, the raftsmen, the peasant, the wood-chopper, the weaver, the gendarme, the parish parson, the miller, the tax-collector,—and many more of the types that make life interesting to the contemplative traveler. By the aid of Caribee I learned to feel how Germans feel. Without her this book would not have been written."

Sport on the Nilgiris and in Wynaad. By F. W. Fletcher. 1911.

"TO MY .450.

"Let lovesick swains
In Cupid's chains
Bound fast, prate of their blisses,
And rave and swear
Naught can compare
With soft vows, sealed with kisses.

"Let Britons bold
The maxim hold
That cricket's life 's elixir;
No greater bliss
To them than this—
'Well hit! By Jove, a sixer!'

"Let Scots proclaim
The 'Royal Game
Of Golf' without a rival;

And quaff a brew
Of mountain Dew
To welcome its revival.

“Let some opine
That joy divine
Is found in thee, Lawn-tennis;
Pat ball at best,
And I protest
That joy beyond my ken is.

“But what are these,
Which others please,
To us, who know the measure
Of bliss past speech
Which those can reach,
Who count *thee* first, my treasure.

“Then while kind Fate
To hold thee straight
Gives me the power, I ’ll stifle
All love, save love
Of thy bright groove—
My little, trusty rifle!”

The Unknown God. By B. L. Putnam Weale. 1911.

“To a pair of bright eyes, laughing under a green hat.”

Australia. Described by Frank Fox. 1911.

“To the fierce sun of Australia, which tempers men as fire tempers steel; to the gracious sun of Australia, which makes nature teem with bounty; to the glowing sun of Australia, which warms the heart, enkindles the eye, ruddies the cheek, this is a tribute.”

Crowds. By Gerald Stanley Lee. 1913.

"Gratefully inscribed to a little Mountain, a great Meadow, and a Woman. To the Mountain, for the sense of time; to the Meadow, for the sense of space; and to the Woman for the sense of everything."

A Primal Element. By C. M. Van Wagenen. 1913. Unpublished.

SONNET

by

C. M. V. W.

Dedicated to "Fire"

"Master and Servant! deadly Foe and Friend,
Satanic forces in thy life contend,
Love, hate, joy, woe within thy bosom blend.

"In deepest depths thou dost forever rage,
From mountain tops dost burst from age to age.
Titanic force no human art may gauge,
Destroyer of all life within thy path
No human force may e'er control thy wrath.
Yet life itself doth on thy power depend
And courts thy favour even to life's end,
While all man's wit and wisdom cry aloud
To draw thee from the throne where thou dost dwell
To do him service from the upper cloud
Thy home, as in thy subterranean Hell."

The Book of Ease. By Candace Wheeler. 1913. Unpublished.

DEDICATION

"I dedicate this Book of Ease
To that dear plane of comfort—Blessed Bed:
Of all man's fine inventions most inspired,
Most competent, most fitted to his great mortal needs.

It beckons him to rest, to body's utter freedom,
To sure surcease of care, and more than all, to blessed,
blessed sleep.

"As the tired swimmer floats upon the sea,
Its liquid rest fitting each curve and hollow of his dear
flesh—
Or as the wide-winged bird, upheld by viewless air,
Each fearless feather quivering with delight,
So lieth one upon his bed of ease,
Thanking both God and man for darkness and for rest."

**The Carnival of Summer. By Candace Wheeler. 1913.
Unpublished.**

" TO THE MEADOW LILIES

"Listen where the lilies ring
Joy-bells out to greet the king,
Summer! Who doth walk in state
Where the meadow blossoms wait,—
Where the slender grasses sway
Jewel-crowned at break of day.
Scarlet bells, golden bells,
Tender curving lily-bells,
Ring to greet at break of day
Summer on his kingly way.

"Purple mantle all unrolled
Flecked with shadows green and gold,
Shapes of flying out-stretched wings,
Shapes of fair imaginings
Which the slender sun-beam weaves
Under tender new-born leaves,
And the voice of Nature sings
And the wonder-music rings.

Scarlet bells, golden bells,
Tender curving lily-bells,
Ring to greet at break of day
Summer on his kingly way."

Australasia. By Henry Clarence Kendall. (n. d.)

"TO A MOUNTAIN

"To thee, O father of the stately peaks,
Above me in the loftier light—to thee,
Imperial brother of those awful hills,
Whose feet are set in splendid spheres of flame,
Whose heads are where the gods are, and whose sides
Of strength are belted round with all the zones—
Of all the world, I dedicate these songs."

Other verses follow.

When I'm A Man. By Alice Weber. (n. d.)

"To Ethel and Maimie, and a certain arm-chair."

It would have been interesting to add to this chapter a dedication to water—to a lake, river, or the like; but such a dedication, after much search, has not yet come to light. The nearest approach to it is in the *Foreword* to Emma S. Carter's *Lays of the Lake*:

"They were wise, those ancients, who built their altars at the sources of the rivers, where the rill gurgled forth from the rock, like that slender, trickling stream of Castalia that slips so silently through the crevices of the mysterious mountain to its quiet pool below the temple at Delphi. They recognized the source of things. For the same reason, I send forth my little verses from the Lakeside where so many of them were written, to trickle, perhaps, a little way, and then to rest in some quiet pool of memory, reflecting still these shores to hearts that love them.—Mohonk Lake, 1910."

XX
To the Reader

XX

To the Reader

The Golden Age. By Thomas Heywood. 1611.

“To the Reader.

“This Play coming accidentally to the Press, and at length having notice thereof, I was loth (finding it mine own) to see it thrust naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers, without either Title for acknowledgment, or the formality of an Epistle for ornament. Therefore, rather to keep custom, than any necessity, I have fixed these few lines in the front of my book; neither to approve it, as tasteful to every palate, nor to disgrace it, as able to relish none; only to commit it freely to the general censure of Readers, as it hath already passed the approbation of Auditors. This is the *Golden Age*, the eldest brother of three Ages, that have adventured the Stage, but the only yet, that hath been judged to the Press. As this is received, so you shall find the rest; either fearful further to proceed, or encouraged boldly to follow.

“Yours ever,

“T. H.”

Queen Anna's New World of Words: A Dictionarie of the Italian and English Tongues. By John Florio. 1611.

“To all Readers.

“To be Reader, requires understanding; to be a criticke, judgment. A Dictionarie gives armes to that and takes

no harme of this, if it mistake not. I wish thee both, but
feare neither, for I still rest

“Resolute John Florio.”

(Part of this dedication is quoted by Wheatley in his *Dedication of Books*.)

**The New Inn: or the Light Heart, a Comedy. As It Was
Never Acted, but Most Negligently Played by Some,
the King's Servants; and More Squeamishly Beheld
and Censur'd by Others, the King's Subjects, 1629.
Now at Last Set at Liberty to the Readers, His Majesty's
Servants and Subjects, to Be Judg'd of. By Ben Jonson.
1631.**

“To the Reader.

“If thou be such, I make thee my patron, and dedicate
the piece to thee: if not so much, would I had been at the
charge of thy better literature. Howsoever, if thou canst
but spell, and join my sense, there is more hope of thee,
than of a hundred fastidious impertinents, who were there
present the first day, yet never made piece of the prospect
the right way. What did they come for then? thou wilt
ask me. I will as punctually answer: To see, and to be
seen; to make a general muster of themselves in their
clothes of credit; and possess the stage against the play;
to dislike all, but mark nothing. And by their confidence
of rising between the acts, in oblique lines, make affidavit
to the whole house, of their not understanding one scene.
Armed with this prejudice, as the stage-furniture, or arras-
clothes, they were there, as spectators, away: for the faces
in the hangings, and they, beheld alike. So I wish they
may do ever; and do trust myself and my book, rather to
thy rustic candour, than all the pomp of their pride, and
solemn ignorance to boot. Fare thee well, and fall to. Read.

“Ben Jonson.”

The New Inn was damned on its first appearance, not being heard
to its conclusion. Jonson's chagrin expressed itself not only in
this dedication, but in the *Ode to Himself*, written after the failure
of the play:

"Come leave the loathed Stage,
 And the more loathsome age;
 Where Pride and Impudence, in faction knit,
 Usurp the chair of Wit!
 Indicting and arraigning every day,
 Something they call a play.
 Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain
 Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
 They were not made for thee, less thou for them," etc.

**History of the Civil Wars of England between the Two
 Houses of Lancaster and York. Translated from the
 Italian of Biondi by Henry, Earl of Monmouth. 1641.**

"To the readers, my countrymen:

"That translations are at the best but like the wrong
 side of Hangings, is granted. Yet he who cannot get to
 see the right side, may by the other guess at the story
 therein represented. This of mine may yet seem to be of a
 worse condition; as only the reducing back to our own
 language that which hath been collected from our home
 stories, and published in a foreign tongue; so as it may
 almost be termed the turning into English, what was
 turned out of English. But the author hath had his end:
 the making the valour and honour of our kingdom known
 to his own countrymen; for which we owe him a national
 thanks. I have chosen this way to pay mine, by affording
 you all a means how to acknowledge yours, and thus I have
 part of my end likewise. The remainder being my observ-
 ance of his desires and the shunning of spending my time
 worse. The Italian saith, 'Chi non quel che vuole, quel
 che puo voglia.' If I could coin anything out of my own
 brain, worthy of my countrymen, they should have it: since
 not, let them accept of this piece of gold changed into silver,
 and therein of the good will of their compatriot,

"Monmouth."

Five New Playes. By Richard Brome. 1653.

"Beloved,—Being to write to a multitude of you (for I

know you will be many) I forbear *Epithets*, because the same will not fit all; and I hate to make difference among Friends. I have often considered with mysele, whether I were best to Dedicate this Booke or no; and I have thought on the maine ends of Dedications, which I finde generally to be *Flattery* or *Want*. To the one my nature was ever averse: And (were my Debts all payd to me and by me) I should not be much concerned in the other. As for the two ordinary pretences, namely, *Gratitude* or *Patronage*, like Religion and Liberty, they are made but the Vizors to somewhat else. For is it not a high peice of *Gratitude*, when an *Author* has received favours as *Mecænas*, to requite him with a Booke; and to take, or expect, two or three Peices from him for it, when another man shall buy the same Booke of the thriving *Stationers* for half a Crowne? And for *Patronage* or *Protection*, I would faine know, if an *Author* writes like a *Cockscombe* whether any *Patron* can protect him from being laught at. And he that writes well, makes everyone his *Patron* without a Dedication.

“But in Epistles of this nature, something is usually begg’d; and I would do so too, but, I vow, am puzzled what. ’Tis not *acceptance*, for then you’le expect I should *give* it; ’tis not *Money*, for then I shou’d loose my *labour*; ’tis not *praise*, for the *Author* bid me tell you, that now he is dead, he is of *Falstaffs* minde, and cares not for *Honour*; ’tis not *pardon*, for that supposes a fault, which (I beleeeve) you cannot finde. But, if you’le know what it is, it is that you would expect nothing else of Preface or Apologie, from yours, as his owne,

“A. Brome.”

Alexander Brome published the plays of his brother, after the latter’s death.

Life’s Painter of Variegated Characters in Public and Private Life. By George Parker. 1789.

“To the Right Honourable and Truly Respectable

Subscribers of every Denomination throughout the Three Kingdoms, and Principality of Wales:

“That very distinguished moralist Doctor Young, whose philanthropy and knowledge of mankind must be equally venerated and admired, has left the following maxim, composed of very emphatic Truth: ‘He’ (says the doctor) ‘that is ungrateful, has no vice but one; all other vices may seem virtues in him.’

“It is ne ther my plan, nor my province; to moralise sententiously, but rather to place my readers in Rabelais’s easy chair, or on the laughable couch of whimsical Scarron,” etc.

Women of the Bible. By Bishop Jonathan Wainwright. (C. 1850.)

“To thoughtful readers, men as well as women, the one being interested equally with the other in what constitutes the character of mother, wife, daughter, sister, this book of female portraits drawn from the highest and holiest record of life is dedicated.

—
“J. M. Wainwright.”

King Solomon’s Mines. By H. Rider Haggard. 1885.

“This faithful, but unpretending record of a remarkable adventure is hereby respectfully dedicated by the narrator, Allan Quarterman, to all the big and little boys who read it.”

Handbook for Travellers.—Southern Germany and Austria. By Karl Baedeker. 1891.

““Go, litt e book, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.””

Raymund Lull, First Missionary to the Moslems. By Samuel M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S. New York, 1902.

"To the Reader:

" 'Who faulteth not, liveth not; who mendeth faults is commended: The Printer hath faulted a little: it may be the author over-sighted more. Thy paine (Reader) is the least; then erre not thou most by misconstruing or sharpe censuring; least thou be more oncharitable, then either of them hath been heedlesse: God amend and guide us all.'

" . . . Robartes on Tythes, Camb. 1613."

It is often very difficult to draw the line between true dedications to the reader, and a mere prefatory address, often containing (as in this dedication and that immediately preceding) a request for charitable correction of error. Of all forms of dedication, that to the reader approaches most nearly the ordinary author's Preface.

XXI

To Any and Every One

XXI

To Any and Every One

The Gull's Horn-Book. By Thomas Dekker. 1609.

"To all Gulls in general, Wealth and Liberty:

"Whom can I choose, my most worthy Mæcen-asses, to be patrons to this labour of mine fitter than yourselves? Your hands are ever open, your purses never shut; so that you stand not in the common rank of dry-fisted patrons who give nothing, for you give all. . . . Who is more liberal than you? Who, but only citizens, are more free? Blame me not, therefore, if I pick you out from the bunch of booktakers, to consecrate these fruits of my brain, which shall never die, only to you. I know that most of you, O admirable Gulls! can neither write nor read. A Horn-book have I invented, because I would have you well schooled. Paul's is your walk, but this your guide: if it lead you right, thank me; if astray, men will bear with your errors, because you are Gulls. Farewell,

"T. D."

The "gull," well-known in Elizabethan literature, has been defined as "a boor, posing as a wit, a fool qualifying for a sharper." The ironical tone of Dekker's dedication is in keeping with that of the whole treatise, which contains rules for the gull's conduct, designed to increase his offensiveness to the highest degree. At the playhouse, for instance, where he has a seat upon the stage, he is to behave after this manner: "If the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, etc., on the stage: you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if, in the

middle of his play, be it pastoral or comedy, moral or tragedy, you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone; no matter whether the scenes be good, or no; the better they are, the worse do you distaste them; and, being on your feet, sneak not away like a coward; but salute all your gentle acquaintance, that are spread either on the rushes, or on stools about you; and draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the mimics are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room; their poet cries, perhaps, 'a pox go with you;' but care not you for that; there 's no music without frets."

The Ravens Almanacke. By Thomas Dekker. 1609.

"To the Lyons of the Wood (the young Courtiers), to the wilde Buckes of the Forest (the Gallants and younger Brothers), to the Harts of the Field, and to all the whole Countrey, that are brought up wisely, yet prove Gulls; and are born riche, yet die beggers: the new English Astrologer dedicateth his Ravens Almanacke."

A long satirical address follows.

Scourge of Drunkenness. By William Hornby. 1614.
(Published 1859, edited by J. O. Halliwell).

"To all the impious and relentlesse-hearted ruffians and roysters under Bacchus regiment: Cornu-apes wisheth remorse of conscience and more increase of grace."

The author was a reformed drunkard. The poem he calls "his farewell to Folly, or his Metamorphosis, wherein he doth shew his unfeigned hatred to evill company, such as be drunkards, swearers, and such like."

The Martyrdom of St. George of Cappadocia. (Attributed to Tristram White.) 1614.

"To all the noble, honourable and worthy in Great Britaine, bearing the name of George; and to all other, the true friends of Christian Chivalrie, lovers of St. George's name and vertues."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Strappado for the Divell. By Richard Brathwaite. 1615.

"To all usurers, broakers, and promoters, sergeants, catch-poles and regraters, ushers, panders, surburbes traders, cockneies that have manie fathers; ladies, monkeys, parachitoes, marmosites and catomitoes, monchatoes, grave gregorians and shee-painters—send greeting at adventures, and to all such as be evill, my *Strappado for the Divell*."

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Cynthia's Revels or the Fountayne of Selfe-Love. Ben Jonson. 1616.

"To the Speciall

"Fountaine of Manners,—

"The Court.

"Thou art a bountifull, and brave spring: and waterest all the noble plants of this Iland. In thee, the whole Kingdome dresseth itselfe, and is ambitious to use thee as her glasse. Beware, then, thou render mens' figures truly, and teach them no lesse to hate their deformities, than to love their formes. For, to grace, there should come reverence; and no man can call that lovely, which is not also venerable. It is not powd'ring, perfuming, and every day smelling of the taylor, that converteth to a beautiful object: but a mind, shining through any sute, which needs no false light, either of riches, or honours, to help it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the raigne of Cynthia (a Crites, and an Arete). Now, under thy Phœbus, it will be thy prouince to make more: Except thou desirest to have thy source mixe with the Spring of selfe-loue and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discouvery of thy dayes, as was then made of her nights.

"Thy servant, but not slave,

"Ben Jonson."

Et Habeo, et Careo, et Curo, a Poem. By John Taylor
 ("The water Poet."). 1621.

"TO EVERYBODY

"Yet not to every Reader, doe I write
 But onely unto such as can Read right:
 And with impartial censures can declare
 As they find things to judge them as they are."

Toys of Childhood and Tricks of Genius. By Francisco
 de Quevedo Villegas. Seville, 1641.

DEDICATION

"To no person of all whom God created on earth. I have considered that all writers dedicate their books with two purposes, which are seldom separated: one that such person should aid the publication with his blessed almsgiving; the other, that he should shield the work from critics. I consider (having been a critic myself for many years) that this serves to restrain only two of those who criticise: the fool who is persuaded that the critics have some reason to swear; and the presumptuous one who pays his money for this flattery. I have determined to write helter-skelter and to dedicate my book to fools and idiots, and let happen what may. Who buys it and criticises it makes a fool of himself, that he has spent his money badly, rather than of the author, who has made him spend it badly. Let the Mæcenases say and do what they will, as I have never seen them in the attitude of smiting critics, or paying any attention to what they say. I do see them very pacific in the matter of protection, denying all calumnies to their vassals, and never threatening a duel over the book. But I have preferred to venture rather than to be deceived. Let everybody do as they please about my book, since I have said what I wished about everybody. Good-bye, Mæcenas, I take leave of dedications."

Chronological Abridgement or Extract of the History of France. By François Eudes de Mézeray. 1676.

“To posterity, for the perpetual glory of the triumphant reign of Louis the Great, most Christian King, always victorious, always august, who commenced to conquer as soon as to reign, who by his clemency has given tranquility to France, and by his justice wills to give peace to all Europe: Who, by the terror of his arms, has put to flight all those unfaithful to Christianity, and subdued in all places, on land and on sea, the enemies of his State and of his glory: Who, by his wisdom, has restored order among the guards, in the finances, and in the laws, and Who, by his munificence has raised the sciences and the fine arts to their perfection. Heaven grant that his conquests may extend as far as his renown; that the number of his years may equal that of his victories; and that the welfare of our Empire may be the happiness of all the people of the earth.”

Matthew Prior wrote certain well-known verses, of which Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer,—“In the beginning of Mézeray's History of France”:

“Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

“Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mézeray,
Or any monarch he has written,” etc.

The No-Dedication. Composed by William Hogarth for a History of the Acts, which he never Completed.

“The No-Dedication, not dedicated to any prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of

arrogance, not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too assuming; not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the Universities or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity; nor dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another; therefore dedicated to nobody; but if for once we may suppose nobody to be everybody, as everybody is often said to be nobody, then this work is dedicated to everybody.

“By their most humble and devoted,

“William Hogarth.”

(Quoted from Wheatley's *Dedication of Books*.)

Modern Painters. By John Ruskin. 1843.

“To the landscape artists of England this work is respectfully dedicated by their sincere admirer the author.”

The Proverbialist and the Poet. By James Orton. 1852.

“To the lovers of Sense-Shortness, and Salt, this work is respectfully inscribed.”

A Poetical Cook Book. By Maria J. Moss. 1864.

“‘What 's under this cover?

For Cookery 's a secret?’—Moore.

“When I wrote the following pages, some years back at Oak Lodge, as a pastime, I did not think it would be of service to my fellow-creatures, for our suffering soldiers, the sick, wounded, and needy, who have so nobly fought our Country's cause, to maintain the flag of our great Republic, and to prove among Nat ons that a Free Republic is not a Myth. With these few words, I dedicate this book to the Sanitary Fair to be held in Philadelphia, June, 1864.”

My Record in Rebeldom, as Written by Friend and Foe.
By Lieutenant-Colonel James Monroe Sanderson. 1865.

“To my enemies and my luke-warm
 Friends, I dedicate this book.

To the first,
 acknowledging my indebtedness.

To the last,
 That I may prove how little I owe them.

The former,
 by their persistence in falsehood, and industry in wrong-
 doing, have extorted my special wonder.

The latter,
 by their unbecoming reticence and ungenerous silence,
 are entitled to my undisguised contempt.

To the one,
 I tender my thanks for the substantial triumph
 they have afforded me.

To the other,
 My regrets that they have proven false to themselves.

And to both,
 My congratulations that they have failed alike in their
 active and passive injustice, in their positive and
 negative wrong.

“Brooklyn, November, 1865.”

Miles Standish. By John S. C. Abbott. 1872.

“To the descendants of Captain Miles Standish, now
 numbering thousands, this volume is respectfully inscribed;
 with the hope that no one of them may ever dim the lustre
 of that name, to which the virtues of their distinguished
 ancestor have attached imperishable renown.”

**Helen's Babies. Some Account of their Ways, Innocent,
 Crafty, Angelic, Impish, Witching, and Repulsive. By
 John Habberton. 1876.**

“Everyone knows that there are in the United States

hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers, each one of whom possesses the best children that ever lived. I am, therefore, moved by a sense of the eternal fitness of things to dedicate this little volume to the Parents of the Best Children in the World, with the reminder that it is considered the proper thing for each person to whom a book is dedicated to purchase and read a copy."

Rowlandson the Caricaturist. By Joseph Grego. 1880.

"Dedicated to all lovers of humor."

Andalusian Scenes. By Serafin Estebanez Calderon. 1883.

"Dedication to All Concerned.

"There is often related by tellers of tales a story curious enough, which it is more appropriate that we should place here in the beginning than at the end of this little book. It is told, then, that among the many who have agitated themselves in Andalusia, there was in Granada a certain poet with the most clever mania that can be imagined. He composed considerable with much inspiration. With something of vanity (a weakness of the calling) he sought neither Mæcnas nor readers. With an excess of laziness, fruit of such trees, he did not wish to write or correct. Being very poor, an inseparable condition of the profession, he could not know exactly whether his inspirations merited the name of *verses* or the fresh qualification of *Verzas*. In order to emerge from so many and such diverse thoughts, a certain admirable course presented itself to his imagination, which he at once reduced to practice. He stuck his head out of the window of the shack he inhabited in the suburbs of the Moorish city and, now in the first hours of the morning, now in the reposeful hours of the siesta, inevitably and daily his voice sounded forth with an accent, now dithyrambic, now serious, now cunning and mischievous, giving vent thus to the caprices and inspirations of

his muse, without announcement to any one, without notice to the public, and without a message of prevention or of invitation to any living creature. Soon, out of curiosity, some listeners gathered, washer-women, soldiers, wool-carders, tradesmen, some students and some festal spirits, although of small importance. Well might our man, half madman, half poet, have wished to see the quality of his audience improve, now that in respect to quantity he had some encouragement; but, considering that the remedy was not in his hand, and by the rule that there is no consolation in this world except that born of conceit, he said one day, half contented, half boastful: 'At last I have an audience, and an audience of Spaniards.'

"I also, peeping occasionally from my window of old rags, beating and gesticulating with a flamboyant treatise, if I find myself with an audience wearing leather belts with pistols and other characteristics of the Spaniard in their inclinations and tastes, such as belong to the bull-slayers, horse-trainers, terrifiers of men, singers, dancers, highway-men and more than I know, those of boots and leggings as of mantillas and petticoats, I also, as if I spoke with the best and most elegant readers and hearers on earth, will exclaim with tones of vanity and pride: 'At last and as a crown I have an audience, and an audience of Spaniards.'

"If thou, who listenest or readest, O candid hearer or pious reader, shouldst not be one of the above-named classes, attend to what I say: before cursing me or laying me aside, which is much worse, stop and do justice to Triana of Seville, Mercadillo of Ronda, Percheles of Malaga, Campillo of Granada, the low districts of Madrid, Vina de Cadiz, Santa Marina of Cordoba, the walls of Carthage, Rochapea of Pamplona, San Pablo of Zaragoza, and other parts where Spain lives and reigns, without a mixture or cross of any foreign heresy. Then, if thou dost not read me with something of appetite and relish, give thyself over as condemned and apostate in Spanish matters.

as for thee there is no redemption and thou art excommunicated by the utmost sentence. If, on the other hand, in this gentle and saintly company thou hast learned now, or hast recalled what should never be forgotten, which thou wast compelled to know by memory from thy early youth, hold thyself absolved, and enter and be counted among the flock and fold of good and legitimate people, and take comfort and pleasure with me, thou reading and I relating those unparalleled scenes, those characteristically Spanish deeds of generosity and gallantry which manifest as much gentleness in the person as they reveal strength of character. If thou art of these, receive the rite of adoption and my patriarchal blessing, and may heaven grant that thou livest more years than the Constitution of 1845.

“Madrid, 1883.”

The Violin. By George Hart. 1884.

“Inscribed to the admirers of the leading instrument at home and abroad.”

Three Years of Arctic Service: An Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition. By Adolphus W. Greely. 1886.

‘To the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition these volumes are dedicated: to its dead who suffered much—to its living who suffered more. Their energy accomplished the Farthest North; their fidelity wrought out success, their courage faced death undauntedly; their loyalty and discipline in all the dark days ensured that this record of their services should be given to the world.’

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. By James Abbott McNeill Whistler. 1890.

“To the rare Few, who, early in life, have rid themselves of the Friendship of the Many, these pathetic Papers are inscribed.”

From the Books of Laurence Hutton. 1892.

"To Charles B. Foote, and Beverly Chew, book-lovers both—this book about books."

The Children of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. 1893.

"To the Middy, the Laddie, the Mate, and the Men, the Skipper of the old 'Leone' dedicates this story."

Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography. By Henry Wood. 1893.

"Fraternally dedicated to all seekers for Truth, with whom it stands above Sect, System, or Conventionality."

Industry and Property. By George Brooks. 1895.

"To the free and independent workingmen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and to employers and employed throughout the civilized world, the present edition of this work is respectfully dedicated by their sincere friend and fellow-worker, the Author."

A Social Departure. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. 1895.

"This volume, as a slight tribute to the unimportance of her opinion and a humble mark of profoundest esteem, is respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Grundy."

Pony Tracks. By Frederic Remington. 1895.

"This book is dedicated to the fellows who rode the ponies that made the tracks, by the Author."

Sweetheart Travellers. By Samuel Rutherford Crockett. 1896.

"Dedicated to all who have sweethearts of their own, and to those others who only wish they had."

Small Helps for To-Day. Selected and Arranged by Imogen Clark. 1899.

"To all who would make to-day better than yesterday and a stepping-stone unto a still better to-morrow, these 'small helps' are affectionately dedicated."

Souls in Pawn. By Margaret Blake Robinson. 1900.

"To my friends, my readers, my critics,—those present and to come, as well as to those who will taste my doctrine and label it as no good thing shall be labelled,—to these four I dedicate *Souls in Pawn* as a mark of my affection and esteem, and as a proof of my impartiality."

The Trail of the Sandhill Stag. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 1900.

"This book is dedicated to the Old Timers of the Big Plain of Manitoba."

The Salt Box House. By Jane De Forest Shelton. 1900.

"In honor of the long ago, and to those who, passing an old highway, see the signs written on moss-covered fences, in traces of old door yards, by lone-standing chimneys, and would know the interpretation thereof, to those whose pulses are stirred as they stand beneath the long sloping roofs, and whose hearts bow reverently as they read the records on the gravestones of the seventeen hundreds, this book is inscribed."

The Lawson History of the America's Cup. A Record of Fifty Years. By Winfield M. Thompson and Thomas W. Lawson. 1902.

"To Sportsmen—manly men, men of gentle mind and simple heart, brave men, fair men; to men who say to the weak, 'may I?' and to the strong, 'I will!'—to men to

whom sham is dishonor and truth a guiding star; to men who look upon the sea, the plain, the forest, the mountains, the rising and the setting sun, and the immutable Heavens, with a deep sense of their own littleness in the great scheme of things,—I dedicate this book.

“Thomas W. Lawson.”

School of the Woods. By William J. Long. 1902.

“To the gentle Brotherhood of Nature Lovers I dedicate this book of Nature and Animal Life.”

Following the Deer. By William J. Long. 1903.

“To all sportsmen with kind hearts, who rejoice in the autumn woods and to whom killing is least of the hunting, I dedicate this little book of a boy’s first experience in following the deer.”

Old Paths and Legends of New England. By Katharine M. Abbott. 1904.

“To those who love the old associations, who delight to steal away from these restless days to the tranquillity of early New England life and the simplicity of ancient homesteads, to those who fain would listen to the story of each hill, valley, tree, and brook of the old Bay State, this little book is sympathetically inscribed.”

The Book of Clever Beasts. Studies in Unnatural History. By Myrtle Reed. 1904.

“Dedicated to Lovers of Truth everywhere.”

Woodfire in No. 3. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 1905.

“A Word of Welcome:

“To those of you who love an easy chair, a mug, a pipe, and a story; to whom a well-swept hearth is a delight and the cheery crackle of hickory logs a joy; the touch of whose elbows sends a thrill through responsive hearts and whose

genial talk but knits the circle closer,—as well as those gentler spirits who are content to listen—how rare they are!—do I repeat Sandy MacWhirter's hearty invitation: 'Draw up, draw up! By the gods, but I'm glad to see you! Get a pipe. The tobacco is in the yellow jar.'

"Yours warmly

"The Back Log."

The Log of the Water Wagon, or the Cruise of the Good Ship Lithia. By Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson. 1905.

"To all surviving saloon passengers of the good ship Lithia, who have rounded the Horn and passed through perilous Beering Straits, and suffered shipwreck, shock, and sudden thirst; to those intrepid souls who have clung to the slippery hull of the Water Wagon when it seemed the gallant craft could not live another hour; who, lashed to the sprinkler, have ridden out many a choking dust storm; who have heard the café Lorelei sing, and still hung on, deaf to her seductive song; and—to the memory of countless thousands lost at sea, swept into the seething drink without a word of warning, cut off in the blossoms of their resolutions and sent to their slate accounts with all their imperfections on their heads—this little volume is affectionately dedicated."

At the Sign of the Fox. By Mabel Osgood Wright. 1905.

"This book is for the brave

"Prate not to me of weaklings, who
Lament this life and nought achieve.

I hymn the vast and valiant crew

Of those who have scant time to grieve.

Time set their fortunes to retrieve,

They sing for luck a lusty stave,

The world's staunch workers, by your leave.

This is the ballade of the brave.'

"Richard Burton."

Brier Patch Philosophy. By Peter Rabbit. Interpreted by William J. Long. 1906.

"To those who have found their own world to be something of a Brier Patch, the Rabbit dedicates this little book of cheerful philosophy."

Clovers and How to Grow Them. By Thomas Shaw. 1906.

"To all persons who are or may be interested in the growing of clovers, this work is most respectfully dedicated by the author."

The History of Our Navy. By John R. Spears. 1907.

"To all who would seek peace and pursue it."

Three Vagabonds in Friesland with a Yacht and a Camera. By H. F. Tomalin. 1907.

"To the distinguished many, who pursue the simple life in unsought places,—the Legion of Vagabonds."

Mind and Work. By Luther H. Gulick. 1908.

"To those who would compel, rather than be compelled, by circumstance; who would drive, rather than be driven, by their feelings; who would be masters of themselves and so of fate."

Little Brown Jug at Kildare. By Meredith Nicholson. 1908.

"To you at the gate."

Felice. By John Luther Long. 1908.

"To the gentle strangers in our gates—who speak in other words and understand in other ways than ours—that both words and ways may be more and more one."

This dedication refers to Italians.

The Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage. By James M. Buckley. 1909.

"To men and women who look before they leap."

Houses of Glass. By Helen G. Mackay. 1909.

"To some one who will never read them."

The Beast. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and H. J. O'Higgins. 1910.

"To those who have helped: the hundreds whose names I have not had room to mention; the thousands whose names I do not even know.

"B. B. L."

The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. By Albert Bigelow Paine. 1910.

"To all dwellers in the big deep woods of dream."

Flamsted Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. 1910.

"To those who toil."

From Me to You: A Gift of Friendly Thoughts. By Edwin Osgood Grover. 1911.

"To everyone who has given me his friendship."

The Song of Renny. By Maurice Hewlett. 1911.

DEDICATION

"To the Fountain of my long dream,
To the Chalice of all my sorrow,
To the Lamp held up, and the stream
Of Light that beacons tomorrow.

"To the Bow, the Quiver, and Dart.
To the Bridle-rein, to the Yoke
Proudly upborne, to the Heart
On fire, to the Mercy-stroke.

"To Apollo herding his cattle,
To Proserpina grave in Dis;
To the High Head in the battle,
And the Crown—I consecrate this."

The Quiet Courage. By Everard Jack Appleton. 1912.

"To the men who understand—or think they do."

The Half Timber House. By Allen W. Jackson. 1912.

"To all those who own castles in Spain."

When the Forests Are Ablaze. By Katherine B. Judson. 1912.

"To the Mountaineers whose object it is to preserve the marvelous beauty of the Pacific Northwest and who are yearly appalled by the havoc of the forest fires."

False Modesty. By E. B. Lowry. 1912.

"Dedicated to the next generation."

Friar Tuck. By Robert Alexander Mason. 1912.

"Many there are who respond to the commonplace, monotonous call of Duty, and year after year uncomplainingly spend their lives on the treadmill of Routine: but who still feel in their hearts the call of the open road, the music of the stars, the wine of the western wind, and the thrilling abandon of a mad gallop out beyond speed limits and grass signs to where life has ceased to be a series of cogs and—a man is still a man.

"To the members of this fraternity, whose emblem, hidden behind deep and steadfast eyes, is often missed by man: but always recognized by dogs and horses, I dedicate this book, in the hope that for an hour or two it may lift the pressure a little."

The Spiritual Body in Relation to the Divine Law of Life.**By the Reverend George H. Peeke. 1912.**

"We dedicate this book to the great army of sorrowing souls, who in the hour of distress earnestly seek, yet fail to find consolation through the ordinary channels of truth presented."

An Unsinkable Titanic. Every Ship its Own Lifeboat.**By J. Bernard Walker. 1912.**

"To the memory of the chief engineer of the *Titanic*, John Bell, and his staff of thirty-three assistants, who stood at their posts in the engine and boiler rooms to the very last and went down with the ship, this book is dedicated."

Sunshine on Life's Way. By Floyd W. Tomkins. 1913.

"Dedicated to the wayfarers who find the journey long and the weary who seek rest for their souls."

Downland Corner. By Victor L. Whitechurch. 1913.

"To all who know and love and understand a little of the quaint conceits, the hidden mysteries, and the 'Orkadness' of village life, I dedicate these studies."

Joy of Tyrol: A Human Revelation. Edited by J. M.**Blake; with 111 Original Illustrations, Drawn by the Lady. (n. d.)**

"Dedicated by order of the Lady to all such as be hindered from the Joy of Tyrol."

Two dedications, which have unfortunately been detached from the books to which they belong, ought nevertheless to be included in an anthology that has aimed to leave no form of dedication unrepresented. The author of one, preserving a reticence rarely to be found in dedications, inscribes his book mysteriously, "To her who is yet to be named." The author of the other, with a frank avowal of his wishes almost equally rare, addresses "Mr. Smith, with the hope that he will purchase a copy." This book may well conclude with the appeal to Mr. Smith.

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